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HARPERS



CAN THE PRESS TELL THE TRUTH? On the Varieties of Acceptable Reality

Tom Wicker Frances FitzGerald Walter Karp
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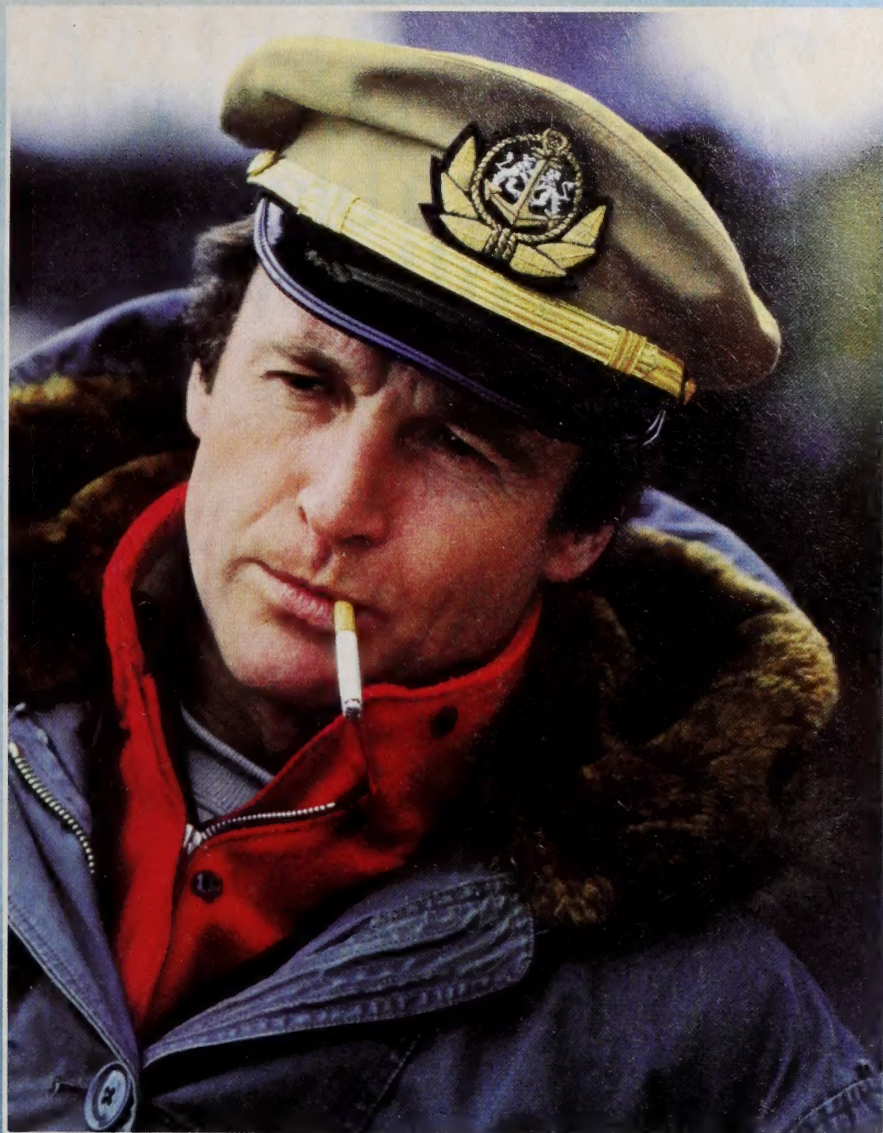
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A Desk in the Jungle

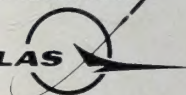
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LETTERS

Making Art in Public

There is a great deal wrong with the present situation in art, especially that of so-called public art, but Tom Wolfe's criticism of this ["The Worship of Art," *Harper's*, October] is wrong and destructive. It is as though he were looking through a transparent globe of the earth and seeing the countries and letters backward. His criticism of frivolity is the backside of frivolity.

Wolfe says art is being used as a religion, which it is casually by many. Religion should be gone by now, and art should not replace it. But for many other people art is *art*, something in itself. These people are artists, or part of what Wolfe calls the clerisy. Some of these people happen to be intelligent and serious. Wolfe lumps everyone interested in contemporary art together and accuses them of a plot to deceive and oppress the greater public, which is supposedly being deprived of the representational art for which it longs.

But the greater public is not interested in art, not even in representational art. If the serious people did nothing there would be nothing, not even capitalist realism. The minority of office workers in downtown New York didn't want a statue of their IRS commissioner out front; they only wanted to get rid of Richard Serra's great work. Wolfe is arguing from a patronizing assumption as to what the public might want, but there is little reason to believe that it wants statues. Basically he is arguing for a conservative, representational art, a

style now very weak, and is damning so-called abstract or avant-garde art, the several styles of which are strong and convincing, as a hoax.

The argument is not new.

Donald Judd
New York, N.Y.

In his brief discussion of my sculpture on the plaza of the federal courthouse in Baltimore, Tom Wolfe implies that it met with "public bafflement" and "opposition." He also states that the installation of the sculpture was "protested by both the building's employees and the judges."

The facts are these: The judges did not state—at least for the public record—that they didn't like the sculpture. What they "protested" was what they perceived to be a threat to their own safety. Some thought that an assassin might hide in the sculpture's open spaces, or that someone might plant a bomb beneath it. Nothing of this sort has happened. As for the building's employees, how does Wolfe know they don't like the sculpture? If anyone polled them, I haven't heard about it.

A public meeting was held to get opinions about the sculpture. It took place on a weekday morning, and still there was standing room only. Only one person spoke against the sculpture. I wonder if those bronze statues Wolfe so nostalgically remembers were ever voted such public support. Who counted the dissenters then?

Another fact: I named my piece *Baltimore Federal* and still refer to it as that. But in Baltimore it is known as "the people's sculpture." And that is what it is. People stroll through it, sit and eat lunch on its bench forms, let their children play on it.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

A work of art works on many levels. Wolfe may have a magic eye, but it works only on the surface.

George Sugarman
New York, N.Y.

1. The correct title of my work in Hartford, Connecticut, is *Stone Field Sculpture*, not *Stone Field*.

2. The work was commissioned by the Hartford Foundation for Public Giving to mark its fiftieth year of philanthropy. It was not commissioned by the City of Hartford. The foundation paid half the cost of the work, the National Endowment for the Arts the other half.

3. *Stone Field Sculpture* was not "created to illustrate three devout theories concerning the nature of sculpture." My works do not rest on pedestals because they are pedestals for the rest of the world.

Carl Andre
New York, N.Y.

If Carl Andre's *Stone Field Sculpture* in Hartford, Connecticut, belongs to the "Turd in the Plaza" school, it is a substantial deposit—offering welcome relief, on a human scale, in the midst of skyscraping glass boxes and fortress-like office towers.

Andre's brilliance as a sculptor is revealed in the primordial simplicity of his work. While the thirty-six rocks are innocent of Andre's hammer and chisel, he did define the space in which they lie: a grassy, elongated triangle that, when seen from the top of a nearby office tower, roughly duplicates the steeple of the First Church in Hartford, which rises just north of *Stone Field Sculpture*. And the weathered gravestones that punctuate the churchyard complement the rough-hewed-rock sculpture. Can it be mere coincidence that a monument to the old religion, a church founded by the Reverend Thomas Hooker, stands beside a monument to the new religion? To me, Andre's work symbolizes the meadows, hills, and woods Hooker and his congregation from Newtown, Massachusetts, trod in June 1636 (thirty-six rocks!) on their way to the small Indian village/Dutch trading

post Hooker soon transformed into the democratic settlement of Hartford.

Unlike Wolfe's favorite public sculptures, the statues of sainted leaders (the six-story statue of Lee in Richmond) and the monuments to corporate greed (the statue of James Buchanan Duke and the office towers that fill every American city), *Stone Field Sculpture* does not command emotional patriotic displays or groveling postures in the presence of immense wealth. Instead, the benign, sun-warmed rocks quietly attract the small child who scales a dark gray, finely textured basalt rock; the dog who seriously considers the merits of a coarse arkosic sandstone rock; the weary shopper who rests for a moment against a foliated metamorphosed rock; the sun-starved office worker who sits atop a medium-grained sandstone rock and thoughtfully nibbles at a sandwich.

Betty Stevens Waugh
Suffield, Conn.

The Reign of Terrorism

It is impossible not to feel disturbed after reading "Lost in the Terrorist Theater" [Harper's, October].

What I would call random terror, or media terror—as distinct from older terrorist forms, such as political assassination—is like random and grotesque urban violence: very frightening, because it is as incomprehensible and abstract as fate itself. Each time a person is killed in a pure way, without any relationship to offense; in a purely anonymous way, at times outside recognizable attributes of rage, society becomes more insecure and paranoid. The point to remember about this sort of free-floating violence is that it will be reported and *visual-ated* on the evening news. (There is a reason for an invented word here; I'll come back to it.)

Urban violence and international terror do not have the same origins, but they do produce a similar result. Both bring about deep psychological anxiety. This kind of absolute terror—causing the viewer of the evening news to go out and buy three new door locks, a Doberman, and a

Continued on page 82

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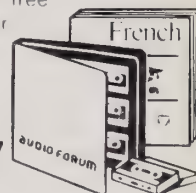
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NOTEBOOK

Hugo, mon amour
By Lewis H. Lapham

Given the state of the art of prime-time television, I wouldn't be surprised if next season's hit dramatic series presented as its hero a brave and handsome suitcase. Obviously the suitcase would need to be expensive, from Vuitton, Gucci, or Mark Cross, and large enough to carry most of the toys and products synonymous with American success. Maybe it couldn't accommodate a Mercedes-Benz, but certainly it would be spacious enough for cashmere coats, silver flatware, digital stereos, Mont Blanc pens, silk scarves, top hats, delft tiles, and linzer tortes.

By casting a suitcase as the hero, the producers could do away with the increasingly tiresome and irrelevant business of portraying human character, feeling, and motive. All concerned could move directly to their passion for the objects ennobled by happy association with status and money.

The preoccupation with things is color-coordinated with the spirit of the age. The obsession shows up in the policies of the Reagan Administration as well as in the photographs published by *Architectural Digest* and the short stories published by the *New Yorker*. But, as with so much else, television can come more crassly to the point.

Reduced to their properly ceremonial roles as acolytes in the sanctuaries of wealth, the supporting actors could pack and unpack the suitcase while miming appropriate responses to the merchandise. The opportunities for dramatic expression encom-

pass the entire arc of emotion of which prime-time television is capable, and the actors could choose among an inventory of attitudes and poses:

Wild and reckless joy—while packing the suitcase with a dress by Halston or a suit from Dunhill.

Elegiac melancholy—on unpacking Grandmother's set of Lowestoft china.

Domestic happiness—while folding a flannel nightgown or a child's school uniform.

Disgust—on being obliged to touch a plastic raincoat bought at Sears.

Lasciviousness—while fondling satin lingerie.

Fear—on finding a severed head among the new shirts from Turnbull and Asser.

Humor—while packing feather boas and old baseball mitts to be given away as prizes at a charity auction in Palm Springs.

Tragic sorrow—on discovering at the bottom of the suitcase a threadbare Chanel blouse bought twenty years ago in Cap d'Antibes when the world was young.

The telling of the suitcase's many heartwarming and poignant stories undoubtedly would require the art of Aaron Spelling. Perhaps the richest and most successful impresario of prime-time comparison shopping, Mr. Spelling already has introduced his audiences to the opulence of the

goods and services displayed on *Dynasty*, *Fantasy Island*, *Love Boat*, and *Hotel*.

Presumably the suitcase would have a name, and I think the name Hugo has the right sound. The name Hugo implies a reassuring degree of affluence and carries with it the faint air of passivity thought to be attractive among the children, as well as the possessions, of the rich. Nobody could mistake Hugo for a third-rate vinyl suitcase used to staying in motels on the outskirts of Mobile, Alabama. Hugo is a genuine-leather suitcase, a distinguished and self-assured suitcase accustomed to being carried through the lobbies of first-class hotels.

If Hugo could speak, he would sound a lot like Gerald Ford or Blake Carrington. The audience instinctively would know this because Hugo resembles Gerald Ford and Blake Carrington in stature and manner. Things just sort of happen to Hugo, in the same way they just sort of happen to Gerald Ford and Blake Carrington, and Hugo responds with the same intensity of expression.

Fortunately, it isn't necessary for Hugo to speak. Hugo's silence is more eloquent than words. The mere sight of Hugo is enough to convey the state of Hugo's feeling. If Hugo is seen being reverently packed with jewels and caviar and silk, then the audience knows that all is well. Conversely, if Hugo is seen being loaded down with broken cameras and dirty sneakers (i.e., as if his condition in life were no different from that of a

common shopping bag), the audience knows that Hugo is in trouble.

Spelling's scriptwriters have been assigned more preposterous tasks, and they shouldn't have much trouble devising plot lines that entangle Hugo in the romance of the world. I can imagine Hugo rescued from a sunken yacht, Hugo sold at Sotheby's, Hugo in a plane wreck, Hugo in the hands of the KGB, Hugo submitting to the indignity of a search by Turkish customs agents, Hugo abducted by fur thieves, Hugo placed with the servants' luggage during a weekend house party in East Hampton or Monte Carlo.

Nor would it be impossible to involve Hugo in the kind of transient love affairs that distract or amuse the protagonists of police and detective dramas. Like the champions of liberty who wander around Los Angeles in search of new adventure, Hugo never has time to stay. The camera could see him reclining briefly but meaningfully behind a concierge's desk with a sexy little overnight bag; in other episodes Hugo could be trapped in an elevator at the Ritz-Carlton with a sable coat, or spend the night with a matched pair of Samsonite cases in the luggage bay of a 747 en route to Japan.

The casting of a suitcase as hero offers a number of further advantages to the owners of the show. A suitcase is always a contented and thoroughly professional member of the creative team. Unlike Joan Collins, a suitcase has little use for hairdressers or chauffeured limousines. Also, it is easier to arrange personal appearances for a suitcase, not only in shopping malls and on the Carson show but also in cameo roles in Spelling's other entertainments—Hugo rowed ashore to *Fantasy Island*, Hugo lost in the lobby of *Hotel*, Hugo rolled up the gangplank of *Love Boat*.

Were Hugo to become a star, then, at about the same time he appeared on the cover of *TV Guide*, Spelling's business people could begin to charge usurious fees to the merchants who wish Hugo to be seen carrying their products to San Francisco or Zanzibar. Let the show run for three or four years, and Hugo's endorsement might elect a president. ■

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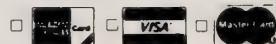
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- Number of the top ten military contractors that have paid no federal income taxes since 1981 : 6
- Percentage of total federal tax revenues paid by corporations in income tax in 1973 : 16.4
- In 1983 : 9.8
- Total U.S. investment, including bank loans and stockholdings, in South Africa in 1979 : \$5,263,100,000
- In 1983 : \$13,384,900,000
- Average annual percentage growth in exports by developing countries during the 1960s : 4.9
- During the 1970s : -0.7
- Bottles of Scotch imported by the Ethiopian government to celebrate its tenth anniversary : 480,000
- Hours the Russian population spends standing on line to buy food each year : 37,000,000,000
- Amount of pizza consumed each day in the United States (in acres) : 75
- Number of Americans who have received new identities under the Federal Witness Security Program : 15,400
- Number of Americans who have applied for a seat on the space shuttle : 11,000
- Number of Nehru jackets ordered by Barneys New York for the spring season : 18
- Number of Nehru jackets owned by Sammy Davis Jr. : 6
- Percentage increase in BMWs sold in the U.S. since 1975 : 260
- Percentage decrease in sales of Miller High Life since 1979 : 33
- Percentage increase in champagne sales from 1982 to 1983 : 10.8
- Number of states that have passed stricter drunk driving laws since 1982 : 44
- Number of states that have raised high school graduation requirements since 1980 : 40
- Percentage of *Forbes* 500 chief executive officers in 1983 who had a "technical background" : 20.6
- Who did in 1979 : 12.7
- Number of pieces of paper processed by American businesses in 1981 : 850,000,000,000
- In 1984 : 1,400,000,000,000
- Percentage of women executives who say they prefer a male boss : 29
- Who say they prefer a female boss : 4
- Percentage of women who say they believe in love at first sight : 57
- Of men : 66
- Number of romance novels published each month in the U.S. in 1979 : 36
- In 1984 : 140
- Value of counterfeit products manufactured or sold in the U.S. last year : \$19,000,000,000
- Percentage of federal criminal fines levied in the past 16 years that remain unpaid : 45
- Number of pedestrians issued summonses for jaywalking in New York City in 1983 : 517
- In Los Angeles : 40,747
- Number of nightmares the average adult has in a year : 1
- Percentage of Russian soldiers God will kill at the end of the world, according to Jerry Falwell : 83
- Percentage of Midwesterners who judge their chances of going to heaven as good to excellent : 69
- Percentage of Americans who say they feel young for their age : 66
- Percentage of visits to doctors' offices that last less than 11 minutes : 45
- Value placed on a life by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration : \$3,500,000
- By the Federal Aviation Administration : \$650,000
- By a contract killer in the Bronx : \$5,000

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of November 1984.

The Quality of Imagination

Following are excerpts from a speech given by Harry J. Gray, chairman and chief executive officer of United Technologies, to alumni of the University of Illinois' College of Commerce and Business Administration. For a copy of the entire speech, write: Op-Ed, United Technologies, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

American business is facing stiff competition from the rest of the world . . . We read that one reason other countries have had success is that they have adopted American technology. That's true. But it's not the only reason. I believe it's also because they have adopted American virtues.

They recognize, as we have recognized throughout our history, the importance of learning . . . the dignity of hard work . . . the meaning of patriotism . . . the need to take the initiative . . . the good that comes from helping others. They respect the individual. They admire perseverance. They value leadership.

Other countries may adopt our technology as well as our virtue. But there is one American virtue that other people can never fully adopt. It is our imagination.

We live in a country where people have the fullest possible freedom to praise, to criticize, or discuss and debate as we see fit. On that premise our country was created. On that

premise it has grown to greatness. We live in an open society. Throughout our history we always have shown a willingness to entertain new ideas, a tolerance for experimentation, an eagerness to try something different.

Our society was built on freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, trial by jury. These freedoms have allowed our imaginations to flourish.

On the back of the one dollar bill is a Latin inscription: *annuit coeptis*. It means: be favorable to bold enterprise. Benjamin Franklin chose this motto because he believed imagination was the singular characteristic of the people he helped forge into a new nation.

To see the imaginative individual at work is to see the uncommon marvel of daring and deliberation working together, each carried to its highest level. The result sometimes may puzzle us, oftentimes stir us. But it will always rivet our attention.

Our capacity for imagination has led us to expand the American frontiers across the continent.

Our capacity for imagination has brought about technological achievements which have changed our lives dramatically, irreversibly, and for the better.

Our capacity for imagination has given America its competitive edge.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

READINGS

[Essay]

LATIN AMERICA'S IMPOSSIBLE REALITY

By Gabriel García Márquez. This essay, entitled "Fantasy and Artistic Creation in Latin America and the Caribbean," originally appeared in the August 4 issue of *Sábado*, the weekend supplement of the Mexican daily *Unomásuno*. Translated by Elena Brunet.

One of my greatest intellectual failings is that I have never managed to understand what dictionaries mean to say, least of all that terrible, repressive absurdity published by the Royal Academy of Language. The one time I had the curiosity to refer to it, in order to establish the difference between *fantasy* and *imagination*, I found that not only are its definitions barely comprehensible but they are also reversed.

According to the Academy's dictionary, *fantasy* is "a faculty whose nature is to reproduce things by means of images." It is difficult to conceive of a poorer and more confused definition than this. The second definition says that *fantasy* is "a fiction, story or novel, or a lofty or ingenious thought," which does nothing but enhance the confusion created by the initial definition. For the word *imagination*, the dictionary says it is "a false apprehension of something that has no foundation or that does not exist in reality."

As I understand it, *fantasy* is that which has nothing to do with the reality of the world we live in: it is a purely fantastic invention, an inspiration, and certainly a diversion ill advised in the arts. However fantastic may be the notion of a man who wakes to find himself transformed into a giant insect, no one would argue

that *fantasy* is the creative virtue of Franz Kafka; on the other hand, there is no doubt that it is the genius of Walt Disney. Contrary to what the dictionary says, I believe that *imagination* is the particular faculty artists possess that enables them to create a new reality from the one they live in. That is the only artistic creation that seems valid to me. Let's talk, then, about *imagination* in Latin America's artistic creation, and let's leave *fantasy* to the exclusive use of evil governments.

In Latin America and the Caribbean, artists have had to invent very little. In fact, their problem has been just the opposite: making their reality credible. It's been this way since our historical beginnings; indeed, there are no writers in our literature less believable and at the same time more devoted to reality than the chroniclers of the Indies. Christopher Columbus's diary is the oldest work of this literature. To begin with, we don't know for certain whether this text ever really existed, since the version we have today was transcribed by Father Las Casas from the original he claimed to have known. In any case, this version does not faithfully reflect the astounding imaginative resources Columbus had to call upon to make the Catholic kings believe in the greatness of his discoveries.

Columbus says that the people who came to greet him on October 12, 1492, "were just as their mothers bore them." Other chroniclers agree that Caribbean natives, as was natural in tropics still safe from Christian morality, walked around naked. Yet the chosen specimens Columbus brought to the royal palace in Barcelona were dressed up in painted palm leaves and feathers, and necklaces made of the teeth and claws of bizarre animals. The explanation for this seems simple: Columbus's first

trip, contrary to his dreams, was an economic disaster. Not only did he not find the promised gold, but he lost a major part of his fleet, and was unable to bring back proof of the enormous value of his discoveries, or anything that would justify the expense and the continuation of his adventures. Dressing up his captives as he did was a convincing publicity stunt. His word would not have been enough only two centuries after Marco Polo had brought back from China such novel and unequivocal evidence as spaghetti and silkworms.

Without a doubt, the legend of El Dorado is the most beautiful, the strangest, and the most decisive in our history. Looking for that imaginary land, Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada conquered nearly half of what is today Colombia, and Francisco de Orellana discovered the Amazon. Even more fantastic, he discovered it by navigating from the headwaters of the river to its mouth, the opposite of how rivers are usually discovered. Like the treasure of Cuauhtémoc, El Dorado will remain an enigma forever. As will the 11,000 llamas, each loaded down with 100 pounds of gold, that were sent off from Cuzco one day to pay the ransom for Atahualpa, but never reached their destination.

Such gullibility on the part of the conquistadors is understandable in light of the metaphysical fever of the Middle Ages and the literary delirium surrounding the novels of knighthood. Only in this way can the capricious adventure of Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca be explained. He spent eight years leading an expedition across what is now the southern United States and Mexico; its members ate one another until only five of the original 600 remained. It seems the incentive for Cabeza de Vaca wasn't the prospect of El Dorado but something more noble and poetic: the fountain of eternal youth.

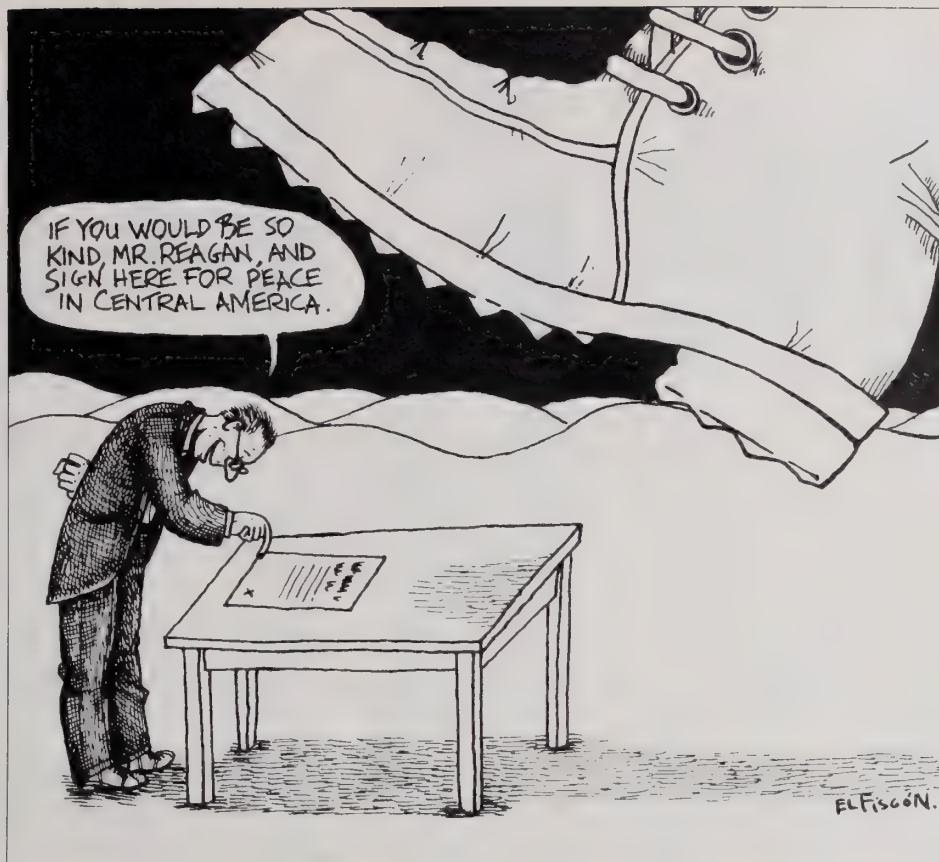
Accustomed to novels that told of ointments that would glue severed heads back onto knights' bodies, why should Gonzalo Pizarro have been doubtful when he was told in Quito, in the sixteenth century, that nearby there was a kingdom where 3,000 craftsmen devoted themselves to making furniture out of gold, and where the royal palace had a solid gold staircase protected by lions on gold leashes. Lions in the Andes! Balboa was told a similar story in Santa María del Darién, and he discovered the Pacific Ocean. Gonzalo Pizarro didn't discover anything in particular, but the extent of his gullibility can be measured by the size of the expedition he mounted to look for that improbable kingdom: 300 Spaniards, 4,000 Indians, 150 horses, and more than a thousand dogs trained to hunt human beings.

One very serious problem that our boundless

reality poses for literature is the inadequacy of words. When we speak of a river, a European reader is not likely to imagine something larger than the Danube, which is 2,700 kilometers long. It's hard for him to imagine, unless it is described to him, the reality of the Amazon, which is 5,500 kilometers long. At Belén del Pará the river is wider than the Baltic Sea. When we write the word *storm*, Europeans think of lightning and thunder, but it's not easy for them to conceive of the phenomenon we mean to represent. The same thing happens with the word *rain*. In the mountains of the Andes, according to a description by the Frenchman Javier Marimier, there are torrential rains that can last for five months. "Those who haven't seen these storms," he writes, "can't conceive of the violence with which they develop. For hours on end, bolts of lightning quickly follow one another like a waterfall of blood, and the atmosphere quakes beneath the continuous claps of thunder, whose crashes echo in the vastness of the mountains." The description is hardly a masterpiece, but it would have been enough to make the least credulous European shudder with horror.

To encompass completely the breadth of our reality we would have to make up a system of new words. There are endless examples proving this need. F. W. Up de Graff, a Dutch explorer who traveled the high Amazon at the beginning of this century, says he found a stream so hot that it could hard-boil an egg in five minutes, and that he passed through an area where speaking out loud would set off downpours. Somewhere along the Caribbean coast of Colombia I saw a man say a silent prayer in front of a cow that had worms in its ear, and then I saw the worms drop off dead. The man assured everyone that he could bring about the same cure from a distance, so long as the animal was described to him and he was told where it was. On May 8, 1902, the Mt. Pelé volcano on Martinique destroyed the port of St. Pierre in a matter of minutes, burying all of its 30,000 inhabitants under lava. Except one: Ludgar Sylvaris, the sole prisoner in the town, who was protected by the indestructible cell that had been built to prevent his escape.

It would take volumes just to describe Mexico's unbelievable reality. Though I've been here for almost twenty years, I can still spend hours on end, as I've done many times, contemplating a jar of jumping beans. Well-meaning rationalists have told me that this mobility can be explained by the fact that they have live larvae inside, but to me that explanation seems inadequate: the marvel is not that the beans move because they have larvae inside, but that they



From La Jornada, the Mexico City daily.

have larvae inside so they will be able to move.

This incredible reality reaches its maximum density in the Caribbean. There, to the original elements—primitive myths and magical conceptions—was added a bountiful variety of cultures; all flowed together in a magical syncretism whose artistic interest and creative fecundity are inexhaustible. The African contribution was powerful and indignant, but fortunate. In that crossroads of the world was forged a sense of freedom without end, a reality with neither God nor law, where each and every one felt he could do as he pleased without limits of any kind; thieves could dawn as kings, fugitives as admirals, prostitutes as governors' wives. And the other way around.

I was born and raised in the Caribbean. I know it country by country, isle by isle, and perhaps the source of my frustration is this: nothing has ever occurred to me, nor have I been able to do anything, that is more awesome than reality itself. The most I've been able to do has been to alter that reality with poetic devices, but there's not a single line in any of my books that doesn't have its origin in actual fact. One of those alterations is the stigma of the pig's tail that so troubled the Buendía family in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. I could have chosen any number of images, but I thought giving birth to a son with a pig's tail was least likely to

coincide with reality. However, as soon as the novel became known, confessions cropped up, in different parts of the Americas, from men and women who had something resembling a pig's tail. In Barranquilla, one youth exhibited himself in the newspapers. His explanation was even more surprising than his tail: he had been born with the tail, but he had never revealed it until he read *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. "I never wanted to tell anyone that I had it because I was ashamed," he said. "But now, having read the novel and listened to people who have read it, I realize it's a natural thing." Not long afterward, a reader sent me a picture clipped from a newspaper of a girl from Seoul who had been born with a pig's tail. Contrary to what I thought would have happened when I wrote the novel, when this girl had her tail cut off, she survived.

My most difficult experience as a writer was preparing for *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. For almost ten years I read everything I could about the dictators in Latin America, and especially in the Caribbean, so that the book I wrote would resemble actual fact as little as possible. But every step was a disillusionment. Juan Vicente Gómez's intuition was more penetrating than any true prophetic gift. Dr. Duvalier, in Haiti, exterminated all the black dogs in the country because one of his enemies, in trying to

escape the tyrant's persecution, had slipped out of his human shape and been transformed into a black dog. Dr. Francia, whose prestige as a philosopher was so far-reaching that it earned him a study by Carlyle, shut down the Republic of Paraguay as if it were a house, leaving open only one window for the mail to come in. Our Antonio López de Santana buried his own leg with a magnificent funeral. Lope Aguirre's severed hand traveled downstream for several days, and those who saw it pass trembled with fear, thinking that even in that state the murderous hand could still wield a knife. Anastasio Somoza García had a zoological garden on his patio, with cages divided into two compartments: in the first, wild beasts were locked up; in the other, separated from the first only by an iron grating, were his political enemies. Maximilian Hernández Martínez, El Salvador's theosophist dictator, had all the streetlights covered with red paper to fight an epidemic of measles, and he invented a pendulum that he hung above his food before eating to find out if it was poisoned. The statue of Morazán that still stands in Tegucigalpa is actually of Marshall Ney: the officials who traveled to London to commission it concluded it was cheaper to buy a forgotten statue from a warehouse than to have an authentic one made of Morazán.

In sum, we writers from Latin America and the Caribbean have to confess, with our hands over our hearts, that reality is a better writer than we are. Our destiny, and perhaps our glory, is to try to imitate it with humility, to the best of our ability.

[News Item]

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

From *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, November 5.

The Federal Aviation Administration, planning a controlled crash of a Boeing 720 to study aspects of large transport aircraft during crashes, purchased instrumented dummies for the seventy-five seats. The first batch of dummies was white, and they were installed in most of the seats. The last batch delivered from the dummy contractor was black. The only seats available were in the rear of the aircraft. It was too late to make the dummies all white, all black, or all any other color, so the FAA removed white dummies from various seats and replaced them with black dummies, spreading them around in an equal fashion.

[Primer]

ELEMENTS OF CIA STYLE

From "Psychological Operations in Guerrilla Warfare," by "Tayacan." The manual, prepared for the Nicaraguan contras by the CIA, was disclosed in October. This translation was prepared by the Congressional Research Service.

Below we enunciate many of the literary devices in frequent use in oratory. We recommend that those interested use them in moderation, since an orator who overuses literary devices loses credibility.

Anaphora is the repetition of a word at the beginning of each clause. For example, "Freedom for the poor, freedom for the rich, freedom for all."

Antithesis involves a play on words in which the same word is used with different meanings to give an ingenious effect. For example, "The greatest wealth of every human being is his own freedom, because slaves will always be poor but we poor can have the wealth of our freedom."

Concession involves skillfully conceding something to an adversary in order to better emphasize another point. This is done through the use of expressions such as *but*, *however*, *although*, *nevertheless*, *in spite of the fact that*, etc. For example: "The mayor here has been honest, but he is not the one controlling all the money of the nation." It is an effective form of rebuttal when the opinions of the audience are not entirely one's own.

Irony is a way to get across exactly the opposite of what one is saying. For example, "The divine mobs that threaten and kill, they are indeed Christians."

Apostrophe consists of addressing something supernatural or inanimate as if it were a living being. For example, "Mountains of Nicaragua, make the seed of freedom grow."

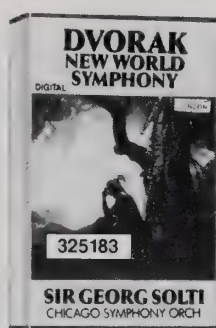
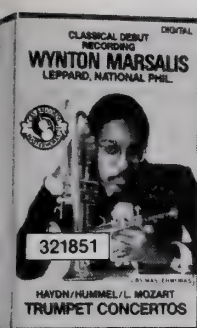
Paralipsis involves the pretense of discretion. For example, "If I were not obligated to keep military secrets, I would tell you about all the armaments we have, so you would feel even more confident that our victory is assured."

Litotes is a way of conveying a lot by saying little. For example, "The nine commanders haven't stolen much, just the whole country."

Interrogation consists of asking a question of oneself. For example, "If they have already murdered the members of my family, my friends, my peasant brothers, do I have any path other than brandishing a weapon?"

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21299. Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Nos. 12 & 13—Glenn Gould, pianist (CBS Masterworks)

32496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

23170-393173. Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 5 and 6 (Pastoral)—Ashkenazy and Philharmonic Orch. (Counts as 2)—Digital—London

52874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Chorale)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

25654-395657. Beethoven: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; Mehta and Boettcher, cond. (Counts as 2)—Vox

63293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Lampai, Bolling (Columbia)

07884. Brahms: Double Concerto—Zukerman, violin; Harrell, cello; Mehta and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

28039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

46843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, etc.—Vladimir Morawitz, piano (Columbia)

26439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexicano; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (Digital—London)

91874. Debussy's Greatest Hits—Clair de lune, Afternoon of a Faun, Jeune fille, etc. Bernstein, Ormandy, etc. (Columbia)

26454. Dvorak: Cello Concerto; Bruch: Kol Nidrei—Glyn Harrell, cello; Vladimir Ashkenazy and Philharmonic Orch. (Digital—London)

87112. Gershwin's Greatest Hits—Rhapsody in Blue (Bernstein, piano); An American in Paris (Ormandy, Phila. Orch.); many more (Columbia)

18295. Gershwin Live!—Sarah Vaughan sings The Man I Love, etc. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS)

19004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer—"Some of his best music to date"—Time (CBS)

316018. Glass, Philip: Glassworks—"moving, exciting and profound!"—The N.Y. Times (CBS)

201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Münchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (Digital—London)

326561. Haydn: 3 Favorite Concertos—Cello in D (Yo-Yo Ma); Violin in C (Cho-Liang Lin); Trumpet in E Flat (Wynton Marsalis) (CBS Masterworks)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1, 4, 6; Rakoczy March; etc.—Boskovsky, Phil. Hungarica (Angel)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2, 3, 5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovsky, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); Overtures—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and No. 17—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonic Orch. (London)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

309492. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

318246. Orff: Carmina Burana—Muti, Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus (Angel)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Thomas, L.A. Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Symphony (London)

313767. Ravel: Sonatine, La Valse, Miroirs, etc.—all played by pianist Ruth Laredo (CBS Masterworks)

324822. Ravel: Bolero; La Valse; etc.—Lorin Maazel, Orch. National de France (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal (Digital—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble (Digital—London)

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317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); Rosamunde Overture and Ballet Music—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Count as 2)—Columbia

320424. Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben—Dietrow, violin; Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. Moscow Radio/TV Sym. Orch. (Col./Melodiya)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

245399. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique)—Ormandy and Phil. Orch. (Columbia)

315563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

289207-399204. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker (complete)—American Ballet Theatre Production directed by Baryshnikov (Counts as 2)—Columbia

293191. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Meditation—Stern, Rostropovich, National Sym. (Columbia)

321844-391847. Verdi: La Traviata—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack. Stars Domingo, Stratas (Counts as 2)—Elektra

326447. Verdi: Overtures—La Forza del Destino, I Vespri Siciliani, Nabucco, etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic (Digital—London)

324897. Vivaldi: The Four Seasons—Lorin Maazel and Orch. National de France (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Ride of the Valkyries, etc. Mehta and New York Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Ride of the Valkyries, etc. Mehta and New York Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Ride of the Valkyries, etc. Mehta and New York Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

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323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Ride of the Valkyries, etc. Mehta and New York Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

311472. Placido Domingo With John Denver—Perhaps Love. Also: Annie's Song; Yesterday; etc. (CBS)

328856. Placido Domingo—Always in My Heart. Spanish songs by Lecuona: Malagueña, more (CBS)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. With Kiri Te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto (CBS Masterworks)

282582. Greatest Hits Of 1720. Includes Pachelbel: Canon; Mouret: Rondo (Theme "Masterpiece Theater"); etc. Richard Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of N.Y. (Columbia)

322347. Marilyn Horne—Live At La Scala. Music by Granados, Handel, Copland, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

289520. Vladimir Horowitz Encores—virtuoso fireworks! Rachmaninoff, Chopin, more (Columbia)

323493. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Gloria! Vivaldi: Gloria; Faure: Sanctus; etc. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

311720. Luciano Pavarotti Premieres Verdi Arias—"Lost" gems from I Vespri Siciliani, etc. (Columbia)

323097. Luciano Pavarotti—Mattinata. Songs by Tosti, Bellini, Gluck, etc. (London)

303453-394353. Pavarotti's Greatest Hits. Works by Bellini, Franck, Puccini, Schubert, Verdi, others (Counts as 2)—London

280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal Greatest Hits—Debussy's Girl With The Flaxen Hair; Handel's Largo; etc. (Columbia)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. The Entertainer, etc. (CBS)

311647. Isaac Stern 60th Anniversary Celebration—master violinist is joined by Zukerman, Perlman, Mehta, etc. (Columbia)

316570. The Tango Project—La Cumparsita; Adios Muchachos, etc. William Schimmel, accordion; etc. (Digital)—Nonesuch

324772. Kiri Te Kanawa—Songs of the Auvergne (by Canteloube). English Chamber Orch. (Digital—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

319848. Andre Watts—Live in Tokyo. Works by Ravel, Brahms, Debussy, Haydn, etc. (Digital)—CBS Masterworks

320895. Portrait of John Williams—Theme from "The Deerhunter"; Fool On The Hill, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

320085. John Williams—The Guitar Is The Song. Folksong collection; Scarborough Fair; etc. (CBS)

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[Correspondence]

SEPARATE PEACES: A DEBATE ON DISARMAMENT

Following are excerpts from an exchange of letters between the leaders of Poland's Committee for Social Resistance (KOS), an underground group formed shortly after the 1981 military coup, and the leaders of European Nuclear Disarmament (END), an antinuclear group based in England. The letters have appeared in recent issues of END's bimonthly journal. The first letter, from KOS, is addressed to "the peace and antinuclear movements in Western Europe."

World peace is threatened. The threat of nuclear annihilation hangs over all the inhabitants of this earth. It is therefore with respect and understanding that we view your protest against the growing frenzy of the arms race.

Like you, we say *no* to the arms race. We are aware of the fact that the buildup of nuclear arms on both sides of the frontier that divides the two huge military blocs carries incalculable consequences for us all. We believe, however, that protest against the threat of war will be successful only when it is taken up by people on both sides of that frontier, in unison and on the basis of joint demands. We believe that it does not serve the cause of peace to demand an arms freeze by the NATO countries without simultaneously demanding a reduction of the military potential of the Warsaw Pact.

Your protest against the arms race is being exploited by Eastern bloc propaganda: it is being presented as a demand for unilateral disarmament by the West. It is a tragedy that people of good will, authentically engaged in the cause of defending peace, are manipulated by those who represent the most dangerous form of militarism.

The peace movement, if it is to be a joint protest against the threat of war, must be based on a jointly worked out program that takes into account the realities of the Soviet system. This program must, therefore, include opposition to the unrestrained arms spending of the Warsaw Pact countries, and a demand for the limitation of the Eastern bloc's nuclear arms.

We turn to you with an appeal: we ask that your protests against the deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles in Western Europe be accompanied by demands for the limitation of the Warsaw Pact's military power and a reduction in the number of SS-20s aimed at your cities. We should like to count on your support

in our struggle against totalitarian coercion and violence, the basic threat to world peace.

London

We would like to thank you for writing to us to express your respect for our struggle and your appreciation of the dangers of nuclear escalation.

We want to respond to your concerns by explaining who we are and what our aims are. In our published appeal, which has been signed by tens of thousands of people, we state quite clearly that we oppose *all* nuclear weapons, in particular cruise missiles, Pershing IIs, and SS-20s. We say that "we must resist any attempt by the statesmen of East or West to manipulate this movement to their own advantage." We state further that "we do not wish to apportion guilt between the political and military leaders of East and West. Guilt falls squarely upon both parties. Both parties have adopted menacing postures and committed aggressive acts in different parts of the world."

Our movement has always been, and still is, opposed to bloc ideology. Within this context, however, we ask you to understand the importance of unilateral initiatives for disarmament. Unlike those leaders on both sides who do nothing but oppose the weapons of their adversaries, we believe that the only way for us to start disarming the blocs is to take the first steps on our own territory. In the West, this means opposing the deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles.

To consider your point about the overriding danger of Soviet totalitarianism: we understand completely why you, in your domestic situation, see this as the greatest threat. We believe, however, that the threat to world peace is more complex. While we in Western Europe and North America still enjoy a good measure of civic freedom, the economic and military interests of our governments have led them to suppress the most basic human rights and to introduce brutal dictatorships in other parts of the globe. For example, we have witnessed the savage repression of civil and trade union rights in Chile and Turkey and the massacre of innocent civilians in Central America. In each case the justification has been the need to resist the advance of communism, just as the suppression of Solidarity was justified by the claim that the Polish union was "antisocialist."

Our point is that neither political system is innocent. They are interlocking, so that repression in Eastern Europe is used to justify increasing nuclear readiness in the West, which in turn legitimizes a further clampdown on liberty in the East. Moreover, the increasing dependence on nuclear security in Britain is resulting

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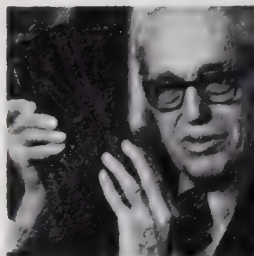
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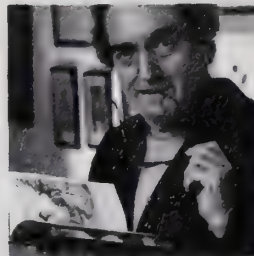
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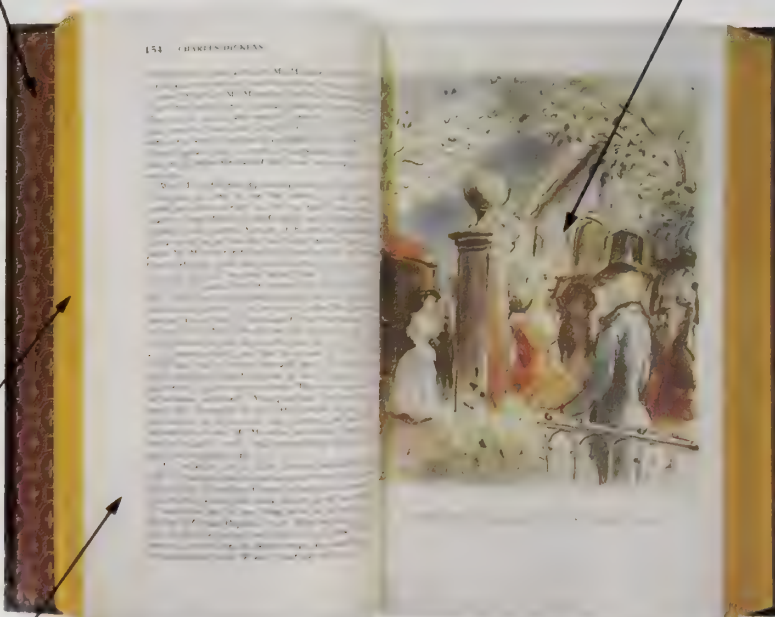
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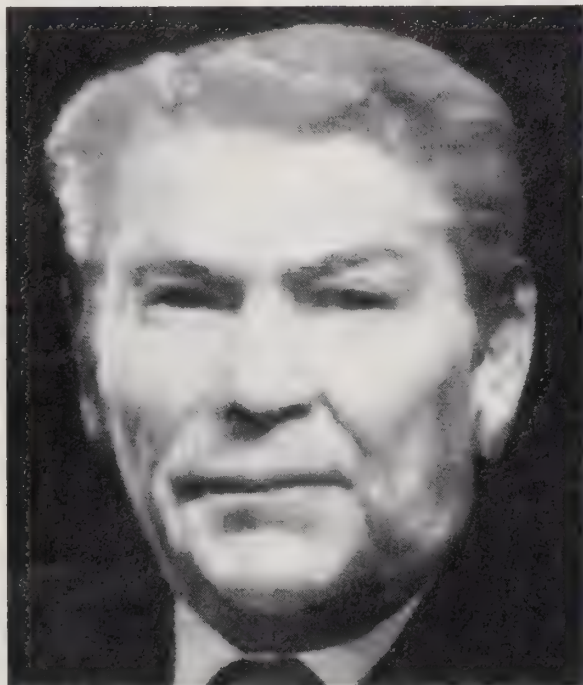
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[Photograph]

WARHEAD



This computer-generated composite photograph appeared in the November issue of NY Talk, a new Manhattan monthly. Created by Nancy Burson, with Richard Carling and David Kramlich, the photograph combines images of Ronald Reagan and Konstantin Chernenko in exact proportion to the number of nuclear warheads in their respective arsenals. Thus the image consists of 54 percent Reagan and 46 percent Chernenko, reflecting 9,575 U.S. and 8,072 Soviet warheads. Burson's composite photographs will be exhibited at New York's International Center for Photography in April.

in a diminution of our traditional freedoms.

We recognize that our aim of a Europe free of nuclear weapons and military pacts cannot be achieved without an increase in liberties in the Eastern bloc. The first step toward this is clear and honest communication. We must be aware that the struggle may take a different form in each country, and we must not allow it to be co-opted by those who do not share our overall vision—a united, neutral, and pacific Europe as a first step to a peaceful and disarmed world.

Warsaw

We are also of the opinion that "clear and honest communication" is essential for the success of our common endeavor—the struggle for a "united, neutral, and pacific Europe." Therefore we wish to share with you the apprehension we felt upon reading your letter. It concerns the main problem of the peace movement—deter-

mining where the threat to peace comes from.

We cannot accept your thesis that "guilt falls squarely upon both parties." And our vision of the "overriding danger of Soviet totalitarianism" does not result from our "domestic situation."

The Soviet Union has already subjected half of our continent to its domination, and it is actively menacing the other half. We deplore the fact that the only response of which Western Europe is capable in the face of this threat is to rely even more on American weapons, and that it is manifestly incapable of proclaiming and defending the political autonomy of our continent, a reaction that would render Soviet military blackmail ineffective. (It is true that some recent declarations by President Mitterrand go in that direction.)

We are living in the heritage of Yalta, where the Western powers abandoned half of Europe (including their first and staunchest wartime ally, Poland) to the Russians in a vain attempt to trade the freedom of others for their own security. Now that security is no more, and our freedom is still to be regained. Yalta—and not this or that weapons system—is the ever-present threat to European security.

Even if we are not to regain our freedom, the freedom of others should not be threatened. The Soviet SS-20s stand guard over our oppression—and are a menace to you. The argument that the Soviet Union should not produce more missiles but that it should keep in position those it already has, while the West should refrain from deploying a strategic counterpart, seems, in our eyes, a continuation of the spirit of Yalta and, yes, of the spirit of Munich.

We fully sympathize with your concern that the rearmament of the West constitutes a menace to your democratic freedoms. We also strongly condemn dictatorial regimes in the Western sphere of influence. But we must not forget that history has shown that these regimes can be abolished (Greece, Spain, Portugal). In the Eastern sphere of influence, any attempt to re-establish, even modestly, the elementary freedoms ends in bloodshed and defeat (German Democratic Republic, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland).

The alternatives are not tyranny or freedom on both sides of the Iron Curtain but containment or the expansion of tyranny from the East into the West. The first task, therefore, is to stop that expansion—and this means paying a certain price. We are fully willing to pay our part of that price, and it is a sad fact that, apparently, the free people are not.

We sincerely wish that you never live to see—and experience—the correctness of this reasoning.

[Essay]

THE MYTH OF ATOMIC DIPLOMACY

By McGeorge Bundy. Adapted from "The Unimpressive Record of Atomic Diplomacy," in *The Nuclear Crisis Reader*, published by Vintage.

In recent years there has been a remarkable revival of the notion of atomic diplomacy—the idea that an advantage in nuclear weapons can be directly translated into a political advantage—together with an equally remarkable demonstration of its lack of content. The revival occurred among frightened American hawks eager to prove that the Soviet nuclear buildup of the 1970s was conferring on Moscow a level of superiority that would inevitably translate into usable political leverage. In its most dramatic form, the argument was that the Russians were gaining a superiority in large, accurate ICBMs that would soon allow them to knock out our own ICBMs and defy us to reply at the risk of annihilation. This was the famous "window of vulnerability," and the argument was that such strategic superiority, because both sides would be aware of it, would make the Soviet Union's political pressures irresistible around the world. It was all supposed to happen in the early 1980s.

The argument was riddled with analytical errors, ranging from the oversimplification of the problems of launching such an attack through the much too facile assumption that a threat of this kind would be useful to the threat maker. It is not at all surprising that history has shown the notion empty. There has been no Soviet action anywhere that can reasonably be attributed to the window of vulnerability; indeed, after riding this wave of fear—and others—into the White House, the Reagan Administration eventually discovered that the window did not exist. In the spring of 1983, the Scowcroft commission concluded that the existing capabilities of American forces made such a scenario implausible. In early 1984, Ronald Reagan himself concluded that we are all safer now because "America is back—standing tall," even though out there in the real world the strategic balance remains almost exactly the same as the one that led to the foolish fears in the first place. The notion of a new vulnerability to nuclear diplomacy was false; perhaps we were dealing instead with a little atomic politics.

The lack of content in the notion of atomic diplomacy was clearly illuminated by the six-year process that led to the deployment of

ground-launched cruise missiles and Pershing II ballistic missiles in Europe a year ago last month. The argument for the new NATO deployments was that, without them, some of NATO's credibility would be lost, because of the new Soviet SS-20s, or the new Soviet strategic missiles, or both. (Readers who fail to find internal coherence in the NATO rationale should not assume the failure is their fault.) It was roundly asserted that without the new deployments, Western Europe would be open to nuclear blackmail. Yet in the course of the long and trying debate, Moscow was led to take major steps that plainly *reduce* the prospect of any such blackmail. The Kremlin, whatever its private calculation, has become zealous in claiming that it has no nuclear superiority, strategically or in the theater. Such pronouncements do not change the balances that might actually be registered in war, but they dramatically reduce the opportunities for making plausible threats.

Still more self-limiting is the Soviet declaration of a policy of no first use of nuclear weapons. Again the declaration does not tell us what might in fact happen if war did come, but it makes the use of nuclear threats in peacetime a wholly self-defeating enterprise. In the end, the battle over the new deployments provided an eye-opening demonstration of the incapacity of Moscow to translate atomic weight into political influence, when Andrei Gromyko crudely attempted to influence the West German elections of 1983 and succeeded only in helping those he was trying to hurt.

This episode has other lessons, not so comforting, that relate to a different set of problems, which have little to do with atomic diplomacy. Let us call them the problems of the diplomacy of deployment—the problems created either within the Atlantic alliance or between Moscow and others by new systems of weapons. (Obviously the Cuban missile crisis could be included under this heading too.) Here the record is less encouraging. It shows that repeatedly, and on both sides, deployments have been carried out that have given much more concern to adversaries than comfort to friends. Moreover, because the Western countries are democracies, in which people can readily express their distaste for nuclear warheads as neighbors, there is an imbalance between the two sides in terms of what is politically manageable. This imbalance understandably frustrates Western planners—perhaps especially when it is ignored by antinuclear leaders who protest their own evenhandedness yet operate effectively only in open societies.

Fortunately, none of the debated deployments, not even that of the MX missile, has

concerned a force that was genuinely essential to the maintenance of stable strategic deterrence. I think the right way to judge such deployments is to include in one's calculations the political consequences. It is not self-evident, to put it very gently, that the "victory" of December 1983, and the safe arrival in Europe of the first ground-launched cruise missiles and Pershing IIs, has left the alliance stronger and more self-confident than it would have been if it had been decided in 1977, or sometime thereafter, that there was nothing in any new Soviet deployment that required a change in the decision of the 1960s that the right place for American midrange nuclear weapons supporting NATO was in submarines at sea.

My moral is a simple one. The more we learn about living with nuclear arsenals, the less we are able to find any good use for them but one—the deterrence of nuclear aggression—and the more we are led to the conclusion that this one valid and necessary role is not nearly as demanding as the theorists of countervailing strategy assert. No sane government wants nuclear war, and the men in the Kremlin, brutal and cynical tyrants to be sure, are eminently sane.



The Nicaraguan interior ministry recently censored this cartoon from *La Prensa*, the opposition newspaper. The Sandinistas claim that only military news is censored.

LANDSCAPES

Forest & Shore—From "Four Bits," by Annie Dillard, in the literary quarterly *Ploughshares*, Vol. 10, Nos. 2 and 3.

The forest and the shore: it is the difference between time and eternity, matter and spirit—two joys, heart's love and soul's love, two beauties, one wild home.

In the forest you see the mosses and you greet the trees, remembering them, suddenly recalling the dear and familiar nature of trees, their strength and their companionship; and you think, Land! Here is where I belong, here is where the life of my people takes place, rooted in and furling out; this is what my legs are for, and my lungs. You come to a clearing, a bit of grass in the sun, and your arms fill with energy and you cry, Home!

You heave the trees and haul the brush and eat under a roof. Junk piles up around you, and family. You fall asleep, year by year, in the shade.

You walk on the land, lifting your feet and pushing them forward, uphill and down. There is a gloom to the very variety of the forest, a glut to the mind. You walk on, watching your step. But what if once you look up? Suddenly there is an edge. There are trees with no trees behind them, trees not in the thick of something but at its boundary: who would have thought that there could be an end to trees? You can't see the trees for themselves any longer; they are a silhouetted lattice and a series of frames for blue. You slow your pace, savoring the transition. You try to love the forest now, where you are, but you cannot: you no longer believe in it. It is no longer a forest but a fringe of the real; it is illusion, and its life a lie. Its soil gives way to sand. Your heart is cracking. The light breaks where the forest halts at the rim of the shore. The sea, the sea, the long clean beach, the holy God almighty sky!

Savanna—From *Biophilia*, by Edward O. Wilson, published by Harvard University Press. Wilson, the author of *Sociobiology* and *On Human Nature*, is Frank B. Baird Professor of Science at Harvard.

For most of 2 million years human beings lived on the savannas of Africa, and subsequently those of Europe and Asia—vast, park-like grasslands dotted by groves and scattered trees. They appear to have avoided the equatorial rain forests on one side and the deserts on the other. There was nothing foreordained

about this choice. The two extreme habitats have no special qualities that make them inhospitable to primates. Most monkeys and apes flourish in rain forests, and two species, the hamadryas baboon and the gelada, are adapted to life in the relatively barren grasslands and semi-deserts of Africa. The prehistoric species of *Homo* belongs to the minority of species that hit upon an intermediate topography, the tropical savanna. Most students of early human evolution agree that bipedal locomotion and free-swinging arms fitted these ancestral forms very well to the open land, where they were able to exploit an abundance of fruits, tubers, and game.

The body—yes. But is the *mind* predisposed to life on the savanna, such that beauty can be said to lie in the genes of the beholder? Three scientists, Gordon Orians, Yi-Fu Tuan, and the late René Dubos, have independently suggested that this is indeed the case. They point out that people work hard to create a savannalike environment in such improbable sites as landscape gardens, cemeteries, and suburban shopping malls, hungering for open spaces but not a barren landscape, for some order in the surrounding vegetation but not geometric perfection. Orians has elaborated the idea in terms of modern evolutionary theory. According to his formulation, the ancestral environment had three key features.

First, the savanna offered an abundance of animal and plant food, and its relatively uninterrupted views facilitated the detection of animals and rival bands. Second, it offered some topographic relief. Cliffs, hillocks, and ridges were vantage points for more distant surveillance, while overhangs and caves served as shelters at night. Finally, the savanna's lakes and rivers offered fish, mollusks, and edible plants. Because few of man's natural enemies can cross deep water, shorelines became perimeters of defense.

It seems that whenever people are given a free choice, they move to open, tree-studded land on prominences overlooking water. This worldwide tendency is no longer dictated by the hard necessities of hunter-gatherer life. It has become largely aesthetic, a spur to art and landscaping. Those who exercise the greatest degree of free choice, the rich and powerful, congregate on land high above lakes and rivers and along ocean bluffs. On such sites they build palaces, villas, temples, and corporate retreats.

The most revealing manifestation of these three criteria occurs in the principles of landscape design. When people are forced to live in crowded cities or on featureless land, they go to considerable lengths to create an intermediate terrain, an inclination that can tentatively be

[Survey]

IMAGES OF GOD

From "Images of God Among Americans," by Wade Clark Roof and Jennifer L. Roof, in the *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion*, Vol. 23, No. 2. Participants in this survey were asked, "When you think about God, how likely is each of these images to come to your mind?" The numbers indicate the percentage who answered "extremely likely."

	Protestants		Catholics		Jews	
	Under 40	40 and over	Under 40	40 and over	Under 40	40 and over
Creator	89	86	83	78	63	48
Healer	77	75	67	69	25	17
Friend	71	65	58	60	25	4
Redeemer	65	69	57	68	25	9
Father	69	67	56	64	31	4
Master	62	66	41	50	6	13
King	58	58	45	49	19	17
Judge	51	52	38	49	31	17
Lover	46	54	39	44	25	0
Liberator	44	56	33	47	13	4
Mother	26	29	22	26	25	4
Spouse	14	23	12	21	19	5

called the savanna gestalt. At Pompeii the Romans built gardens next to almost every inn, restaurant, and private residence. Most of those gardens possessed the same basic elements: artfully spaced trees and shrubs, beds of herbs and flowers, pools and fountains, and domestic statuary. Japanese gardens dating from the ninth to twelfth centuries similarly emphasize the orderly arrangement of trees and shrubs, open space, and streams and ponds. The trees have been bred and pruned to resemble the acacias of the African savanna in height and crown shape.

I will grant the strangeness of the comparison and the possibility that the convergence is merely a coincidence. But entertain for a while longer the idea that landscape architects and gardeners, and we who enjoy their creations without special instruction or persuasion, are responding to a deep genetic memory of mankind's optimal environment. That given a completely free choice, people gravitate toward a savannalike environment. The theory accom-

modates a great many seemingly disconnected facts from various parts of the world.

On the western frontier of the United States, for instance, explorers were given a brief opportunity to select the landscape to which their hearts led them. In their journals they made clear the habitat they most valued. Not the dark forest, waiting to be cut back and replaced with a pastoral landscape of crops and hedges. Not the empty desert flats, useful only if irrigated and planted in grass and trees. But the intermediate habitat already in place, a terrain we can instantly appreciate: a savanna, rolling gold and green, dissected by a tracery of streams and lakes.

Some will argue that certain environments are just "nice." So why dilate on the obvious? The answer is that the obvious is usually significant. Some environments are indeed pleasant, for the same general reason that incest and cannibalism are repulsive and team sports exhilarating. Each response has its peculiar meaning rooted in the distant genetic past. The question of why we have one particular set of ingrained preferences and not another remains central to the study of man. Arcturian zoologists visiting this planet could make no sense of our morality and art unless they reconstructed our genetic history—nor can we.

[Essay]

A DREAM OF LEVITATING HULKS

From "Basketball: The Purest Sport of Bodies," by Donald Hall, in *Fathers Playing Catch With Sons*, a collection of the poet's essays published this month by North Point Press.

Professional basketball combines opposites—elegant gymnastics, ferocious ballet, gargantuan delicacy, colossal precision. . . . It is a continuous violent dream of levitating hulks. It is twist and turn, leap and fly, turn and counter-turn, flick and respond, confront and evade. It is monstrous, or it would be monstrous if it were not witty.

These athletes show wit in their bodies. Watching their abrupt speed, their instant reversals of direction, I think of minnows in a pond—how the small schools slide swiftly in one direction, then reverse-flip and flash the opposite way. NBA players are quick as minnows and with an adjustment for size great whales drive down the road. As a ball careens from a rim, huge bodies leap with legs outspread; then two high hands grasp the ball, pro-

pel it *instantly* down court to a sprinting guard, and *instantly* seven to ten enormous bodies spin and sprint on the wooden floor, pass, dribble, pass, pass, shoot—block or whoosh. . . .

Then the same bodies flip-flash back to the place they just departed from, fast as an LED display from a punched button—an intricate thrashing, a mercury-sudden pack of leviathans. . . .

In all sport, nothing requires more of a body than NBA basketball; nothing so much uses—and celebrates—bodily improvisation, invention, and imagination.

In football they measure forty-yard sprints. Nobody runs forty yards in basketball. Maybe you run the ninety-four feet of the court, but more likely you sprint ten feet; then you stop, not on a dime, but on Miss Liberty's torch. In football you run over somebody's face.

One of the extraordinary qualities of basketball is its suddenness of change, in pace and in momentum. "Momentum" is a cliché of the football field, but it is a habit of the wooden floor. Basketball is a game not so much of important baskets or of special plays as of violent pendulum swings. One team or another is always on a run, like a madcap gambler throwing a dozen sevens. When the Celtics are down by a dozen points in the second quarter, looking listless, hapless, helpless, we know that suddenly they can become energized—rag dolls wired with springy, reactive power. We know that twelve points down can be six points up with a crazy suddenness.

Pro basketball is a game you can study on television because it is small enough to fit in the box; and, through television's slow-motion replay, we study at our leisure the learned body's performances—as when Dr. J soars from the base line, ball in the right hand, appears to shoot, pauses in midair, and, when the shot-blocker hovers beside him, transfers the ball to the left hand, twists the body, and stuffs the ball through the hoop.

It is only two points. If this were gymnastics or diving from the high board at the Olympics, it would be *ten* points.

The Celtics play team ball, passing, seeking the open man. The ball moves so rapidly, the game is like a pinball machine in which the steel ball gathers speed as it bounces off springs, rioting up and out, down and across. Zany ball, with its own wild life, always like the rabbit seeking its hole.

Or.
The Game.

Slows.

Down.

Despite the twenty-four-second clock, there are passages of sheer stasis. The point guard bounces the ball: once, twice, three times. The guard in front of him is all alert nerves, arms spread and quivering. Will he drive right? Left?

Bounce.

Bounce...

Bounce.....

He goes right NO-he-only-seemed-to-go-right-he-is-left-around-his-man, he rises into the air and... blocked-by-a-giant-under-hands-to-his-own-giant... who backward-stuffs it. BANG.

TAKING LIBERTIES

The Ad—From an advertisement for *Alone Together*, a comedy that opened on Broadway on October 21. The ad, which appeared in the New York Times in October, was cited by the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs for violating a local regulation that forbids “out of context quotes.” In November, the producers agreed to discontinue the ad and paid an \$800 fine.



The Review—From Frank Rich’s review of *Alone Together*, broadcast on radio station WQXR on October 22. Rich is the drama critic of the New York Times.

Alone Together, the new domestic comedy that opened at the Music Box last night, is the kind of play we hardly see on Broadway anymore. It’s a flat-out television sitcom—expand-

ed to two hours—that assumes the theater audience is at least as unsophisticated as a typical Nielsen household. The play is quite awful, but it is also quite sincere. *Alone Together*, heaven help us, actually means to say something of consequence about today’s American family.

The author is Lawrence Roman, who has not been heard from on Broadway since *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, his hit of a quarter-century ago. It’s hard not to wonder if Mr. Roman has been locked in a time capsule since then. *Alone Together* is television’s *My Three Sons* only vaguely updated to the present....

Alone Together is notable for the ugliness of its set—which looks like a parody of the parody set in *Noises Off*—and for its acting, most of which is not worthy of a decent summer-stock barn....

Pathetic as this play is, however, it is not to be confused with those Broadway bombs that are so ludicrous that they actually become perversely entertaining. *Alone Together* is just too dull to be another *Moose Murders*. It’s strictly a run-of-the-mill turkey.

[Advertisement]

VANESSA’S LEGACY

From a form letter sent to prospective clients by Promotion Watch Inc., a new company located in Michigan that calls itself a “promotion-marketing security consultant.” Below, a description of the firm’s “VIP Services.”

Celebrities can often enhance the image of a product, and using them for promotional appearances can be rewarding. Promotion Watch can help you by providing celebrity spokesperson background investigations and security planning for promotional events.

Celebrity background investigations are structured around the needs of the client. Some of the general areas for investigation are:

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- ☐ Substance abuse.
- ☐ Appearance in photographs, publications, or films of a kind that, if released, would be embarrassing to your company.
- ☐ Association with groups, cults, or activities that would impact on your company’s reputation and the effectiveness of the celebrity spokesperson.
- ☐ Reliability.
- ☐ Past employment/contractual history.
- ☐ On-screen/TV persona vs. in-person persona.

[Prediction]

THE FUTURE OF THE LANGUAGE

By Anthony Burgess. From "2020: A Vision of the Future," in the June 17 London Telegraph Sunday Magazine, a special issue devoted to the future. Burgess is the author of *A Clockwork Orange*, *Earthly Powers*, *Napoleon Symphony*, *Nineteen Eighty-Five*, *Re Joyce*, and many other books.

Prime ministers speaking to the nation still attempt, like Mrs. Thatcher, to use "Standard English" and a supraregional or classless accent. By 2020 they will not have to do that. What they will have to do is speak a kind of English that denies the fact of education, avoids allusion to Shakespeare or the Bible, and, where it rises above the level of conversational usage, gains a pose of learning and authority from the use of technological terms. At the same time, with a kind of ultimate authority seeming to be vested in the hard but high-flown language of science, there will be more mendacity and evasion dressed up in technology. The Pentagon has already shown the way with such expressions as "anticipatory retaliation," which does not sound like striking the enemy without due declaration of war.

America's language is already far advanced in the direction of combining the loose colloquial with the cant terms of the technical specialists—who include sociologists and psychologists, as well as cybernetics experts and aerospace men. When not being expertly evasive ("at this time the nuclear capability of this nation is not anticipated to assume a role of preemptive preparatory action"), it is slangy, unlearned, unwitty, inelegant. At its most disconcerting it combines two modes of discourse: "Now we zero in on the nitty-gritty of the suprasegmental prosodic feature and find we're into a different ball game." It is already, perhaps, the matrix of the British English of 2020.

As for the sound of the English of 2020, some of its characteristics are in active preparation. Assimilation—a natural enough process, which, however, must never be allowed to go too far—is drawing a lot of vowels to the middle of the mouth, where the phoneme called schwa (the second syllable of *butter*, *father*; the first *a* in *apart*) waits like a spider for flies. The *a* of *man* is already a muzzy, neuter sound with the young. Assimilation of consonants is giving us "corm beef" and "tim peaches" and "vogka"

(Kingsley Amis spotted these in the early seventies). Grammar has been simplified, so that most sentences are constructed to the "and . . . and . . . and . . ." biblical formula (hypotactic, to be technical). Losing Latin in our schools, we are finding it hard to understand Milton and to appreciate the beauties of the periodic sentence.

This will get worse. The English of 2020 will combine structural infantilism with hard-nosed technology. It will be harsh, and it will lack both modesty and humor.

The written word is only a ghost without the solidity of the spoken word to give it substance, but to many it seems to be the primary reality. After all, the voices of dead poets and novelists survive only as black marks on white paper. Still, writers write well only when they listen to what they are writing—either on magnetic tape or in the auditorium set silently in their skulls. But more and more writers—not only of pseudoliterature but of political speeches—ignore the claims of the voice and ear.

I think that, with the increasing use of the word processor, the separation of the word as sound from the word as visual symbol is likely to grow. The magical reality has become a set of signs glowing on a screen: this takes precedence over any possible auditory significance. The speed with which words can be set down with such an apparatus (as also with the electric typewriter), the total lack of muscular effort involved—these turn writing into a curiously nonphysical activity, in which there is no manual analogue to the process of breathing out, using the tongue, lips, and teeth, and accepting language as a bodily exercise that expends energy.

What is wrong with most writing today is its flaccidity, its lack of pleasure in the manipulation of sounds and pauses. The written word is becoming inert. One dreads to think what it will be like in 2020.

I have never yet ventured a prophecy that came true. In my little novel *Nineteen Eighty-Five* I get nothing except the name of the son of the prince of Wales. It is altogether possible that, rejecting the easy way of pop music, drugs, and television, the youth of the near future will stage a reactionary revolution and go back to Latin, Shakespeare, and the Bible and insist on school courses in rhetoric. But I do not think it likely.

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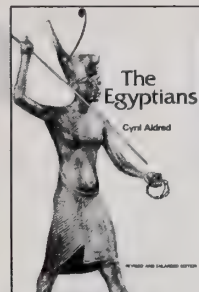
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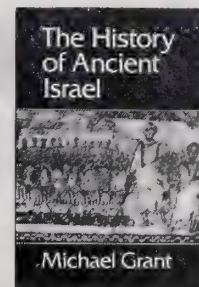
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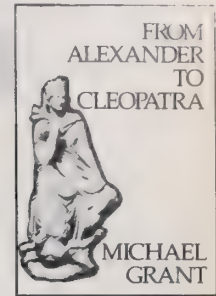
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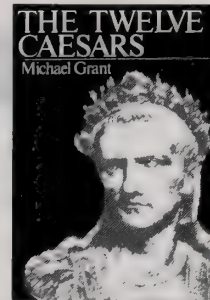
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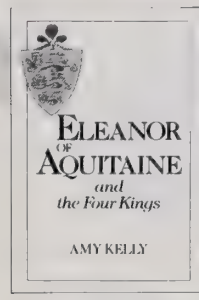
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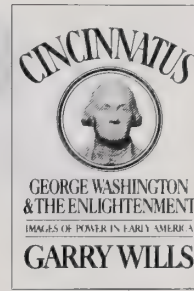
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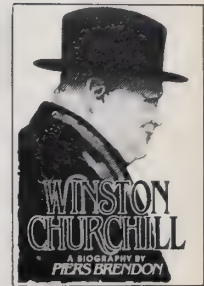
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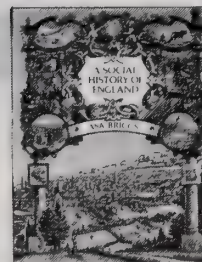
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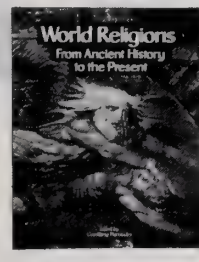
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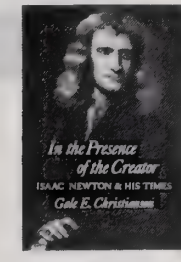
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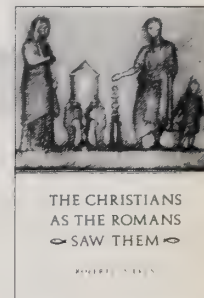
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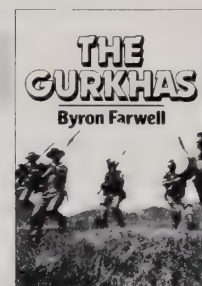
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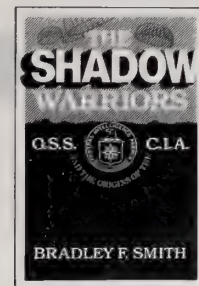
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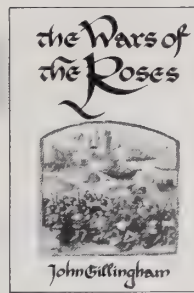
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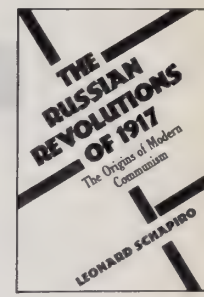
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[Storyboard]

MURDER BY SHOTS



These are selected frames from Brian De Palma's storyboard for the climactic murder-by-drill scene in *Body Double*. De Palma uses storyboards to visualize and decide how to shoot important scenes, even before a script has been written. The storyboard drawings, by Matt Golden, appear in Susan Dworkin's *Double De Palma*, published by Newmarket Press.

[Directory]

ARIZONA PEOPLE

From "Stars and Hypes Forever," a directory of "101 celebrities with Arizona connections" by Michael Lyons, in the October 1984 issue of *Arizona Living*.

Veteran actor LEE MARVIN fled to Arizona after his breakup with common-law wife Michelle Triola coined a new word—*palimony*. The star of many memorable films, including *Cat Ballou*, *The Dirty Dozen*, and *Gorky Park*, Marvin still finds solace in his Tucson hacienda—when he's not game fishing in Australia.

BOB CRANE was a top L.A. disc jockey and Donna Reed's TV neighbor before becoming famous in the late sixties as leader of *Hogan's Heroes*. In the late seventies he was on the dinner theater circuit; he was playing a gig at the Windmill in Scottsdale when he was beaten to death in his hotel room. The murder has never been solved.

DANNY & THE JUNIORS were a top Philadelphia group in the late fifties, when "At the Hop" spent seven weeks at No. 1. In the early eighties, lead singer Danny Rapp toured the country as an oldies act. Following a show at the Pointe Resort in Phoenix last year, he drove into the desert near Quartzsite and killed himself.

Adopted Phoenician CHARLES BOYER appeared in more than seventy movies, often as a romantic lover. The four-time Oscar nominee died in Phoenix in 1978 after taking an overdose of sleeping pills—two days following his wife's death.

In a landmark case in 1966, the U.S. Supreme Court overturned the conviction of Phoenix rapist ERNEST MIRANDA. Since then, police have been required to read the "Miranda" statement ("You have the right to remain silent," etc.) to anyone who is arrested. Miranda later was reconvicted on new evidence. After a few years he was paroled, and in 1976 he was stabbed to death in a downtown Phoenix bar.

[Q & A]

GLENN GOULD: THE MENACE OF ART

From The Glenn Gould Reader, edited by Tim Page and published by Alfred A. Knopf. The excerpt below is from "Glenn Gould Interviews Glenn Gould About Glenn Gould," originally published in High Fidelity. Gould died last year.

g.g.: Mr. Gould, are you saying that you do not make aesthetic judgments?

G.G.: No, I'm not saying that—though I wish I were able to make that statement, because it would attest to a degree of spiritual perfection that I have not attained. However, to rephrase the fashionable cliché, I do try as best I can to make only moral judgments and not aesthetic ones—except in the case of my own work.... Mind you, there are obviously areas in which overlaps are inevitable. Let's say, for example, that I had been privileged to reside in a town in which all the houses were painted battleship gray.

g.g.: Why battleship gray?

G.G.: It's my favorite color.

g.g.: It's a rather negative color, isn't it?

G.G.: That's why it's my favorite. Now then, let's suppose for the sake of argument that without warning one individual elected to paint his house fire-engine red—

g.g.: —thereby challenging the symmetry of the town planning.

G.G.: Yes, it would probably do that too, but you're approaching the question from an aesthetic point of view. The real consequence of his action would be to foreshadow an outbreak of manic activity in the town and almost inevitably—since other houses would be painted in similarly garish hues—to encourage a climate of competition and, as a corollary, of violence.

g.g.: I gather, then, that red in your color lexicon represents aggressive behavior.

G.G.: I should have thought there'd be general agreement on that. But as I said, there would be an aesthetic/moral overlap at this point. The man who painted the first house may have done so purely out of an aesthetic preference, and it would, to use an old-fashioned word, be "sinful" if I were to take him to account in respect of his taste. Such an accounting would conceivably inhibit all subsequent judgments on his part. But if I were able to persuade him that his

particular aesthetic indulgence represented a moral danger to the community as a whole, and providing I could muster a vocabulary appropriate to the task—which would not be, obviously, a vocabulary of aesthetic standards—then that would, I think, be my responsibility.

g.g.: You do realize, of course, that you're beginning to talk like a character out of Orwell?

G.G.: Oh, the Orwellian world holds no particular terrors for me.

g.g.: And you also realize that you're defining and defending a type of censorship that contradicts the whole post-Renaissance tradition of Western thought?

G.G.: Certainly. It's the post-Renaissance tradition that has brought the Western world to the brink of destruction. You know, this odd attachment to freedom of movement, freedom of speech, and so on is a peculiarly Occidental phenomenon. It's all part of the Occidental notion that one can successfully separate word and deed.

g.g.: The sticks-and-stones syndrome, you mean?

G.G.: Precisely. There's some evidence for the fact that—well, as a matter of fact, McLuhan talks about just that in the *Gutenberg Galaxy*—that preliterate peoples or minimally literate peoples are much less willing to permit that distinction.

g.g.: I suppose there's also the biblical injunction that to will evil is to accomplish evil.

G.G.: Exactly. It's only cultures that, by accident or good management, bypassed the Renaissance that see art for the menace it really is.

g.g.: May I assume the USSR would qualify?

G.G.: Absolutely. The Soviets are a bit rough-hewn as to method, I'll admit, but their concerns are absolutely justified....

g.g.: So you wouldn't vouch for the art-as-technique-pure-and-simple theories of Stravinsky, for instance?

G.G.: Certainly not. That's quite literally the last thing art is.

g.g.: Then what about the art-as-violence-surrogate theory?

G.G.: I don't believe in surrogates; they're simply the playthings of minds resistant to the perfectibility of man. Besides, if you're looking for violence surrogates, genetic engineering is a better bet.

g.g.: How about the art-as-transcendental-experience theory?

G.G.: Of the three you've cited, that's the only one that attracts.

g.g.: Do you have a theory of your own, then?

G.G.: Yes, but you're not going to like it.

g.g.: I'm braced.

G.G.: Well, I feel that art should be given the chance to phase itself out. I think that we must accept the fact that art is not inevitably benign, that it is potentially destructive. We should analyze the areas where it tends to do least harm, use them as a guideline, and build into art a component that will enable it to preside over its own obsolescence—

g.g.: Hm.

G.G.: —because, you know, the present position, or positions, of art—some of which you've enumerated—are not without analogy to the ban-the-bomb movement of hallowed memory.

g.g.: You surely don't reject protest of that kind?

G.G.: No, but since I haven't noticed a single ban-the-child-who-pulls-wings-from-dragonflies movement, I can't join it, either. You see, the Western world is consumed with notions of qualification; the threat of nuclear extinction fulfills those notions, and the loss of a dragonfly's wing does not. And until the two phenomena are recognized as one, indivisible, until physical and verbal aggression are seen as simply a flip of the competitive coin, until every aesthetic decision can be equated with a moral correlative, I'll continue to listen to the Berlin Philharmonic from behind a glass partition.

[Short Story]

DESCRIPTION (OF A DESCRIPTION)

By Susan Sontag, in the Autumn issue of *Antaeus*. *Antaeus* is published twice a year by Ecco Press.

One day recently at eleven o'clock in the morning a delaying phrase. Memorabilia are things worth remembering, not things remembered. You can forget everything and then it all comes back. Better a scrupulous inexactitude. I give the time (eleven, morning) but not the village (New England?). Sketch, if you please, a genre picture. Tavern, church. Cowbells, churchbells. My insomnia, my bad dreams: it was already late for me. I had left my pretty,

low-ceilinged room, a casing for neurasthenic privacy, and was already on the street, near the post office from which I'd mailed you so many abject letters. Under a tangerine winter sun and shredded clouds. On my way.

a man suddenly collapsed right in front of me scissoring my splendid ribbon of footwork. Someone unknown to me: mesomorph in a blue suit. There were few people on the street, and I just happened to be there—walking, stalling behind him. He lay by the curb, his right cheek on the icy pavement. Spoiling the genre picture: thatched roofs, an inch of snow on the road.

as if struck by lightning which will convey the idea that it was sudden (nothing had prepared me for this drama) and the cause was not evident. No one brained him with a tomahawk. There was no pistol shot. I had nothing to do with his calamity.

and all the women in the vicinity screamed aloud; it was hardly a common sight to see someone respectably dressed keel over; the respectable stay vertical. The extravagance of village weather, the staidness of village manners. But because this is not a modern story, people were not indifferent. Switzerland, or the nineteenth century? Women were surprised, appalled, frightened. Who? The hunchbacked girl at the newspaper stand wearing a farmer's black leather cap with snapped-up flaps that come down over the ears, for instance. Others? Others, too. Not only women, of course. But no one did anything. My reaction was different.

I myself raised him to his feet the heavy body he had not fainted actually perhaps he had just yielded to the call of the ground. I grappled with his weight in my arms, I felt his body expanding. He was much older than myself, time had fallen in on him. Not a predator but someone in the process of perishing. His life-size gravitational pull, his death-size inertness. I remember his spasmodic breathing.

and attended to him I brushed off his coat and set his glasses back on his narrow intelligent gray face thus I brought him back from the brink. He was hatless and I dusted off the crown of his head. An act of intimacy. From him I heard a queer mumble of noises

until he had recovered his speech—for it was not until he could talk that I knew he was well enough to go on. He began to talk. He told me his name was Ralph, and that he had been let out of prison three weeks ago; that his wife had left him; that he had many enemies. I let his words chew into my heart. You can imagine . . . if you care to. As he talked, his face darkened, stained with dread. He must have wanted from me a little animal reciprocity.

during this time not a muscle on my face moved



Mercenaries V (1984), by Leon Golub, is included in a new retrospective of the painter's work, *Golub: Mercenaries V* is based on a Pulitzer Prize-winning photograph by J. Ross Baughman, depicting torture by mercenaries during the Rhodesian civil war. The exhibition, which opened last fall at New York's New Museum of Contemporary Art, travels this year to the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

but there was perspiration on my forehead, hands, I'm sure perhaps I raised my circumflexed eyebrows. It may sound vainglorious to speak thus I remained stoical. Deadpan

and I felt nothing, neither fear nor sympathy, at least so I said to myself at the time I hate vulnerable people I refuse to let others make a convenience of me I am not a warming pan for disabled souls. Others will coo and claw and caress. I will be more consistent I have rinsed out the influence of pity

but I did what needed doing listening to him, brushing him off, asking him if he wanted to be taken to a doctor (no) or helped to a taxi (no, thanks). His muddy smile, his puffy eyes. He wobbled down the street, after wishing me a good day. Perhaps it was a colossal misunderstanding. Was he merely drunk? I was ready to do more if he needed me, his laconic benefactor. I could have covered him with language like a blanket. My old feeling that the whole world is in need of my protection. We are living

in terrible times

and went coolly on my way. Some intercostal pain at the effort. A sense of having been effective, tranquil, smooth—not too much but not too little. Should I have obeyed an irregular impulse? No. I shall not be ashamed of this moment.

Suppose someone had told me the day before as people so often do telling you things, treating time as if it were a meal being ordered; a film to be previewed I listen carefully.

that tomorrow at eleven o'clock in the morning like an appointment Am I so predictable? True, every day at fixed hours I paint and sketch outdoors. But, at said eleven o'clock, I could have been on my way to a funeral, a puppy at my heels. I could have been on my way to the railroad station, the start of my skiing holiday. I could have been buying a newspaper across the street

a man would fall down beside me in this fash-

ion—not in front of me, actually. Without warning. The same tableau. But behind the school rather than near the post office, perhaps. Someone with rotting teeth, a cracked thumb-nail. Hyperdrama

I would have suffered every kind of anticipatory torment wondering whether I would be adequate to the occasion wondering what he had (a disease? a grief?) it would have made me calculating. Following on a fearful lack of sleep I would have dressed for the occasion, overdressed (kid gloves, a silk pocket handkerchief), I would have been moist, sweaty. And I would have been even further from my old innocence and tranquillity. Is it true that we were happy once?

and at the decisive moment there are incisions in eternity according to the laws of fascination, time does seem to stop time is suspended in tableaux Reduced to a state of hypersensitivity.

instead of helping the man would perhaps have done what he did. Fall down. Then there would have been two of us, prone by the curb. As if struck by lightning. Requiring to aid us a third person, just passing by...

For in the meantime the time between the notification and the event... but who could have predicted such an event? No one. No one, that is, unless one believes there are people with the gift of prophecy, except the person who was to fell the man... How exciting it all is, actually.

all possible drives would have had time to imagine the experience drives? And to be prepared. Forewarned, I could have brought smelling salts, a wheelbarrow.

and to comment on it.—Telling me how I ought to feel. I could have avoided that street at eleven o'clock. But why should I? There is much to be said for a moment of certainty. One disorder leads to another. I was in a fragile mood. You are leaving me. You are calm, very polite; I, though, am involved in the bad behavior of despair... weeping, pleading, lying, insulting. I sleep very little these days, I have much to learn. How to fight, how to make unkind gestures, how to parody oneself. My discomfort, my evangelistic fervor. Everything must be accepted. I discover who I have become.

What then are our experiences? That which befalls us, that for which we are not prepared. My campaign of enlightened selfishness: sometimes I manage to snatch composure from my insignificant terrors. Every event has a little label on it. Which says: And to think that this, too, is within the realm of the possible.

Much more there is always more we are always trying to prepare ourselves How to face the others without fear and weakness

that which we put into them than I knew you did

not love me and could never make me happy but I could not relinquish my love for you my idyllic self

that which they already contain! No reason to react at all one could just keep on walking but I wanted to show I was strong and competent. No big-time gestures. Out of lack of pride I behaved with pride I know I made many mistakes with you

Or must we go so far as to say that being with you is like living with a bomb that keeps on ticking. I am always starting up, straining to hear a change in the sound, that slight hesitation, the dip in the rhythm before the wretched thing goes off

in themselves the experiences, if one can call them that, or the sense of loss. Tick tock. Perhaps it won't go off. I can get used to moving slowly.

they contain nothing? There is nothing now. I am not pining away. But one can forget everything and then it all comes back, enhanced with fantasies of violence.

To experience is to invent?—My watchful solitariness. An urban Robinson Crusoe, I have told this story many times.

[Note]

POSTMODERN ROMANCE

From Postscript to The Name of the Rose, by Umberto Eco, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

I think of the postmodern attitude as that of a man who loves a very cultivated woman and knows he cannot say to her, "I love you madly," because he knows that she knows (and that she knows that he knows) that these words have already been written by Barbara Cartland. Still, there is a solution. He can say, "As Barbara Cartland would put it, I love you madly." At this point, having avoided false innocence, having said clearly that it is no longer possible to speak innocently, he will nevertheless have said what he wanted to say to the woman: that he loves her, but he loves her in an age of lost innocence. If the woman goes along with this, she will have received a declaration of love all the same. Neither of the two will feel innocent; both will have accepted the challenge of the past, of the already said, which cannot be eliminated; both will consciously and with pleasure play the game of irony... But both will have succeeded, once again, in speaking of love. ■

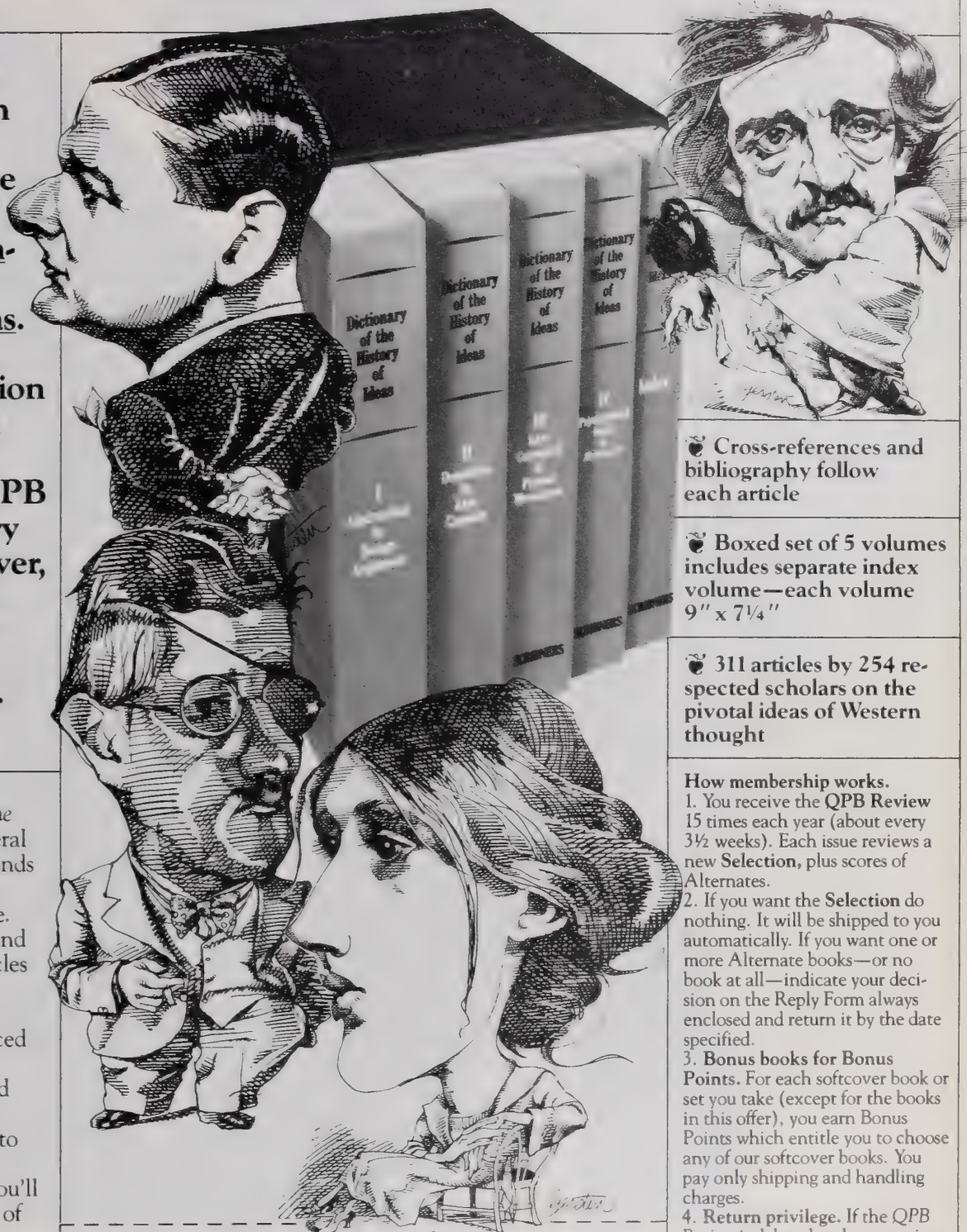
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CAN THE PRESS TELL THE TRUTH?

When General Westmoreland hauled CBS into court for libel last year, the American press responded with a flood of sober commentary on a cherished subject—*itself*. A decade after Watergate, editorialists observed, the press was widely maligned, criticized, abused, and, most of all, “distrusted.” As evidence of this distrust they cited the ubiquitous polls and pointed to the public’s conspicuous failure to be outraged when reporters were barred from Grenada.

Though Americans ritually intone their devotion to the “freedom of the press,” they delight in repeating another prized national dictum: “Don’t believe what you read in the papers.” While acknowledging that the press enjoys a freedom of sorts—to behave however it wants to in its quest to sell newspapers—Americans realize that it is nowhere required to provide “truth” to its customers. Perhaps the widespread skepticism toward the press implies a recognition that the truth—or even just the “facts”—seldom survives in a competitive marketplace without being tainted by prejudice, ideology, or embellishment.

What, then, can we really learn from the daily papers? Can the American press tell the truth? If not, what *does* it tell us, and why? To consider these questions, *Harper’s* invited a group of journalists and a First Amendment lawyer to discuss what Americans can fairly expect from their press—and what they cannot.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the New School for Social Research in New York City.
Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM
is the editor of Harper's.

TOM WICKER
is an associate editor of the New York Times and a syndicated columnist. His books include *A Time to Die* and, most recently, the novel *Unto This Hour*.

WALTER KARP
contributes frequently to Harper's, American Heritage, and Channels, among other publications. He is the author of *The Politics of War*.

HERBERT SCHMERTZ
is vice president for public affairs at the Mobil Oil Corporation and writes frequently on the American press.

SIDNEY ZION
was a reporter for the New York Times and is the author of *Read All About It! The Collected Adventures of a Maverick Reporter*.

FRANCES FITZGERALD
contributes frequently to the New Yorker, the New York Review of Books, and other publications. Her books include *Fire in the Lake* and *America Revised*.

CHARLES REMBAR
is an attorney specializing in First Amendment issues and the author of *The End of Obscenity*, *Perspective*, and *The Law of the Land*.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM: Ladies and gentlemen, this conversation has to do with what I take to be the common misperceptions about the press in this country. Americans seem to want to find truth in the press; they expect to learn how the world really works, why events happen as they do. When they are disappointed in these expectations—as they inevitably are—they become angry and resentful. They tell poll takers that they “distrust” the press. They applaud when the government excludes reporters from the Grenada invasion. And, more and more often in recent years, they bring libel suits. I think we can conclude that, in general, the public seems to want to criticize, and often to punish, the American press.

Now, I think this is somewhat unfair. Certainly there are many things wrong with the press, but to me the punishments seem out of line with the alleged crimes. This might be partly ascribed to the public's almost idealized conception of the power of the press. We speak in solemn voices about “freedom of the press.” But what exactly is a “free press”? Do we really have such a press in the United States? Or per-

haps a better question might be, Do Americans really *want* a free press? And would the men and women who constitute the large and established press—the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the newsmagazines—really want a free press? By considering these questions, we might, I hope, come to a more accurate understanding of the actual role the press plays in this country. Tom Wicker, what exactly do we mean when we talk about a “free press”? Do we mean an “adversary press”? Must a free press by definition be negative, mean, rude, opposed to the so-called establishment?

TOM WICKER: Yes, when we speak of a free press, I think we necessarily do mean an adversary press, but then we have to explain what we mean by “adversary.” The American press is not an adversary in the way that two nations at war, or two neighbors fighting over a boundary line, are adversaries. Rather, I think of the press as an adversary in the sense that, in a courtroom, a lawyer is the adversary of a witness he is cross-examining. The lawyer has a duty not simply to listen to what the witness says and

elicit responses from him, but somehow to draw from him as near a true story as possible. Ideally, the press plays an adversarial role by making a similar effort to dig beneath the surface of things, instead of simply broadcasting or printing what appears to be the case without questioning it.

You asked whether the press need be "negative" or "rude." Here again I think the analogy to a lawyer in a courtroom is useful. If the witness is forthcoming and responds honestly and fully to questions, a lawyer need not employ rough tactics. But if the witness is not forthcoming, if he attempts to mislead, the lawyer is forced to take a more high-powered approach.

WALTER KARP: I define a free press as one that protects and, if need be, strengthens government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Now, such a press will certainly look like an adversary to some people. It will look like a very serious threat to any usurper of legitimate power—to a would-be tyrant, for example. And it will look like a threat to men who hold power secretly or irresponsibly. For what does a free press do? It makes available to the public information about the deeds and the intentions of people who are entrusted with power. If those people find that the press has become their adversary, then I believe that they are holding power in an illegitimate way.

HERBERT SCHMERTZ: That definition leaves no room for any legitimate constraints on the press and precludes any criticism of it. I think the United States probably has the freest press of any society in the world, but there are nonetheless some obvious constraints on it. The marketplace is the most powerful of these—the press is made up of businesses that are trying to make money. Indeed, I think many of the problems Lewis mentioned have been generated by the marketplace. The public support of the government's refusal to admit journalists into Grenada, for instance, was a marketplace response—the press's market, the public, generally agreed with the government's restrictions on it. I feel strongly that the most effective constraint on the press ought to be the marketplace, and our Mobil ads have said so repeatedly. I've never advocated prior restraints on the press by the government.

But the American press today is not satisfied with the right to publish without prior restraint. It wants the right to publish anything without the threat of any consequences whatever, whether legal or marketplace. But the press's actions and what I would call its abuses do have consequences.

The most obvious abuse is that the American

press often attempts to make policy rather than report it; it seems to see itself as the surrogate of the people. I simply don't buy that. We elect leaders to make policy in this country. When the press departs from its proper role of disseminating information and reporting policy, and begins trying to make and influence policy, then I object. Of course, I exempt from this criticism editorialists, and newspaper columnists such as Tom. But when straight-news reporters slant their supposedly objective stories, I object. And I think the American people object, too.

Second, the press tends to present American leaders and institutions as far more corrupt and self-serving than they are. Public figures, government officials, and especially businessmen are too often presented as villains. The marketplace response to this exaggerated depiction of public figures is, again, a progressive loss of trust in the press.

Finally, the press often employs questionable tactics—soliciting stolen documents, depending on unnamed sources, intruding on people's privacy—in its eagerness to get a story. As for the libel suits Lewis mentioned, at Mobil our position has been outspoken and clear: we think that a person who has suffered damage, financial or otherwise, because of untrue statements in the press should have some right to redress.

SIDNEY ZION: I certainly don't share Herb's concern about a too vibrant press. I don't think it's vibrant at all. In general, the press goes with the flow of American public opinion—which can change dramatically, often as a direct response to government policy. Before World War II, for example, the American public generally considered Stalin to be exactly what he was, a tyrant. But then, when we became Russia's ally during the war and our leaders started saying nice things about Stalin, the newspapers were suddenly saluting him as Uncle Joe. So government, much more than the press, shapes public opinion and thereby guides and influences what the press writes. The press understands that the government must by definition be the adversary—that the fact that officials are elected by free people doesn't mean they continue to represent those people's views after the election.

No press in the world has ever had a better warrant than we've got under the Constitution. The First Amendment says, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press." I believe the First Amendment makes the press libel-proof. I don't think there ought to be any libel laws. That doesn't mean a reporter shouldn't be taught, at the outset, to get the

facts right. I'm proud that I never had to write a correction. But look at the libel laws now in effect. You can bankrupt a newspaper today through discovery procedures alone. That's how to kill the First Amendment—not through prior restraint. The Constitution doesn't say anything about *any* restraints. You can ruin a newspaper much easier by suing later.

WICKER: I don't agree that government is necessarily the adversary of the people. Too often, the political necessities of government—or at least the political necessities perceived by government officials—*make* government an adversary of the people.

FRANCES FITZGERALD: We are really confounding two issues: the press's constitutional rights on the one hand, and its sense of obligation to the public on the other. When we talk about freedom of the press in America, we're really talking about the First Amendment guarantees that protect the press from government interference. At the same time, this "free" press is, as Mr. Schmeitz said, a variety of separate business enterprises competing in the marketplace. The people who own these businesses, particularly the larger ones, may believe strongly that they have an obligation to the public. But the press's own sense of obligation is a question of a very different order from the issue of its rights and freedoms under the Constitution. To say "the public has a right to know" is to affirm that the *government* has a duty to allow people to have the information they need as citizens in a democracy. It follows that the government cannot prevent the press from printing whatever it chooses. The obligation is on the government, not on the press. In fact, the public's right to know does not oblige the press to do anything at all.

Now, when we discuss a "free" versus an "adversary" press, we are no longer talking about constitutional rights but about what we think the press *ought* to do. When Mr. Schmeitz points out that journalists are not surrogates of the public, and on that basis objects to their trying to influence policy, his objection must stand outside any definition we have of a free press. For, seen as a variety of businesses with certain rights guaranteed by the Constitution, the press has a perfect right to try to influence policy. Whether you would *like* the press to do that is another matter.

WICKER: Before I was a columnist I worked as a news reporter for more than twenty years for many different newspapers. I learned very well from that experience that a reporter can't avoid influencing policy. Suppose I write a news story

about the Geneva arms-control negotiations from the point of view of, say, Paul Warnke, President Carter's SALT negotiator, because he has explained the negotiations to me. That influences policy in one direction. If I write the piece from the point of view of Richard Perle, the current assistant secretary of defense, after he has explained what's happening, that influences policy in a different direction. And if I write my story as if I worked for the Associated Press—which is to say, with the least possible interpretation—then that influences policy in still another direction. No matter how a journalist reports news stories, no matter how much he tries to be neutral, what he writes tends to influence policy.

CHARLES REMBAR: But isn't there a difference, Tom, between a reporter's necessarily having an effect on policy, whether or not he intends to, and the deliberate distortion of the news that Herb was referring to?

WICKER: Not in the final analysis, because it comes down to basic choices a reporter has to make in writing his story—what to include and what to leave out, for example. Suppose it's the early fifties and I am reporting on one of Joseph McCarthy's speeches. After my lead paragraph—"Senator McCarthy declared today that he has found forty-two communists in the State Department," or whatever—I write a paragraph explaining that no one else in the country has any evidence to support McCarthy's assertion and no one else believes it. Now, including that paragraph is a deliberate effort on my part to influence policy—to tell readers how to interpret the news I've just given them. But is including that information more iniquitous than omitting it?

FITZGERALD: It seems to me absolutely naive to believe otherwise than what Tom is saying. Putting a sentence on a piece of paper is necessarily a subjective act. There is no such thing as objectivity in writing. When people talk about ethical standards in journalism—"objectivity," and so on—they are really talking about a set of conventions that have been created in this country over the past fifty years or so. These conventions tell the journalist how to write, and the reader how to read, a news story in an American newspaper. They set out what sort of information should go in the lead, who should be quoted in reference to what, and so on. As newspaper readers, we are so accustomed to these conventions that we barely notice them anymore. But their effect is to allow the reporter and the reader to share certain markers. You as the reader cannot be certain that what you

are reading is "the truth"; you cannot be certain that it is "objective" in any real sense. But you can be sure that the reporter will interview certain people and ask certain questions, that he will go about constructing the written account in a certain way, and that certain standards of accuracy and, if you like, fairness will be observed.

SCHMERTZ: I disagree. A reporter can approach his story intending to write it as objectively as he possibly can, giving us the facts as he sees them. Or he can bend the facts to suit his own political agenda. When too many reporters let their politics dictate their reporting, the news columns become filled with what I call advocacy journalism.

WICKER: But I am asserting that *all* journalism is in fact advocacy journalism. There is no way for a reporter to be neutral; to report an event is to

select what is important and significant about it. Of course, if I were an editor sending out reporters, I would prefer that they approached the government or whatever they're covering with an open mind. If a reporter comes to an event with a fixed conviction, he is much less likely to be evenhanded—and evenhandedness is, it seems to me, the desired consequence. But in the final analysis, as to whether the story influences policy—it doesn't matter whether the reporter is advocating a particular position deliberately or not.

SCHMERTZ: I think there's a big difference, Tom.

FITZGERALD: Any writer knows the truth of what Tom is saying: from the first sentence he sets down on paper, from the simple subjective act of choosing what the lead of the story will be, a writer influences the way in which the story he is telling will be interpreted.

Freedom of the Purse

I think almost everyone will grant that if candidates for the United States Senate were required to possess ten million dollars, and for the House one million, the year-in-year-out level of conservatism of those two bodies might be expected to rise sharply. We could still be said to have a freely elected Congress: anybody with ten million dollars (or one, if he tailored his ambition to fit his means) would be free to try to get himself nominated, and the rest of us would be free to vote for our favorite millionaires or even to abstain from voting. (This last right would mark our continued superiority over states where people are compelled to vote for the government slate.)

In the same sense, we have a free press today. (I am thinking of big-city and middling-city publishers as members of an upper and lower house of American opinion.) Anybody in the ten-million-dollar category is free to try to buy or found a paper in a great city like New York or Chicago, and anybody with around a million (plus a lot of sporting blood) is free to try it in a place of mediocre size like Worcester, Mass. As to us, we are free to buy a paper or not, as we wish. . . .

The newspaper owner is a rather large employer of labor. . . . He is nowadays forced to deal with unions in all departments of his enterprise, and is as unlikely as any other employer to be on their side. As owner of a large and profitable business, he is opposed to government

intervention in his affairs. . . . As an owner of valuable real estate, he is more interested in keeping the tax rate down than in any other local issue. . . .

The profit system, while it insures the predominant conservative coloration of our press, also guarantees that there will always be a certain amount of dissidence. The American press has never been monolithic, like that of an authoritarian state. One reason is that there is always important money to be made in journalism by standing up for the underdog (demagogically or honestly, so long as the technique is good). The underdog is numerous and prolific—another name for him is circulation. His wife buys girdles and baking powder and Literary Guild selections, and the advertiser has to reach her. Newspapers as they become successful and move to the right leave room for newcomers to the left. . . .

Another factor favorable to freedom of the press, in a minor way, is the circumstance that publishers sometimes allow a certain latitude to employees in departments in which they have no direct interest—movies, for instance, if the publisher is not keeping a movie actress, or horse shows, if his wife does not own a horse. Musical and theatrical criticism is less rigorously controlled than it is in Russia.

—from *The Wayward Pressman*,
by A. J. Liebling

WICKER: Here's another problem. Most people would agree that a reporter who deliberately prints a lie is violating ethical standards. Now, suppose that in following the conventions of journalism the reporter does not dispute a statement he knows to be a lie.

SCHMERTZ: That's just as bad.

WICKER: Exactly. But under the conventions of journalism prevailing today, there is sometimes no alternative to doing just that. It is impossible, under those conventions, for a reporter to step in and refute a false statement in his own voice.

ZION: There were countless examples of that during the Vietnam War. The State Department's official White Papers were full of lies, and every reporter knew it. But if a reporter described what one of those statements said without disputing anything in it, that was called "objective" reporting.

KARP: I want to return to Mr. Schmertz's statement about a reporter giving us the objective facts as he sees them—a reporter giving us the truth. Or perhaps "truth" is too lofty a word; after all, the Founding Fathers themselves spoke only of "information," as in James Madison's statement that "a popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both." So, ideally the press should provide the public with "popular information." I'd like to cite an occasion when providing the public with the "truth" of an event would not have involved bias or advocacy reporting but merely facts. Do you remember the elections in El Salvador in 1982 and 1984? In the months before those elections, the American press, which I won't call entirely "free" but which certainly has a formal freedom, published hundreds of articles about their significance. According to the President of the United States, according to House majority leader Jim Wright, according to the State Department and all the trusted experts, the chief measure of the significance of those elections was voter turnout. If there was a high turnout at the polls, we would know that something positive and encouraging had occurred. But what was scarcely mentioned in the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* in those days and weeks and months of articles that preceded the elections was that voting is compulsory in El Salvador: every adult, by law, must vote.

So here we have a perfect example of an objective news event—let's say a statement by the President of the United States on the signifi-


cance of voter turnout in El Salvador. Reports say that the turnout was 75 percent, and the President declares that this is an example of unparalleled heroism by the Salvadoran people and, not incidentally, proves the success of his policies. Now, to puncture this story, a reporter didn't need to practice advocacy journalism or smuggle his own opinions into the news columns. All he needed was a fact.

SCHMERTZ: But you're making my point, Walter. If the reporter knowingly omitted that fact, then it is advocacy journalism.

KARP: No, Herb, I think I've just given an example, a very rich example, of completely *objective* journalism as practiced in the United States. It's unreasonable to expect to gain a full understanding of public life in America from the daily newspaper, but the citizen ought not to be deprived of information the reporter has. Yet because of our rules of journalism, this often happens.

For example, it seems to be an unwritten law in the journalism profession that a reporter cannot, in a news story, infer a motive from the actions or words of a public figure; only another public figure can do that. The reporter can discover two facts, but he can't add them together to make four, at least not in his own voice. The reporter has to present the secretary of state with his facts, and ask: Mr. Secretary, does this make four? If the secretary replies, No, that makes five, that's what the reporter has to print. I've read so many newspaper stories over the years in which the obvious political motive behind an action or a statement goes unstated. Instead, we get an analysis by some interested party. For the last five or six years, Washington journalists have gone to Tip O'Neill to ask him why things are happening in Congress as they are, as if Tip O'Neill were a disinterested observer. Daily-newspaper men seem to feel safest, or their editors feel safest, asking a high official to explain the significance of the news they themselves have just gathered.

WICKER: I've argued for years that reporters ought to be given greater leeway to bring their own experience and knowledge into a story, instead of having to trot back and forth between two senators who can be counted on to take opposite positions so the reporter can look evenhanded. But to assume that we can just change that situation if only we wanted to is not very realistic. The reasons for these rules go very deep; they have to do with who owns and who controls the press in this country, and what their interests are, subjects Frankie touched on. I hope we get into those reasons later in the dis-

A white horse is running through a field of tall, dry grass. A small foal is running alongside it, slightly behind. The background is a blurred, hilly landscape. The text "The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette." is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.**



Marlboro



A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a brown horse. The cowboy is wearing a white cowboy hat, a bright yellow jacket over a dark shirt, and dark pants. He is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The horse is in motion, and the background is a blurred, natural landscape.

ro Lights

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84

cussion. But first, I think we have to ask ourselves what the press's role really is in this country. Herb said the press is wrong to assume it's a surrogate of the people. To the extent that he qualified his statement by saying that the people elect leaders to make policy, I agree with him. But I think there are occasions, such as the elections in El Salvador, when the press can and should play a surrogate role. The press does have a proper surrogate function, not in usurping the role of leadership but in trying to serve as the eyes and ears of the public in places the public cannot reach for itself. Evidently it didn't fulfill this function very well in El Salvador.

SCHMERTZ: Obviously, one of the justifications of having a free press is that citizens can make more rational judgments on important issues if they have available to them the widest spectrum of views, opinions, and facts.

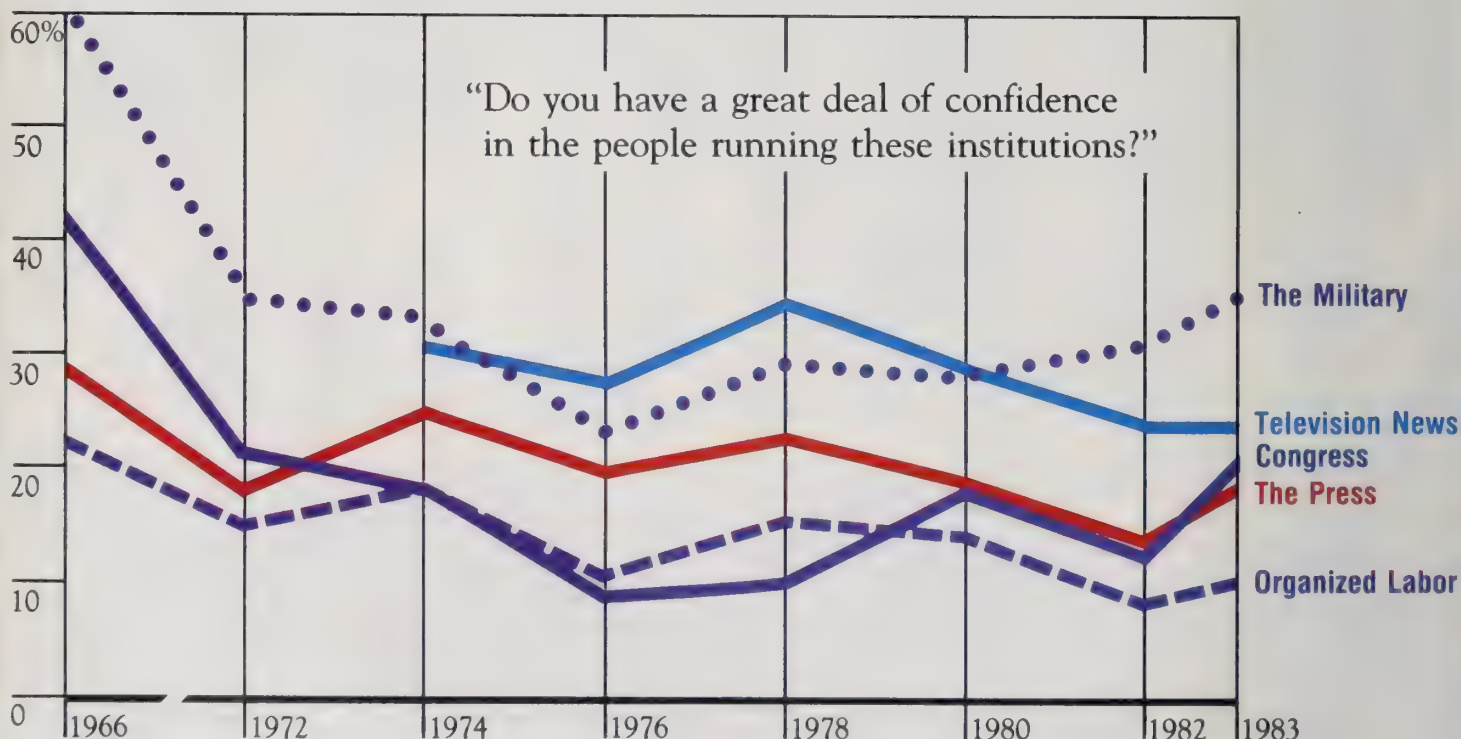
REMBAR: That's the political argument for it, the argument judges always cite. But I think there's another argument for free expression, and that is that it makes us feel good. We should not separate the citizen's right of free speech from that of a free press. To be able to say what you want to say is a very important part of life. We've

been talking about an institution, the press, where the function of free speech is political. But the First Amendment carries important rights for individual citizens as well.

KARP: I think Walt Whitman had that in mind when he said, "There is no week nor day nor hour when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves, and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance." To feel good is to have a press that is brave, that works without fear and favor, that asks bold questions of the men in power—not nasty questions, just *the* questions. A press that asks the basic questions is part of what gives people in a democracy the "supreme confidence in themselves" that Whitman was talking about, and part of what keeps tyranny from entering the door every week and every hour.

In that sense our press bears a heavy burden. The press must work to destroy mystagogy—it must not allow people in power to wrap themselves up in "reasons of state" or "national security." A truly free press would never allow the condition that prevails in this country today: the American people do not know why their own government does certain things. Do we really understand why the United States is

WHO DO AMERICANS TRUST?



Source: The Harris Survey. Of the fourteen institutions included in the survey, the press ranks eighth. Americans trust universities, the military, and the medical profession most. They trust major corporations, state and local governments, law firms, and organized labor the least.

fighting a covert war against Nicaragua, for example? The reasons seem to change every day. Ideally, the whole body of the press should be constantly pressing upon the issues of the day, reporting the facts, reporting what public men and women say and do, describing the circumstances under which they say or do it.

Finally, the press should not be afraid to draw inferences from the words and actions it reports. Or at least it should report in a way that gives any thinking person the chance to draw inferences. This is not advocacy of anything other than the largest principle—that people are not going to be free very long if they're given no chance to judge fairly what might secure or endanger their freedom.

SCHMERTZ: I agree with what Frankie said earlier—there is nothing in the Constitution preventing the press from trying to influence policy. But when the public complains about it, the press shouldn't get so upset. The press wants to have it both ways: it wants to play an active role in the policy-making process and to be treated as a neutral observer of it.

The Constitution merely gives the press the right to publish in an unfettered way, a right I support. Once something has been published, the law of the land says the press must take the consequences, both legally and in the marketplace. There is nothing in the First Amendment guaranteeing the press protection from citizens who have been damaged by it. Why shouldn't citizens have the opportunity to seek redress for damage the press has done, by libeling someone, for example?

REMBAR: But you do fully support the doctrine of no prior restraint on the press's right to publish?

SCHMERTZ: Absolutely.

REMBAR: Well, the doctrine of no prior restraint really has no historical basis in the law. The danger to the press's freedom is just as great from subsequent punishment as it is from prior restraint. Indeed, I think subsequent punishment is more effective in limiting the press. Imagine you're the dictator of a country. What's more effective from your point of view? To forbid dissenting views from being published, thereby forcing these ideas to be whispered about and helping discontent to fester? Or to let people speak relatively freely and then shoot a few of them who get too far out of line?

SCHMERTZ: Is it better to let the press publish lies that destroy the good reputation a person has worked all his life to build? To destroy his ability to earn a living?

REMBAR: I was talking about the press's coverage of the government and public figures. You are really asking whether the press should be totally free to say what it likes. That is, your question is, Do we really have a free press in this country? And the answer, I'm afraid, must be no, and not just because of libel suits. Our press is obviously controlled by the people who own it. All the Constitution says is that the government shouldn't interfere with the press's freedom to publish what it likes. It says nothing about anyone else interfering, whether it be the people who exert direct control over newspapers by owning them or the readers who exert indirect control by being pandered to. So we are left with a choice—should the government control the press or should people with enough money control the press? Both are distasteful, but history shows the latter is preferable.

SCHMERTZ: I already said that the one constraint I favor is the marketplace.

ZION: Yes, but Cy Rembar is alluding to another constraint, what we might call self-censorship or editorial censorship. As far as I know, there's not even an hour devoted to the subject in any journalism school in the country. But anyone who has worked for an editor knows that censorship is a daily event, the daily blood of newspapers—editors spiking stories, making decisions on what to assign, who to assign, what to keep out of the paper and what to put in. If we're arguing that the government must never censor, we must raise the question of why editors and publishers can censor. That happens constantly, and, in terms of what you read, it's much more important than anything the government can do.

WICKER: Editorial censorship has to be distinguished from what one might call the professional process of deciding priorities in the news business—obviously, no newspaper can include every bit of material that comes across the table. But aside from that, one dramatic example of editorial censorship comes to mind immediately: the *New York Times's* decision to play down its advance information on the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961. In his memoirs, Turner Catledge, who was managing editor and then executive editor of the *Times*, gave an account of his decision about how to run that story. Catledge explained that he played down the story not because he was primarily concerned about the national interest but because he felt sure the invasion would fail and he didn't want the *New York Times* to be blamed for its failure. He was acting to protect his newspaper, not the national security of the United States.

FITZGERALD: I think we're getting close to the real issues of why the press behaves the way it does. We are beginning to distinguish between what we would like to see in the press and what the American press really is. I couldn't agree more with Mr. Karp about what the press ought to be doing. But the press is first, as I said before, a series of businesses that respond to market pressures and that tend to provide people with what they want to hear. As Mr. Rembar said, the press responds to the demands its owners make on it. This means the press is not homogeneous in its views but embraces a wide spectrum of political stances and opinions; it also means that the quality of reporting differs widely.

The American press is malleable. It can be easily hurt and easily influenced. It really has no obligation to tell the truth about anything. None. We would like it to tell the truth. But there is nothing that says that it must. Nothing prevents a publisher from buying a newspaper and turning it into a vehicle of political propaganda for one side or another—as happened in New York when Rupert Murdoch bought the *Post*. So before we talk about what our ideals and goals are for the press, I think it's important to see what is really at stake.

ZION: Frankie is right. Every day, editors censor writers. The basic problem is that the American press, and especially the so-called establishment press, takes the implicit position that the government is generally right in what it does and says. I think we should remember that the establishment press forms an important part of what we might call this country's "League of Gentlemen." Even when the press attacks a particular administration, its owners and managers still belong to that League of Gentlemen and still consider the government to be basically right. It can be the hardest thing in the world to get the truth over the desk of an editor. Unless a reporter can bring documents and data proving beyond any doubt that the government is wrong about something, the press will go with the government view. Yet if a reporter just echoes the received opinion, of course, that goes right in the paper the next morning.

WICKER: Yes, that League of Gentlemen exists. The people who run the press—particularly the metropolitan, largely capitalized institutions of the press—are part of it, along with the people who run the government and the major businesses and the big foundations. This league isn't like a group of industry price-fixers who get together every so often and decide on their line. But the members of the league do share a sense of community, a broad common perception of the general interest. Which is why I've always

considered it ludicrous to speak of how "left-wing" the press is in the United States. President Carter said to me not long ago, after he'd left office, that he thought he had suffered from a kind of class distinction in Washington, that the press was more hostile to Johnson and Nixon and Carter because they weren't really products of the Eastern establishment.

I think that kind of attitude is almost irredeemable; I think it's in the nature of the press. The major organs of the press are big businesses. The *New York Times* is listed on the American Stock Exchange. I think the best you can hope for from such a press is that on occasion it will see its duties and obligations as a free press clearly enough. The *Times's* Pentagon Papers coverage was one such occasion. But if you look at the American press as it really is, you'll see it's idle to suppose that such a press will be constantly straying off the reservation of the establishment.

LAPHAM: On the other hand, as Frankie says, the press is really under no particular obligation to tell the truth. And Cy Rembar says one of the main purposes and functions of the press is to make people feel good. I agree with both of them—after all, there's no contradiction between *not* telling the truth and making people feel good. Today's journalism is increasingly an amalgam of fact and fiction. This isn't done with evil intention, as Herb thinks, but because journalists work in the usual alloys of flawed information and unconscious bias. I don't think the *New York Times* is being written by ideologues who distort the news to conform to their politics. I think it's a matter of sensibility. You can't know the *whole* truth—pardon the expression—about anything. So the President Reagan that the journalist writes about becomes a character in a play.

Journalism is sculpture in snow. To have the expectation that it's somehow cast in stone—that it will reveal the truth to us—is to load it down with a burden it can't carry. But why do people load it down with such a burden?

FITZGERALD: Someone recently called this the "post-factual age," and I think there's something to be said for that. Perhaps it's in part the influence of television. Television is very good at conveying impressions, but less good at conveying facts and information. Certainly people raised on television read less, and it's reading above all that encourages critical thinking. But nonetheless, I think you may be overstating the case when you call journalism "sculpture in snow." Journalism *does* convey facts, and the conventions we've been discussing are at least partly intended to ensure that facts find their

way into the papers. That was what the *Washington Post*/Janet Cooke scandal was all about. The *Post*, with its irritating rhetoric, was defending a certain set of conventions, one of which is not to invent an interview subject who doesn't exist. These conventions are all that stand between us and the totally anarchic view that there are no facts, that there is no possibility of ascertaining the "truth of the matter." Of course, there is no final truth, no final objectivity. Nonetheless, between here and the "post-factual age" there are a lot of barricades to be defended.

LAPHAM: All I was trying to say was that I don't think a person is going to become a truly informed citizen by reading nothing more than the American press. If you're serious about trying to find out how your political system works, that will require a good deal of effort. Newspapers tell a story—a very sophisticated one, but a story nonetheless. Read the memoirs of statesmen who have suffered the idiocy of the press over a period of years, and they all say you can't believe what you read in the papers. Historians make exactly the same point. The press is a midden heap, full of bits and pieces of things, some of them true and maybe valuable, but all of them fragments from which the citizen must construct his own distorted portrait of reality. I object to the idea that somehow the press, the media, are going to provide people with all the necessary answers.

WICKER: I think Lewis has taken a very subtle and complex view of the press, and one that is essentially right. You can't work in this business

as long as I have without seeing its limitations. Herb Schmertz mentioned the constraints of the marketplace—the press has to sell its product. There is that League of Gentlemen we talked about earlier, with its establishment views. And then there is a more mundane constraint—the simple *dailiness* of the press. Before one day's news can be fully comprehended, the press must deal with the next day's news, which may be entirely different. The best you can do is to keep reporting day after day, writing down what happened and what was said yesterday. That's a far cry from fully informing people about a situation. The best the reader can expect from the daily metropolitan newspaper is that it give a reasonably complete sense of what in fact *happened* yesterday, what was actually *said*.

KARP: And it doesn't come close.

WICKER: It doesn't come as close as it should, and I don't think that there's much chance of it getting closer, given the dimension of the task. But to expect more than that, to expect a newspaper to provide its readers with an in-depth understanding of many serious subjects in public affairs, is unfair.

KARP: It's true one must go beyond the daily press. But it's also true that the press hamstring itself. It makes it a rule that what happened is what politicians say happened. The rule would work well enough if the party in opposition ceaselessly questioned the people in office. The fact is it doesn't. So the official view of what happened often becomes the only view of what happened.

Elegy for a Foreign Correspondent

RUTH (*with the paper*): Show me where it is. It can't be on the back page—(*reading*) "Rain Halts Australian Collapse." That's not it, is it? Or the women's page—(*reading*) "Sexy or Sexist?—The Case for Intimate Deodorants." Is that it, George?

WAGNER: You're belittling his death.

RUTH (*angrily*): You bet I am. I'm not going to let you think he died for free speech and the guttering candle of democracy—crap! You're all doing it to impress each other and be top dog the next time you're propping up a bar in Beirut.... It's all bloody ego. And the winner isn't democracy, it's just business. As far as I'm con-

cerned, Jake died for the product. He died for the women's page, and the crossword, and the racing results, and the heartbreak beauty queens and somewhere at the end of a long list I suppose he died for the leading article too, but it's never worth *that*—

GUTHRIE (*approaching RUTH*): I've been around a lot of places. People do awful things to each other. But it's worse in places where everybody is kept in the dark. It really is. Information is light. Information, in itself, about anything, is light. That's all you can say, really.

—from *Night and Day*, by Tom Stoppard

We need a free press most when our politics grows corrupt and collusive, but that is exactly when the American press is most helpless, thanks to its own conventions.

SCHMERTZ: Certainly the daily press is not perfect, but it could be substantially better than it is. The press takes a defeatist attitude—it won't listen or respond to criticism. It doesn't make what I would consider an honest attempt at self-improvement. That's where my main complaint lies. I want the press to be more aware that it has certain problems, and to try to do something to resolve them. But at the first sign of criticism the press in this country puts the wagons in a circle and starts shooting.

ZION: To see that the press can do better you need only look at it at its best—covering Watergate, for example. The press is most effective when its reporters write about someone they don't like—Nixon, say, or Begin—and can play the adversary role to the hilt. When the press shows you how good it can be, then it's hard to believe it can't do better because of the demands of daily journalism.

WICKER: Investigative journalism flourishes for brief periods, then dies for the same reason we have many of these restrictive conventions—because the surges of criticism inspired by bold journalism have an inhibiting effect. The press seems overtly hostile to Nixon, or appears to harm national security by publishing the Pentagon Papers. Criticism of the press builds. Sure, we ought to hold fast and withstand it. But we don't. Because in the end we are still part of the League of Gentlemen. We don't want to be out in front, to attack the establishment, to criticize major institutions, to be accused of endangering national security. The people who run the establishment press don't like to hear angry critics calling for a National Press Council or warning that the First Amendment is going to be modified. So the press pulls in its horns. Certain story assignments are not made. Certain investigations are not launched, or completed, or the results published. Approving articles begin to balance inquiring articles. The press gains readmission to the League. That's exactly what happened after Watergate and the CIA investigations of the seventies. Sure, someone could write a two-line memo tomorrow and change the news policy of the *New York Times* to be more skeptical and challenging of established institutions. But they won't do it, not because they couldn't do it, not because they don't have the power to do it, but because they don't want to suffer more than the minimal necessary disapproval of the League of Gentlemen.

LAPHAM: I think Tom has just answered one of our questions: Does the press really want a free press? If by a free press we mean a group of boisterous, rude scoundrels likely to criticize the establishment and cause embarrassment, then the answer is no. The next question is, Does the American public really want a free press?

REMBAR: Let me give you a practical answer. When I was trying the censorship cases—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer*, *Fanny Hill*—I did everything I could to avoid jury trials. I felt that while everybody on the jury wanted to read those books, they wouldn't want to vote in favor of them. Most Americans don't really approve of the expression of ideas they don't like. Who really cares about freedom of speech in this country? People like those sitting around this table, and most of the judiciary—perhaps they have an idea of freedom of expression. But not the so-called man in the street.

KARP: I don't think it's that simple. The public's trust in the press was highest in 1973, according to the Harris poll. The American people trusted the press most, that is, during the Watergate revelations. When the press appeared to be vigorous, when people were hearing about the corruption and lies of men in power, that was when the press was admired most. The *Washington Post's* pollster told me recently that he found a majority of Americans want more aggressive reporting about the government, and a plurality want the news media to do more stories about official corruption.

LAPHAM: But jury decisions in libel cases are running about four to one against media organizations, although appellate courts overturn many of them. The instinct among people on juries seems to be to punish the press for crimes against the hopes and wishes of its audience.

KARP: Those juries are sympathetic to the victims of libel. But in 1973, Americans were watching high officials being exposed and embarrassed in all sorts of ways—and they greatly enjoyed it.

LAPHAM: But that's always a joy and a pleasure to watch.

ZION: And remember, a lot of people at that time were warning the press that we were talking about things that could tear the country apart.

KARP: Yes, and those people never quite forgave us for not being torn apart.

SCHMERTZ: The press is very good at investigating virtually all the institutions in our society. But

the press won't practice any investigative journalism on itself. One publication won't criticize another. Reporters won't criticize other reporters. I have had reporters tell me this when I've come to them with a story, and I think it's a weakness of the American press.

ZION: You're right. We don't criticize ourselves. If we did, we'd discover something strange about the First Amendment—it's really only for editors and publishers. Editors should be made to explain why they spike stories, and why writers get blacklisted. Editors don't kill just bad stories. They kill excellent stories, stories that are important—stories that are too controversial.

WICKER: Let's say we made public the meeting in which the editors decide what goes on the front page of the *Times*. You admit a limited number of the public, including reporters, and seat them along the wall. Do you think this would alter the decisions on the part of the editors toward more bold, innovative journalism, or would it result in more cautious journalism, don't-rock-the-boat journalism?

ZION: You'd get more cautious journalism.

WICKER: I think you're wrong. In my judgment, the editors' reluctance to take risks results from their need to have an explanation for the decisions they make. And I think it would be easier, in the presence of an audience, to justify bold and innovative decisions than to justify playing it safe against the public interest. But it's not just investigative stories that get spiked. When I was the *Times* bureau chief in Washington, I was a member of the League of Gentlemen; otherwise I never would have been bureau chief. Time after time, good reporters down there complained about not being able to get stories in the paper. And time after time I said to them, You're just not going to get *that* in the *New York Times*—it's too interpretive, it's too reliant on your judgment rather than on official judgment, it's too complex, it contradicts the official record more flagrantly than the conventions of daily journalism allow.

On occasion, the daily establishment press will publish something like the Pentagon Papers; it will fight to expose a Watergate scandal; it will publish revelatory stories of one kind or another. But it will rarely provide in-depth and insightful and original reporting about a subject like arms control, because it's too focused on yesterday's developments and on the official record of events and remarks.

REMBAR: But the choice is between having a government-controlled press and a privately con-

trolled press. In neither case do we have real freedom. Obviously, the people who own the systems of communication control them. Our press is freer than most, but that doesn't mean we ought to congratulate ourselves on having real freedom of the press.

I'd like to see the government finance a newspaper and a television network in which any citizen could have a voice. The average citizen doesn't really have a voice now. He can write a letter to the editor, which may or may not get printed. There should be something additional, some way in which people who aren't rich enough to own a newspaper or a broadcast station could transmit their ideas to the public.

ZION: I would never support public ownership of the press. Rather, I would try within the limitations of capitalism and private ownership not to make reporters feel that they are only hired hands. I want to take off reporters' handcuffs—loosen the conventions, let reporters use their own judgment and speak in their own voices. I think you'd get better reporting.

LAPHAM: I would like to lower the public's expectations of the press. When Carol Burnett is awarded \$750,000 by a jury because she has been "libeled" by a gossip item in the *National Enquirer*, I think that points to a problem in people's understanding of what the press is. The *Enquirer* regularly publishes claims of sightings of UFOs and conversations with Elvis Presley from beyond the grave. To sue that kind of newspaper for libel—and to win—suggests to me that an earnest educational effort needs to be directed at the consumers of the press.

REMBAR: But nobody has said anything about how to improve the press itself, except by appeals to virtue. Nearly everything that has been said here today is hortatory: let's try to be better than we are.

WICKER: We haven't said anything because there isn't any formula that will automatically make things better. The press won't do better because of reform movements or new definitions or improved systems. It will do better because more people try to do better. That, in my judgment, is the only thing that we can hope for—that more and more people in the press will sincerely try to do a better job. I don't think that's an idle wish. What's wrong with the press in this country arises out of much larger forces, some of which we've tried to point out. I don't really think that we could sit down and come up with plausible reform proposals that would be accepted or observed—or that would even make much difference if they were. ■

HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

A new view of the statistics shows where part of the problem lies, and can lead to a better communication between adults and teenagers.

Teenagers are in the high-risk group. People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

Some facts about alcohol you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- One can of beer, as well as one eight-ounce glass of wine, and one 1½-ounce drink of 86-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.

- The legal definition of intoxication is based on "Blood Alcohol Concentration" or "BAC." If you have a BAC of .10, you are legally drunk in most states. But for drivers or drinkers who are less experienced, a BAC of .05, or sometimes lower, can be dangerous.

- Even relatively low levels of alcohol can reduce your tolerance to injury, increasing the danger in an accident.

Arm your teenagers with the facts and give them time to reflect on them.

If expected to show good judgment, teenagers are more likely to live up to it.

Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now, and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

And keep in mind, that the best way to teach young people—as they may tell you—is by example.

The people of General Motors care, and urge teenagers, and their parents, to give serious thought to the dangers of drinking and driving. It's something we all can do.

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THE BIGGEST KNOCKOVER

T. Boone Pickens and the end of Gulf Oil

By L. J. Davis

NEW YORK. *The Regency Hotel.*
June 5, 1984.

As the long New York summer began in a steam bath of humidity and drenching gusts of rain, the stock brokerage firm of Spear, Leeds & Kellogg gave a dinner at the Regency Hotel on Park Avenue. Present were some sixty arbitrageurs ("arbs," to each other), specialists in the deceptively simple art of buying certain securities low—when, say, information reaches them that a merger or an acquisition is under way—and selling them high. No man there knew what the morrow might bring (the arbs would have given much for the information), but at the moment they had much to be grateful for. They were gathered to celebrate a famous victory and to honor the man who had brought it about, making them all substantial sums of money. Their guest was T. Boone Pickens Jr., fifty-six, the chairman, president, and chief executive officer of the Mesa Petroleum Company of Amarillo, Texas. His feat was simple and astonishing: three months earlier he had driven the Gulf Oil Company out of existence.

On March 5, 1984, James E. Lee, the chairman of Gulf Oil, had finally acknowledged the obvious and submitted to the inevitable. His company had accepted a \$13.2 billion takeover

bid from the Standard Oil Company of California (Socal)—no thanks whatever to Pickens, whose raid on Gulf's stock during the previous eight months had brought them all to that fascinating moment. It was the largest merger in U.S. corporate history: the nation's fifth largest oil company, Gulf, would combine with the fourth largest, Socal, to form the third largest. Gulf would not survive, but Pickens and his allies—defeated, foiled, decisively trounced—would never sit on Gulf's board or occupy its executive suite. They would, however—although Lee could not find it in himself to say so—walk away with more than three quarters of a billion dollars.

At the Regency, the mayor of New York, Edward Koch, presented Pickens with a crystal apple in token of the vast and unprecedented fees the Amarillo oilman had brought to the city's financial community and, indirectly, through various forms of taxation, to its municipal coffers. Pickens was a man accustomed to singing for his supper, and he had come prepared. He produced a live monkey.

"I'd like you people to meet Jimmy Lee," he said.

NEW YORK. *The Union League Club.*
September 16, 1983.

It was the Friday morning before Yom Kippur when Larry Rand received a call from a banker in the mergers and acquisitions department of Salomon Brothers, the investment bankers. Could Rand, the banker asked, meet with some people from Gulf Oil, an important

Salomon client, that noon at the Union League Club? Rand's schedule was tight; with the Holy Days coming, he planned to be home before sundown, and the atmosphere at the venerable old club was rarely conducive to haste. "They think," said the banker, "that they've got a Boone Pickens problem." Rand said he'd be right over.

There had been indications, of course. On

L. J. Davis is a contributing editor of Harper's. He is writing a book on the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Larry Rand
knew how
Pickens
operated, but he
also knew a few
things about
Gulf. 'You
people,' he
warned, 'have
a terrible
reputation on
Wall Street'

September 2, and again on September 15, Dan Dorfman reported in his syndicated column that Wall Street rumors had Mesa buying and holding—taking a position in, in Wall Street parlance—Gulf stock; talk on the Street had Pickens controlling stock that amounted to between 1.5 and 2 percent of the company. Pickens and his broker, Allan ("Ace") Greenberg, of the New York brokerage firm of Bear, Stearns & Company, denied everything. ("My point of view is that if somebody asks you a question he shouldn't ask, you have every right to tell him a lie," Greenberg later explained.) About the same time, both the equity department at Salomon Brothers and Gulf's own financial people detected unusual trading activity in Gulf stock. Somebody was buying a lot of it, and Gulf was not long in deciding who that somebody was.

Larry Rand is director and senior vice president of Kekst and Company, a firm that specializes in corporate public relations. He is not the person a company normally calls the moment its stock becomes the subject of a raid. But Rand possessed unique knowledge: he and his senior partner, Gershon Kekst, had encountered Boone Pickens before, most recently at KN Energy, a Colorado-based natural gas and pipeline company that, it was widely believed, Pickens was even now subjecting to a so-called greenmail raid. In a greenmail raid, a speculator assumes a powerful position in a company's stock (that is, he buys quite a lot of it); then lets it be known (or, if he is clever, allows the company's management to assume over his strenuous but purposely unconvincing denials) that he is planning an unfriendly takeover that will involve a purge of the executive suite; then allows himself to be bought out at a handsome premium by the officers thus panicked.

Pickens was believed to be a master of this lively but difficult art, and Rand seemed just the person to describe Pickens's method of operation. Rand was more than willing to do so, but he had another message for Gulf. "You people," he warned, "have a terrible reputation on Wall Street."

By a curious coincidence, this reputation stemmed directly from some previous activities involving not only Gulf but Pickens. Like Rand, Gulf had met Pickens before, although the experience seemed to have taught Gulf little. During the summer of 1982, Pickens had made his first big takeover bid, tendering for the stock of the Cities Service Company, the nineteenth largest oil company in the United States. In a complex and nasty little battle, Cities drove away his co-investors (Pickens was attempting to conduct a raid with partners, a first) and almost succeeded in buying Mesa Petroleum out from under Pickens's feet. But in

the end it was Cities, not Mesa, that went to the wall. Baffled at every turn by the almost insanely nimble Pickens, Cities was forced to seek safe harbor in the form of a corporate savior, a larger and friendlier company that would top Pickens's bid. On Wall Street, such a company is called a white knight. Cities' white knight was Gulf Oil.

By coming to the rescue of Cities, Gulf actually saved Mesa—and guaranteed Pickens an after-tax profit of \$12.7 million when it bought back at a premium the Cities securities Mesa held. But for Cities, Gulf proved less a white knight than a broken reed. Confronted by Federal Trade Commission antitrust objections—objections many observers considered trivial; the oil industry is not a concentrated one—Gulf, with no warning, bailed out of the deal. Gulf's withdrawal left a great many arbs (and a great many amateur investors in search of a killing) holding a great many Cities Service securities whose price had suddenly if not surprisingly collapsed. It is doubtful that Charles J. Waidelich, Cities chairman, and the durable Dr. Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum, saved Wall Street and with it Western civilization, as some claimed, when they quickly moved to fold Cities into Oxy. But at least they were able to hold the arbs' losses to around \$400 million—a figure that, understandably, burned its way into the arbs' collective memory. No arb likes to be caught holding the bag, and the bag in question was a particularly capacious one.

If Pickens were indeed making a run at Gulf, as Larry Rand at least half suspected, the arbs would be likely to pour their abundant resources into Gulf stock with even more than their usual enthusiasm, creating a perilously unstable situation. Moreover, much of Gulf's stock was held by large institutional investors—pension and mutual funds—which were loyal enough when the market was placid, but the responsibilities of which were fiduciary in nature. The primary responsibility of any fiduciary institution is to protect the money placed in its custody; if Pickens introduced enough volatility into Gulf's stock—if he, in the argot of Wall Street, put the stock in play—the institutions would probably dump their holdings. And if the arbs picked them up, and if Pickens played his hand cleverly, and if Gulf's defense lacked spunk and imagination, Gulf could be destroyed as an independent company. There was great danger here.

This, then, was the meaning of Larry Rand's warning. For all intents and purposes, the men from Gulf ignored it. They were much more interested in Pickens himself. If they could only

figure out who the hell he was, they reasoned, they might be able to deduce what the hell he was up to.

There was little to go on. Pickens was born in Oklahoma, and he liked conservative suits. It was known that he was a Presbyterian elder and it was suspected that he was a pest. He was a very conservative Republican who had once voted for Lyndon Johnson, a staunch believer in physical fitness who had been known to take a drink. A onetime geologist with the Phillips Petroleum Company, he had founded the forerunner of Mesa at the age of twenty-seven with \$3,500 in cash.

Located in the deserted heart of downtown Amarillo, a city whose streets appear to have been visited by a perfected version of the neutron bomb, Mesa was as close an analogue to the furnishings of Pickens's mind as Gulf was likely to find. But an examination of the company revealed little that was useful beyond the fact that it is a taut ship with a mildly eccentric captain. No tobacco is visible during office hours—Pickens detests smoking in all its forms. Nor does Pickens approve of office romances, even if the partners are unmarried. The showplace of the blue-and-beige headquarters building at One Mesa Square is the T. Boone Pickens Jr. Fitness Center, equipped with a jogging track, a weight room, and a brace of racquetball courts. Racquetball is Pickens's favorite game. The fitness center is dominated by a statue of its founder hotly engaged in the sport. "I always tell our new young executives—we're in the middle of a youth movement here—how I feel about exercise and good health," he said one day last spring, "and during their orientation period I make a point of telling them about the programs we offer and the store I set by them. You know, I find that close to 100 percent sign up."

He is an equally keen fan of the speaker phone, with similarly apostolic results. Every qualified executive not only has one but uses it constantly, so that a stroll through headquarters during office hours is a little like a visit to a college dormitory during finals week, when everybody—for reasons that can only be imagined—has decided to play old Bob Newhart records.

Although Pickens had recently been presenting himself as a champion of shareholder rights (of which, more in a minute), Mesa itself had been rendered as impervious to the unwelcome initiatives of its own legal owners as human ingenuity could make it. The company was incorporated in Delaware, a state whose laws are unmarked by a foolish sympathy for stockholders. Mesa's directors, like United States senators, serve staggered terms, making it impossible to overthrow the board at a single an-

nual meeting. In addition, there are certain circumstances when a simple majority is not enough to pass a resolution; Mesa's bylaws stipulate that only a "supermajority" (75 percent) of the voting stock can carry the day. (Pickens professes to loathe the supermajorities of others.)

These measures are a serious barrier to mischief-making among Mesa's ordinary shareholders, of course, but that is not their primary purpose. They are, in fact, defensive measures—walls built between Mesa and ambitious outsiders. Mesa is a very, very difficult company to raid. But even if a successful raid were to occur, Pickens would be ready. Many executives, fearing or anticipating attack, arrange employment contracts for themselves, ensuring that they, like certain baseball players, receive a handsome salary for years after being dismissed. In the business world, these are known as golden parachutes, and Pickens has been loud in his denunciation of them. But he has a golden parachute of his own.

The foundation of Mesa's business is its stake in the great Hugoton gas field north of Amarillo. In the language of the oil patch, Mesa is an "upstream" company, confining its activities to exploration, drilling, and production. Unlike Gulf and other "integrated" oil companies, Mesa has none of the money-losing "downstream" operations—the refineries, the chemical and plastics plants, the tankers and pipelines and service stations—that, in the time of cheap energy and abundant supplies, were necessary (or so it was thought) to absorb the flow of "feedstock" from the wells. Pickens does not believe in downstream operations.

Over the years another conviction had taken form in his mind. In the United States, Pickens believes, petroleum bonanzas are a thing of the past. It is true that Mesa has consistently replaced its reserves—oil in the ground, as distinct from oil in storage. And it is undeniable that Mesa has made him a rich man. (In 1980, Pickens was the highest-paid executive in the country, with a before-tax income of \$7,866,000.) But by the late 1970s he was certain that Mesa would never strike the equivalent of the East Texas field that had made his friends in the Hunt family wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Plenty of oil remained in the world, but it lay either in huge fields abroad that were at the mercy of radical and unreliable foreigners or in the so-called frontier areas of the United States—Alaska and the outer continental shelf—where drilling costs, Pickens insisted, were prohibitive and exploration a mug's game, however loudly Gulf and the other majors professed to believe otherwise.

In Pickens's view, the oil business in the

The men at Gulf were more interested in Pickens himself than in his moves. If only they could figure out who the hell he was

United States was not yet played out but it was gradually winding down, and there seemed to be ample proof that this was so: with the exception of well-managed Shell, the major oil companies had consistently failed to replace their domestic feedstock with new discoveries, and their American reserves were therefore a sinking asset, one that was in the process of disappearing. Pickens believed the time had come

for oilmen to find new ways of making money, but he did not believe they had to leave the oil business to do so. He had already tried that once. In 1974, Mesa sold off its cattle business, the only non-petroleum subsidiary it had ever owned, at a \$19 million loss. Pickens never diversified again.

There was no secret about his views; Pickens was a popular and eloquent after-dinner speaker, and unlike many corporate executives, he was adept at airing his opinions in the press. Nor was there any secret about his sole contribution to the science of practical economics; the investment community had fairly trumpeted his activities from the rooftops. Like all seminal ideas, Pickens's great discovery was based on a perception that was obvious, simple, and completely overlooked by everyone else. If major oil companies like Gulf were indeed depleting their reserves for cash—that is, liquidating their assets—they should acknowledge the fact. Rather than spending (squandering, Pickens would argue) that cash on, say, unprofitable downstream operations, the oil executives should be placing the money in the hands of their companies' legal owners, the stockholders. There was an obvious method of doing so, with implications that were pleasing. When a company is liquidated in the usual way, through bankruptcy, a trustee is appointed to oversee the distribution of its assets to its creditors and (if anything is left) to its stockholders. Under the ancient law of trusts, these assets first pass into the legal ownership of the trustee. Here a number of bright possibilities present themselves. For a trust is obviously not the same thing as a corporation. In fact, in certain ways it is a better thing. If an oil company transferred its wells to a trustee, the income from those wells would no longer be subject to corporate income tax. Under a trust, moreover, all of the income from the divested wells would be distributed to the stockholders rather than enter the company's cash stream, there to be spent (in Pickens's view) neither wisely nor well.

There would be an additional benefit, an important one. For years, the stock market has recognized that something is seriously amiss at the oil majors, even if the relevant companies have not. Because of this perception, the market has chronically undervalued the stock of almost every oil company, including Mesa, pegging the price of shares to the amount of the annual dividend rather than to a company's liquidation value, that is, the actual value of its assets. But if a company, or a portion of one, were undergoing formal liquidation through a trust, it would seem likely that the market would value the shares and trust certificates at a



SHELLY KATZ/BLACK STAR

T. Boone Pickens

level that more closely resembled the company's true worth, presenting the stockholders with a potential windfall through the run-up in the price of their stock.

There was only one way to find out. In the broad light of day on November 1, 1979, Pickens created the Mesa Royalty Trust and poured into it properties representing half of Mesa's proven reserves, with estimated net future earnings of a billion dollars. Each Mesa stockholder received a unit of the trust for every share owned on the day of record, while Mesa itself retained 10 percent of the units.* As Pickens had predicted, the price of what had once been a single share of Mesa Petroleum—which was now a share of Mesa plus a unit of the trust—took off into the ionosphere. In July 1979, four months before the trust was established, Mesa was trading at around \$40 a share on the New York Stock Exchange. By mid-January 1980, two months after the spinoff of the trust, Mesa was trading near \$60 a share and a unit of the trust was fetching about \$35. Two years later, after a pair of two-for-one stock splits and a series of giddy plunges in oil shares that marked the end of the OPEC-inspired petroleum bull market, Mesa still traded at around 17¼ (for a pre-split valuation of 69), while the trust units fluctuated between 19½ and 40¼. Mesa stockholders had done well by the trust spinoff. Having retained 10 percent of the trust, Mesa itself was as happy as the other stockholders; moreover, a substantial portion of its corporate tax disappeared. It was impossible, of course, but it appeared that Boone Pickens had proved that two minus one equals four.

Gulf, like the other majors, had observed the situation, studied the concept, and rejected it. The money generated by its wells was badly needed to feed its huge, deficit-ridden downstream; every penny was precious. To this, Pickens would later have a simple reply: if a downstream loses money, get rid of it. But to a company like Gulf, the notion of growing significantly smaller was unthinkable.

Creating the trust had been an illuminating and instructive experience for T. Boone Pickens, and perhaps it would also prove to be a useful one. The world of corporate capitalism was an exotic place in the early 1980s, a field of sport and prizes. Pickens was looking for bigger

*Mesa continued to develop the divested properties, a carefully selected mix of short-lived and long-lived wells, recovering, by arrangement, 90 percent of its costs immediately and recouping the rest, together with its profit, out of its stake in the trust. The holders of the remaining 90 percent of the trust units received what was left. It was, as the late Frederick Lewis Allen might have said, a masterpiece of legal humor. Pickens had divested himself of a full half of his company and, at the same time, he had kept it.

game. In the popular mind (although he denied it), he was about to join the company of Bill Agee, Victor Posner, Saul Steinberg, and Rupert Murdoch. In the popular mind (although he denied it), he was about to become a corporate raider, a man who laid waste to the corporate landscape by inspiring terror.

There are two legal ways of making a great deal of money in the sort of capitalism that succeeded the Industrial Revolution. The officially preferred and more morally acceptable method consists of concocting a superior mousetrap, whereupon the world beats a path to the inventor's door, and he becomes rich. While the social utility of, say, Cabbage Patch Kids, ghetto-blasters radios, and telephones that play board games is doubtless a question that will murder the sleep of archaeologists yet unborn, this is capitalism at, presumably, its noblest.

The other, much simpler method consists of buying the stock of a carefully selected, publicly traded company and fiddling with the shares in one or more of a variety of creative ways. While this activity, for reasons that are more subjective than rational, has often been considered morally reprehensible, it is based on a fact of life that is remarkably uncomplicated. Ace Greenberg, Pickens's broker, once explained it this way: if a person labors for twenty years to build a house, and then proceeds to sell the place, he can't live there anymore. Shares of stock represent fragments of ownership in a company, a fact often forgotten. If someone buys enough of them, he can demand the key to the front door.

Although the public—or at least the press—has professed to be taken by surprise, there is nothing surprising about the corporate hubbub and the bold, lightning strokes of the 1980s; the floor of the stock exchange has historically been an exciting place. It is true that there had been a fifty-year lull during which the most creative speculators worked their colorful magic quietly or not at all, but this curious period of peace was due less to the reforms of the New Deal or the emergence of a new and altruistic breed of investor than to another pair of easily discernible circumstances. During the Depression and World War II, there was nothing much for the stock exchange to do, and in the immediate postwar years, American industry owned the world.

But by the early 1980s, American industry was no longer a money machine: many corporations were too large and too inefficient; many managers had lost their edge. Under such circumstances, it was hardly to be wondered that there existed numerous investors, themselves normally docile, who were willing to listen to a new arrival with (he said) a fresh idea, and even

Shares of stock in Gulf or any other company represent fragments of ownership, a fact often forgotten. Buy enough of them, and you can demand the key to the front door

Gulf would reincorporate in Delaware—and Pickens would be kept off the company's board. The problem was easily solved, or so Gulf thought

to join him in his quest for corporate reform, allying their shares with his in a joint crusade. Others, more cautious, simply sold him their stock when he was able to arrange a premium, either by forcing the price upward on the exchange or by making a "tender offer" for a fixed number of shares at a predetermined price. In either case, the result was the same: the raider got the shares.

While there is no way in the world that the management of a publicly traded company can stop an investor with bottomless pockets, there are ways to make his quest difficult, expensive, or too profitable to continue. Management can pay greenmail, of course. Of the other remedies available, "shark repellent"—staggered boards of directors, supermajorities, Delaware reincorporation—is perhaps the simplest. More difficult, and far more dangerous to the company involved, is the "poison pill" defense. In this ploy, a raided corporation pollutes the waters, perhaps fatally, by assuming a crippling burden of debt or by issuing more (and thus weaker) stock. Lastly, management might attempt the most difficult method of salvation, a "leveraged buy-out." Leverage is debt; in a leveraged buy-out, management puts up a company's assets as collateral on a loan, uses the money to buy back the company's stock, and then pays back the loan by selling all or part of the new, now privately held company. Whether or not anything useful is accomplished by this is a matter of some debate, but managers get to keep their jobs and, perhaps, make a little money.

All of these tactics were available to Gulf when its executives met with Larry Rand at the Union League Club. It only remained to be seen which of them the company would use, and how its defense would be organized.

Pickens, Gulf knew, had been a busy man. In the wake of the Cities ploy, he allowed himself to be bought out of Supron Energy, a Dallas company that had first attracted his attention in 1978, for a net profit of \$22.2 million. At General American Oil, where he had maintained a position since 1976, he bid \$40 a share for 51 percent of the company, forced it to seek a white knight in the form of his old employer, Phillips, and emerged with \$25.3 million. He bought a 3 percent stake in California's Superior Oil, where the founder's children, Howard B. Keck and Willametta Keck Day, were engaged in a struggle that was ostensibly over Pickens's favorite issue, shareholder rights. (Mrs. Day was convinced that her brother had bugged her home; Pickens visited her and, totally unabashed, took the opportunity to explain himself by addressing the walls and the

empty air. Later he learned that the quarrel apparently originated long before, when Howard strangled Willametta's pet ostrich by stretching its neck through a picket fence and placing an orange in its mouth.) Pickens emerged from this experience with a net profit of \$13.7 million. And he pulled Mesa out of Australia, withdrawing his operations to the safety and benign tax laws of the United States, with a pre-tax profit of \$26.5 million.

It appeared to occur to no one at Gulf that Boone Pickens had raised a great deal of money in a very short time. Nor did it occur to anyone at Gulf that Pickens might make a serious run at the company. Gulf was the fifth largest oil company in the country; Mesa ranked ninety-second. Worldwide, Gulf employed more than 40,000 people; Mesa employed 700. Gulf's revenues in 1982 were \$30.630 billion; Mesa's were \$407 million. In 1982, Gulf lifted 182 million barrels of oil; Mesa produced 4.4 million. Gulf's worldwide properties were assessed at \$20.4 billion; Mesa's oil and gas holdings, virtually the whole of the company, were worth \$1.009 billion. Gulf owned or supplied thousands of service stations that sold 716,000 barrels of its refined products every day; Mesa's entire production of oil and natural gas condensate was 10,403 barrels a day. Gulf had once virtually owned the country of Kuwait; Mesa wasn't even the largest company in Amarillo.

Although the relevant executives believed that a serious attack on a company as immense as Gulf was patently ridiculous, they did detect one small, annoying window of vulnerability. Gulf was a Pennsylvania corporation, and Pennsylvania law required "cumulative" voting for boards of directors: in effect, the owner of each share of Gulf stock cast thirteen votes. These votes could be distributed, one for each of the thirteen seats on the board, or they could be cast in a block for a single seat; a shareholder with 7.2 percent of the company's stock had the power to place his representative (or himself) on the company's inner council. This, Gulf figured, was obviously Pickens's plan. He would elect himself to the board, fog up the atmosphere with a lot of bums about his royalty trust, and generally make a nuisance of himself until he was bought out. Very well, the problem was easily solved. Gulf would reincorporate in Delaware, where there was no cumulative voting, and it would do so as soon as possible, well before the annual meeting next May.

Pickens would be taken by surprise. If he chose to fight, he would do so on a ground and at a time of Gulf's own choosing. If the upstart Pickens persisted, he would learn a lesson he would never forget. And Larry Rand would obtain a valuable new client.

HOUSTON. *The law offices of Baker & Botts.*
October 29, 1983.

Boone Pickens was a punctual man. The meeting at the Houston offices of his attorneys, Baker & Botts, began at precisely 9 A.M., the scheduled hour. Pickens, trim and carefully dressed, surveyed the room. "Thank you all for coming," he said.

It was the first all-hands gathering of the Gulf Investors Group, an alliance Pickens had forged three weeks before, on October 5, in a secret meeting at Houston's Meridien Hotel. During the Cities deal, the target had broken up his partnership. But the concept was sound, and Pickens was ready to try again. He chose his associates with care. Aboard were Mike Boswell of the Sunshine Mining Company, a staunch friend during the Cities deal, and the Belzberg brothers, Sam, Bill, and Hyman (sometimes called "the mysterious Belzbergs" by the financial press because it knew little about them and found it difficult to believe the little it did know—the family fortune was based on a used-furniture store in Calgary, Alberta). Rounding out the group were Cyril Wagner Jr. and Jack E. Brown of Wagner & Brown, an oil and gas partnership, and John M. Harbert III of Harbert International, a closely held Alabama construction and real estate firm. They had learned the identity of the target on October 5, although some of them had guessed it from the background material Pickens had provided before that meeting. None of them were intimidated. They were all still in.

From August 11, when he had first instructed Ace Greenberg to begin purchasing Gulf stock, to the first meeting of the investors group on October 5, Pickens had been horribly vulnerable to the one sure and effective counterattack Gulf could have made, a counterattack that would have halted him in his tracks and destroyed his life's work. Again, the Cities deal showed the way: Cities, in yet another all-time first, had tendered for the stock of Mesa, its attacker, before Mesa could tender for it. Gulf was far wealthier than Cities Service, and could easily have offered a handsome price for Mesa; the institutional holders of Mesa's stock, bound by their fiduciary responsibilities, would have had no choice but to offer up their shares.

But Gulf did nothing. The fact was, Gulf was large and rich—and weak. Founded in 1901 by Andrew W. and Richard B. Mellon as the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Company, it was the only American oil major that did not join Aramco, the consortium that long dominated the rich production of Saudi Arabia. Gulf concentrated

instead on its abundant finds in Kuwait and Venezuela, developing an extensive downstream operation in Europe solely to process and distribute the Kuwaiti feedstock. But the Kuwaiti and Venezuelan fields were nationalized in 1975, leaving Gulf with its European refineries, which made no money, and the European marketing apparatus, which made very little. The company's worldwide production fell by 80 percent and its return on equity shrank to 9.5 percent, well below the industry average. In 1976, chairman Bob R. Dorsey and two vice presidents resigned in a bribery scandal—among the pay-outs was the standard \$100,000 unreported contribution to the Nixon re-election campaign. Expecting a boom in nuclear power, Gulf went heavily into uranium production, investing \$419 million in a mine at Mount Taylor, New Mexico. The nuclear power industry did not boom. In 1964, believing it had hit a vast pocket of natural gas in the Gulf of Mexico, Gulf had negotiated a contract with the Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation that required Gulf to do one of two things, whichever came first: deliver gas for twenty-six years or deliver 4.4 trillion cubic feet. Either way, Gulf had to provide the gas at the fire-sale price of between nineteen and twenty-one cents per thousand cubic feet. But Gulf hadn't hit gas—it had hit water. With its great discovery a bust, Gulf found itself buying gas dear and selling it cheap in order to make up the 500-million-cubic-foot daily minimum stipulated in the contract; between 1972 and 1976 even this proved impossible. In 1982, Gulf paid Texas Eastern a refund of \$45 million and another \$48 million in interest, and it still had a trillion cubic feet to go.

There was more. Like many of the majors, Gulf had too many people doing too little work. Its stateside refineries began to lose money as conservation measures began to take hold, creating a surplus capacity; its marketing apparatus was overextended; its chemical and plastics divisions ate money. Moreover, it never seemed to find as much oil as it pumped. Just as Pickens said, Gulf was liquidating.

A royalty trust, if it worked the way Pickens believed, would rectify this deplorable situation. It would also (and not incidentally) make Pickens and his partners a great deal of money. But a trust was not the only way the trick could be turned. If Gulf successfully resisted the trust idea, Pickens and his partners

*Pickens
believed he had
an unwitting
ally in James
Lee, Gulf's
chairman.
Their battle
would be joined
on the stock
exchange,
of which Lee
had little
understanding*

would obviously be left with a great deal of stock, but they would not be all dressed up with nowhere to go. There would be no question of dumping the stock—the price would instantly head south, which was hardly the point of the exercise. The point of the exercise was to make money. It would therefore be necessary to find a way to put the stock in play, to render its price unstable. There are several tested ways of driving the price of a stock upward; all it takes is money.

If it became necessary to go the stock market route, Pickens had reason to believe that he possessed a powerful ally, almost a fifth column, in the form of James Lee's demonstrated lack of comprehension of the mysteries of the marketplace. Like many corporate bureaucrats—and Lee was the very model of the modern corporate bureaucrat—Gulf's chairman and the men around him had little practical understanding of the stock exchange, where the battle would be joined; no one who knew the faintest thing about the marketplace would have bailed out of Cities the way Lee and his people had done.

There was one other possible source of assistance inside Gulf. Harold Hammer, the company's executive vice president and chief administrative officer, would very likely direct Gulf's defense. Hammer believed himself to be something of a whiz at corporate strategy. But there were those among Gulf's closest allies who believed Harold Hammer was an unmitigated disaster.

Three weeks before the meeting at Baker & Botts, the Gulf Investors Group had bought 2,758,183 of the shares previously acquired by Ace Greenberg. In addition, the group agreed to raise \$550 million for the next phase of the operation. Mesa pledged \$365 million. The Belzbergs kicked in \$50 million, and so did Harbert International and Wagner & Brown; Sunshine Mining, with \$35 million, was the junior partner. All future purchases of Gulf stock would be coordinated through Mesa Asset, a wholly owned Mesa subsidiary created for the purpose. Ace Greenberg would buy 6.3 million more shares, giving the group 8.75 percent of Gulf. This time, there would be no slip-ups. If Gulf made a run at Mesa, the voting rights of the Gulf stock held by Mesa Asset would immediately and automatically transfer to Harbert International. The vast majority of the stock in Harbert International was held personally by John M. Harbert III. Gulf could buy every single share in Mesa Petroleum, throw Boone Pickens's desk into the street and chop it into firewood, raze One Mesa Square, sow the site with salt and divert a river over it, and the raid would still go on. Gulf's one chance of avoiding a fight was gone.

There had been few developments since the investors group first met on October 5. Lehman Brothers was retained as the group's investment banker. On October 17, as required by law, the investment group filed a Schedule 13D with the Securities and Exchange Commission, making itself known, identifying its members and the assets they controlled, and mentioning the possibility of a royalty trust. Ace Greenberg was buying openly now. On October 21, he purchased 2.5 million shares at \$47.25 a share, one of the largest single cash transactions in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. On October 24, the group amended its 13D and revealed that its holdings had reached 17,932,700 shares, or 10.8 percent of Gulf.

Meanwhile, Gulf had finally begun to move. On October 11, the company announced that it proposed to reincorporate in Delaware; a stockholder meeting would be held in early December to ratify the decision. The purpose of the step, one Gulf executive told the press, was to keep a "Wall Street wolf" from "shooting his way onto the board." A company seeking to reincorporate must file proxy materials with the Securities and Exchange Commission before holding any special stockholder meeting. Proxies are slips of paper that represent voting rights on shares of stock. On October 26, Gulf filed its proxy materials with the SEC, and Pickens and his associates studied them closely. To their amazement and delight, they discovered that Gulf proposed to do absolutely nothing but reincorporate itself. There was to be no stronger shark repellent—no staggering of board terms, no supermajority.

Gulf thought Pickens wanted nothing but a seat on its board.

No sooner had Pickens thanked those on hand at Baker & Botts for coming than he turned to Donald Carter, one of the many specialists engaged for the struggle.

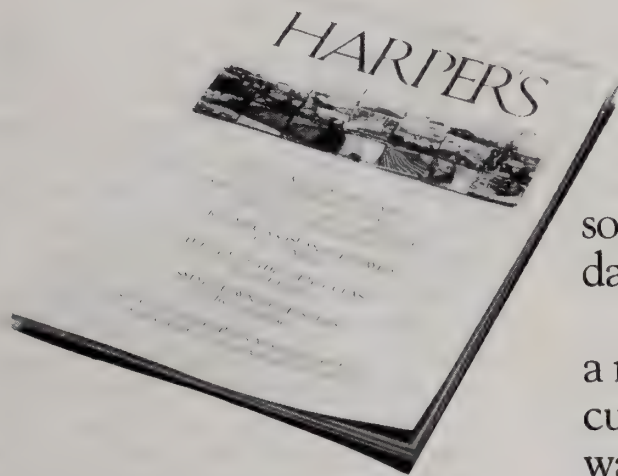
"And now," Pickens said, "Don Carter will tell us how we're going to win this proxy fight."

Carter was a man after Pickens's heart: young at thirty-six, aggressive, humorous. In the arcane world of mergers and acquisitions, he was an information agent, a specialist in the solicitation of proxies. It was Carter's job to obtain these slips of paper (and the votes they represented) for his employers, a task that required nerve, energy, and skill, qualities Carter possessed in abundance. He was especially adept at locating the real owner of stocks held in "street name"—that is, in the name of the brokerage where the stockholder maintained his account. But how he did this he would not say.

Carter didn't think the investors group could win the proxy fight—nor was he prepared to formulate a strategy. Nevertheless Carter, as

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The proxy fight waged in November was the largest and most expensive in history. Pickens admitted to spending \$7.5 million; Gulf probably spent more

usual, was at no loss for words. He realized that by calling a special stockholder meeting in early December, Gulf had provided Pickens and his partners with a priceless gift: time. Gulf stockholders, Carter explained to the group in the law office, had not been scheduled to meet until May—seven months off. Now, Pickens would

have a chance to introduce his royalty trust—an idea not easy for ordinary investors to grasp—in December; he would have the balance of the winter and all spring to explain the plan.

Pickens told Carter to go back to New York and start work. It was time to get cracking.

PITTSBURGH. The David L. Lawrence convention center. December 2, 1983.

It was snowing and bitterly cold when 3,000 Gulf stockholders filed into the David L. Lawrence convention center for the special reincorporation meeting. Don Carter had flown into town at one-thirty in the morning aboard one of Pickens's three jets. A local television crew was waiting to record his arrival. In Pittsburgh, the capital of the Rust Belt, the battle for Gulf was the biggest story in town.

The proxy fight waged in November had been the largest and most expensive in American corporate history. Pickens admitted to having spent \$7.5 million, and Gulf's expenses may have run as high as \$9 million. Mesa's gray-haired, thirty-five-year-old vice president for finance, David Batchelor, had pounded the pavements. "We'd do the rounds of the big institutional investors and talk about how we opposed reincorporation," he later explained. "That takes about thirty seconds. Then we'd spend the rest of the time explaining the royalty trust."

Unexpected support for the concept of a royalty trust came from the influential New York brokerage house of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. Word circulated in London and New York that Pickens was on the verge of acquiring an Arab partner, possibly a Saudi; Pickens had no such prospective partner, but he artfully refused to comment. Lehman Brothers drew up a "black book" for the investors group, projecting the probable effects if Gulf spun off 10 percent, 25 percent, 50 percent, 75 percent of its reserves into a trust. Gulf countered with a "white book" challenging Lehman's figures.

Pickens, giving every appearance of enjoying himself hugely, held a briefing for over 200 financial analysts in the Empire Room at the Waldorf-Astoria in early November, where he told the world that the investment group would never allow Gulf to buy it out. There would be no greenmail: he and his associates were advocates of shareholder rights. On November 22, Ace Greenberg again began to buy stock. (By law, he had been forced to stop buying for three

weeks during a "standstill" period, while the Federal Trade Commission examined the anti-trust implications.) He especially bought stock that had been held before October 21, stock with valid proxies attached; no share traded after that date could be voted at the special meeting.

Gulf, meanwhile, had assembled its team. Georgeson & Company and D. F. King—firms that had more or less owned the business before Don Carter appeared on the scene—were engaged as information agents for \$175,000 a month and expenses; Sullivan & Cromwell and Reed, Smith, Shaw & McClay were assigned the legal work. Salomon Brothers was formally appointed investment banker and assigned a fee of \$200,000 a month. (Lehman Brothers, the investors group's investment bankers, was to receive from the investors group a minimum of \$1 million and possibly as much as \$7.5 million, but only if Mesa was taken over.) Gershon Kekst and Larry Rand were assigned public relations.

Many of Gulf's tactics had seemed strange to those on the sidelines. The company's line of credit was raised from \$1 billion to \$5 billion. "Let's just say for the moment that we're strapping on our six-shooters," one of Gulf's advisers had told the press. But the fresh money was not used. And as if the white book were not enough, James Lee and his council of war met in New York with a number of security analysts and explained why a royalty trust was a terrible idea. Pumping bullet after bullet into their own feet, Gulf executives padded around in David Batchelor's footsteps, talking about liquidation and spinoffs and cash flow. In newspaper ads and a veritable blizzard of letters to its shareholders, Gulf dissected the trust concept, suggested that Pickens would never be able to sustain his investment and was therefore nothing but a mischievous greenmailer, and in general pushed its corporate invective to the limits permitted under prevailing regulations. Lobby-

ists were dispatched to Washington to urge legislation that would cripple royalty trusts, spreading the word to a new quarter. The upshot, of course, was that everybody who was supposed to be talking about reincorporation was talking about royalty trusts—just as Pickens and Carter had hoped.

Meanwhile, Harold Hammer, Gulf's field commander for the proxy fight, seemed to have taken leave of his senses. Hammer told the press that he was going to "wear the black hat. We've got to kick him where it really hurts." A Gulf spokesman tried to dismiss Hammer's remark as "an isolated, single incident," but it was no such thing. "Who is Pickens anyway?" Hammer remarked to a *Fortune* reporter. "Everything he says is horse_____ and hot air. You can take a high road or a low road, and I'm taking the low." It did not seem to occur to Hammer that carrying on like this was not exactly a good idea, in view of the fact that he was an officer of a major oil company, hardly one of the country's more beloved institutions. Nor did it seem to occur to anyone at Gulf that hiring private detectives to dig for dirt in Pickens's background (and letting Pickens find out about it) was hardly an inspired stroke of tactical genius.

Gulf had more than 30 million shares of repurchased stock in its coffers, but there was no poison pill—the shares were not used to dilute the outstanding issue, which would have weakened Pickens's position and eaten into his cash reserves as he made up the loss. And there was no talk of a leveraged buy-out.

"I can't understand what Gulf is doing," an investment banker told the *Wall Street Journal*. "I know the people they've hired in the street and how they think. Gulf can't possibly be listening to them."

If the stockholders attending the special Pittsburgh meeting expected to hear James Lee deliver a spirited and detailed defense of his stewardship, they were sadly disappointed. And yet if Lee had wished to, he could have told a stirring tale. It so happened that the Gulf chairman agreed with Pickens: Gulf had indeed been liquidating itself. But Lee had been very effectively doing something about it.

Like Pickens, he was a Presbyterian elder, but unlike Pickens, he looked the part: courtly and balding at sixty-two, he more closely resembled a Sunday-school superintendent than the chief executive officer of a corporation whose budget was larger than that of many countries. He joined Gulf as a chemical engineer in 1943 and remained there for the next forty-one years, slowly ascending the corporate ladder: he became president in 1973, escaped the purge of 1976, assumed the chairmanship

(and became CEO) in 1981. As too often happens in corporate America, it was only then that he was able to strut his stuff.

Some officers and employees he encouraged to retire; others he fired outright. (In 1981, Gulf employed 58,000 people. By 1983, the number was 42,700 and falling.) He began to repurchase Gulf stock on the open market; return on equity rose to 9.9 percent.

He pulled Gulf out of continental Europe, selling the company's installations to Royal Dutch/Shell and the Kuwait Petroleum Company for \$258 million. In the United States, he assembled a trillion cubic feet of natural gas to satisfy the Texas Eastern contract; sold the refinery in Santa Fe Springs, California; retooled the others to take heavier and cheaper feedstock; and closed or sold 1,100 service stations in upstate New York, Vermont, Michigan, and northwestern Ohio. He sold unprofitable chemical plants and concentrated on plastics, where sales were up. Most importantly, he began to find some oil.

Domestic reserves did fall from 865 million barrels in 1980 to 723 million barrels in 1983, but the company's total world reserves were virtually stable, dropping slightly from 1.482 billion barrels to 1.472 billion. There were important offshore strikes at Ras al Khaimah, in the United Arab Emirates, and in Zaire, where Gulf owned half the concession. Production doubled in Angola, two new fields were discovered in Nigeria, and Gulf struck oil in the Celtic Sea off Ireland, where no one had ever found oil before. Lee, unlike his predecessors, also located new oil in the United States. More than half of any oil pool remains in the ground in a played-out field; under Lee, Gulf experimented with new technologies to bring that oil to the surface. Thanks to the revised leasing policies of the federal government, it became possible to explore entire subsurface geological structures rather than random portions of them; Lee proposed to conduct a vigorous search. He also set great store in the possibility of finding oil on the frontier. No one had ever looked for oil north of the Barrow Arch in Alaska, but Lee planned to do just that. There were promising geological structures off the California coast near Santa Barbara and off Point Pedernales, where a well drilled in 1983 tested at 4,300 barrels a day. Other likely prospects existed off the coast of Louisiana and in the Overthrust Belt of the Rocky Mountains, and there was still plenty of oil in the mature fields of Texas and New Mexico; in 1982, the first full year of Lee's tenure, Gulf drilled 1,095 development wells in the older fields.

In 1981, Gulf found 39 million barrels of domestic oil. In 1982, it found 53 million barrels,

Gulf was doing just as Pickens had hoped. Instead of talking to stockholders about reincorporation, Gulf was talking about royalty trusts

Gulf won the
December
vote in
Pittsburgh, and
its spokesmen
said Pickens
had been
crushed,
humiliated,
and beaten
forever. James
Lee was not
so sure

with 9,000 barrels a day coming from enhanced recovery techniques. Lee confidently predicted that by 1984, Gulf would replace its American reserves for the first time in years. The company would no longer be liquidating itself.

Pickens, as usual, convened the meeting punctually. "And now," he said without preamble, "Don Carter will give us his analysis of the proxy vote and tell us what we have to do to win next time."

The week before, on December 30, the Corporation Trust Company, appointed to review and validate the votes and proxies cast at the December 2 meeting, had announced its preliminary findings. Eighty-five percent of the stock had been voted. Gulf carried the day with 52.7 percent, seven tenths of a point more than Carter had predicted in October, which was very good predicting indeed. The company immediately declared a mighty victory; making a rapid computation, Gulf spokesmen pointed out that if Pickens's own holdings were deducted from the total, he had been beaten by 3 to 1, a ratio that was decisive, crushing, humiliating, and final.

James Lee was not so sure. He knew Pickens—not well, but well enough to realize that he was tenacious. There would be, Lee suspected, a second proxy fight, at the May meeting, and it would be wise to be prepared. The steer-

Here was something James Lee could seize upon, use to Gulf's advantage, throw up in Pickens's face as he sat among the stockholders. But, with force and unaccustomed eloquence, James Lee talked about *royalty trusts*.

HOUSTON. The law offices of Baker & Botts. January 5, 1984.

ing committee that had handled the December 2 confrontation was expanded. There would be a media campaign (Lee would receive special television training). There would also be a fresh round of fight letters to stockholders, a new lobbying effort in Washington, and a series of speeches by senior management. May was four months off; Gulf thought it had all the time in the world.

This time, when Pickens called on him, Carter was ready. The investors group had not been idle. Ace Greenberg had purchased 457,000* more shares of Gulf, after which he withdrew from the fray. Mesa and its partners now owned 13.2 percent of the company. Carter distributed mimeographed sheets of figures and went to the blackboard for a little chalk talk. The situation was fluid, he explained. The stock was changing hands again as the arbs and other speculators took their profit on the modest run-up that Pickens had caused. Carter suggested that the group pick up another 12 percent. Sam Belzberg interrupted him.

"Why go for just 12 percent?" Belzberg asked. "Why not go for the whole thing?"

PITTSBURGH. The Gulf Building. February 1, 1984.

James Lee put down the phone, stunned. That odious pipsqueak in Amarillo had just blind-sided Gulf real good.

It would seem that Pickens was a man of many unexpected talents. In addition to possessing oratorical and financial skills, he was also a consummate actor: for the past five weeks or so, he had treated Lee to a superb imitation of a man baffled by events. Neither by word nor by deed did he even hint that he was doing other than grasping at any straw that might enable him to salvage his investment. Late in December, on the very day that Corporation Trust made its preliminary report, the investors

group formally presented Gulf with a sixty-two-page royalty trust proposal drawn up at Lehman Brothers; it claimed to show, with elaborate tables and exhaustive documentation, what would happen if Gulf spun off 50 percent of its proven reserves and 5 percent of its unexplored acreage. Pickens must be out of his mind. Gulf curtly rejected the proposal with a page-and-a-half letter.

A concerned stockholder, Pickens called Lee and complained about Gulf's expenditures in the Beaufort Sea, where the Cross Island well was an apparent bust and the Mukluk well, in which the company had a small stake, had just

come in as a billion-dollar dry hole. Pickens also suggested that Lee sell Gulf Canada. He met with Lee and Philip E. Wyche, Gulf's vice president for exploration, to renew his complaints and to beat again upon that old dead horse, his royalty trust. Well, the man had to be accommodated. He and his group were the company's largest stockholders, and fair was fair.

But today Lee began to learn what Pickens had really been up to. February 1 would not be remembered as one of James Lee's better days. First of all, a memo began to circulate around the company. While Pickens was querulously airing his tired complaints, it seemed that he had formed something called the Gray Investors Group.

It would be some days before Gulf was able to lay hands on the actual Gray proposal, but its purpose was quickly deduced: Pickens intended to destroy Gulf in a new and entirely unanticipated way. And he was almost ready to strike.

The place to find the money, Sam Belzberg had told his fellow investors at the January 5 meeting in Houston, was the investment banking house of Drexel Burnham Lambert. The next day, Pickens found himself explaining the situation in Drexel's Beverly Hills office, where the New York-based firm maintained its high-yield-bond department. Drexel did not hesitate. Its emissaries went to Amarillo on January 12 to receive the necessary background information, and on January 21 Drexel was ready with a draft proposal.

To someone unfamiliar with the intricacies of high finance in modern America, the Drexel proposal remains all but incomprehensible. But it had one great advantage: it would work. To tender for Gulf at \$55 a share, the price Drexel concluded would be the most feasible, Drexel estimated that Pickens and his partners would need \$3.657 billion. The investment group would raise \$482 million, Lehman would drum up a billion dollars from the banks, and Drexel would produce the balance by selling \$450 million worth of senior notes—known in the trade as “junk bonds”—and \$1.725 billion worth of senior preferred stock in Newco, a company Drexel would weave from the filaments ofream. Another masterpiece of legal humor, Newco would toil not and neither would it spin; nor would it require a proper corporate name—Newco was simply a contraction of “new company.” It would produce nothing, erect no edifices, and leave only one trace of its passage: it would murder another company, referred to in the Drexel proposal as “Gray” (read Gulf). If the figures were correct, the banks cooperative, and the Newco stocks and bonds marketable,

Gulf was as good as dead and Drexel was worth every penny of its fee.*

Except that Drexel was working for free. It had signed no contract and received no retainer. (It had been promised \$500,000. A promise

*Newco would first tender for 61.3 million shares of Gray's common stock at \$55 a share; when combined with the Gulf investors group's holdings, this would give Newco a clear majority of Gray. Then the complicated part would begin.

Newco would spin off an equally fictitious (but equally legal) subsidiary, which would merge with Gray (Gulf). Gray's surviving stockholders would be rewarded for their tenacity with junior subordinated debentures—when the pie is sliced, the holder of a junior subordinated debt instrument is served last—and get more of Newco's preferred stock. Newco's senior noteholders would be repaid either thirty days after the merger or on December 15, 1984, whichever came first. The holders of senior preferred stock would receive a cumulative quarterly dividend of 14 percent; a liquidation preference of \$1.725 billion plus interest if (by some stroke of fate) it became necessary to lead Gray to the knacker's yard; an option to convert their stock into senior subordinated debentures (which Drexel estimated could be sold on the open market for \$1.967 billion); and a firm commitment that, whatever happened, they would see their money and their profit within five years. They would also receive all of Newco's class-B common stock, which—since Newco existed only to absorb Gray—would give them a further 25 percent interest in the target.

As for the Gray Investors Group, it would own \$762 million worth of Newco series A junior preferred, \$735 million worth of series B junior preferred, and all of the class-A voting common, which represented the remaining 75 percent equity interest in Gray (Gulf). Series A junior preferred would pay no dividend. Series B would pay 12.25 percent and would be redeemed at the time of the merger, when other things would begin to occur.

At merger, Newco would borrow \$3.351 billion—a simple matter, considering the \$5 billion in credit that Gray had amassed in its war chest—and with it repay the banks and the senior noteholders while retiring \$1.166 billion of Gray's outstanding debt. At the same time, the investment group's \$735 million in class-B preferred would be redeemed and \$285 million in interest would be paid; Gray's surviving shareholders, now entrapped in Newco, might be offered Gray's 60 percent interest in Gray Canada, but this would be decided later. Meanwhile, another mysterious entity, the Blue (as in Mesa) Petroleum Company, would move in to manage Gray's assets.

And what then? For starters, Newco and Blue would pay the remaining bills by tearing Gray apart and selling off the pieces, up to and possibly including Gray's domestic wells and undeveloped acreage. If that were to happen, the holders of Newco's senior debentures would receive between \$520 million and \$1.266 billion in additional cash, and although the Drexel proposal did not mention it, the investment group's additional share would be between \$1.56 billion and \$3.732 billion. There was one wrinkle. Because Newco's intended role as corporate assassin would become immediately apparent, and because Newco's structure made it impossible to attack and equally impossible to resist, it was likely that Gray would seek a white knight. And Pickens knew perfectly well that Gray was worth considerably more than the \$55 a share that Newco would tender for. In short, Drexel was not merely proposing to make everybody a lot of money; it was proposing to make everybody an enormous amount of money.

*It seemed
Pickens
intended to
destroy Gulf in
a new and
entirely
unanticipated
way*

Lee phoned the chairman of the Standard Oil Company of California. He hastened to mention he wasn't looking for a white knight

is not the same thing as a contract.) Drexel later claimed that its plan of raising more than \$2 billion in three weeks seemed like an unlikely bit of business and that Pickens would have been justified in suspecting that it was impossible—and not worth paying for up front. Drexel (according to Drexel) therefore preferred to get to work and collect its fees only after it had placed the money in the hands of the skeptical but delighted Pickens. (One can only hope that this practice will spread.)

There was another explanation, however, one that makes more business sense. The moment Mesa and Drexel signed an agreement, the investors group would be obliged to amend its 13D at the SEC, publicly announcing the compact and its purpose. But as long as Drexel signed nothing and received no fee, the SEC—and Gulf—would never know anything was afoot unless someone talked.

Pickens always liked to move fast; the reason he left Phillips, he always said, was that the company proposed to take two years to drill a well he believed could be drilled the next day. On January 22, only twenty-four hours after the Drexel proposal came in, Lehman Brothers contacted Marine Midland, searching for the billion dollars in bank money; on January 25, Marine Midland agreed to study the situation in return for a \$75,000 fee. February 23 had been selected as the day to begin the tender offer. Pickens and his aides were almost done making the rounds by the time James Lee obtained the Gray proposal; the circle of potential investors had grown to over 100. Citibank was in. The Harvard University Endowment Fund was in. So was the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association. On Wall Street, someone seemed to know something; as Drexel's pieces began to fall into place, the price of Gulf common rose by 20 percent. The arbs, some of them, were beginning to take their positions.

And now James Lee knew something, too—not all of it, but enough. He was about to be attacked by a phantom from a direction he had never suspected. But word of Gray and Newco was only one of two pieces of terrible news he received on this first day of February. The other came in the form of a phone call from Robert O. Anderson, the chairman of the Atlantic Richfield Company (Arco).

Anderson had been heard from before. On January 22, Lee and Harold Hammer flew to Denver and met with both him and Arco's president and chief executive officer, William F. Kieschnick. Anderson proposed a merger but mentioned no numbers; Gulf, it was understood, would not be the surviving corporation. Lee said that he wasn't interested, but Anderson was not easily put off. On January 30 and

again on January 31, he placed phone calls that were both very interesting and very fateful. The calls were placed to the Mesa Petroleum Company of Amarillo, Texas.

Arco, Anderson told Pickens when he reached him on the second try, wanted to make a 100 percent acquisition of Gulf, but it would not act in concert with Mesa or the investment group. Would Pickens meet with him and discuss the matter? Pickens hedged. A meeting would not be useful, he told Anderson, unless Anderson could come in with a price higher than the 60s. Anderson called back an hour later. "We can get it to 70," he said. Pickens immediately flew to Denver.

It would have been relatively easy for Arco to acquire Gulf. In January 1984, Arco was the eighth largest oil company; more to the point, it was an excellent credit risk, and the battered banks, reeling from bad Third World loans and even worse loans in the oil patch, were in need of just such a client. At \$70 a share, Gulf would cost around \$12 billion, and the commercial loan needed to acquire it would be the largest in history. But with Arco's annual revenues of \$27 billion and its cash flow of \$10.1 billion, it was clear that Anderson could afford it. The only problem, he told Pickens, was that he wanted to make a friendly acquisition. And Lee was

in no mood to be acquired.

Time was no longer James Lee's friend. In fact, James Lee had no time left at all. On February 1, Anderson repeated his offer and named a money figure. He had, Anderson added, already discussed the matter with Boone Pickens. This was terrible news. Anderson was offering \$70 a share, and Pickens knew about it. There was no way of knowing what he would do with the information, but he was certain to do something. At the time Pickens began his run at the company, Gulf was trading at 38¼. It was now 57½, and the board of directors had not been born that could withstand the wrath of the assembled shareholders if it turned down a \$70 premium like the one Anderson was offering. If word got out, Gulf was finished.

Charles Boyce, the company's secretary, was told to round up as many directors as he could find; Boyce located three of the thirteen. Lee told the assembled directors that he proposed to contact the heads of several companies. He called five. (Harold Hammer called a sixth.) One of them was George M. Keller, chairman of the Standard Oil Company of California. The two of them should keep in touch, Lee said. Boone Pickens was about to tender for Gulf. Lee hastened to add that he wasn't looking for a white knight. But Keller understood what he was saying.

PITTSBURGH. *The Gulf Building.* March 5, 1984.

These things always took time. Gulf's board of directors had been meeting for hours, and still no word.

The board had already met twice during the preceding month. It held its first emergency meeting on February 10. Gulf had obtained a copy of the Gray proposal; Jay Higgins of Salomon Brothers critiqued the document. The board authorized three courses of action. First, Gulf would sue Mesa, the Belzbergs' First City properties, Sunshine Mining, Drexel, and Bear, Stearns for market manipulation. Second, the company's line of credit would be expanded by an additional billion, to \$6 billion, although this was no longer enough for Gulf to pull off a leveraged buy-out—Pickens had seen to that. Third, Lee would get more details from Anderson. At this meeting, Gulf's executives also prepared their golden parachutes. Gulf would later claim that no such thing had happened, and it was true that the board did not distribute employment contracts. Instead, it amended the stock option plan to enable management to get its money out in cash, either immediately or six months later, if the company was taken over. In addition, the board poured over \$14 million into the Incentive Compensation Plan, \$7,158,900 of it payable immediately, and it secured management's pensions.

Lee never contacted Anderson; in fact, he canceled their scheduled meeting. The billion dollars in credit was obtained, but, typically, it was never used. The suit against Mesa went forward, but it was too little and too late.

Four days later, on St. Valentine's Day, Gulf was blown out of the water. Citing unnamed "Wall Street sources," Robert J. Cole of the *New York Times* broke the story of Arco's \$70 bid. (Gulf was then selling at 57½.) Gulf im-

On the day of the emergency meeting, Harold Hammer executed a stock appreciation right (SAR) on 95,000 shares in his stock option plan, selling at 57 and realizing a capital gain of \$2,432,950. Pickens would later make much of this transaction, together with a similar transaction the previous November, in which Gulf's president and chief operating officer, Edward B. Walker III, had executed an SAR on 160,000 shares at 47, realizing a capital gain of \$2,557,000. With some plausibility, Pickens would claim that two of Gulf's three top executives had not the faintest notion of the true value of their company's stock and that their subsequent denunciations of his activities were the merest eyewash. When the final tally was in, it was clear that Hammer, by selling early, had walked away from \$2,185,000, pretax, while Walker, before taxes, had left close to \$5 million on the table. Although some controversy surrounded the transactions, they were never reported to the SEC.

mediately denied that any such offer had been made, but the denial had no more effect than King Canute's marching orders to the sea; as far as the arbs were concerned, a trading ceiling had been established, and those who did not already have positions in the stock rushed to do so. Gulf Oil was as good as sold. It only remained to discover the identity of the buyer.

When the board convened again on February 14, the company's investment bankers warned that "market professionals" were taking positions in Gulf stock—in other words, the sidelines were emptying. There was only one thing Lee could try to do with a reasonable chance of success. He could try to prevent Boone Pickens from sitting in his chair.

Later, the accusations would fly thick and fast. Pickens and others would suggest that Harold Hammer, everybody's favorite villain, had leaked the story. (It was not Harold Hammer.) The Gulf people would point at Pickens, whose motives had the virtue of being clear, but it was not Pickens. Still others would suggest Don Carter. In truth, the source of the story could have been almost anyone. It no longer mattered. All the arbs were in.

On February 15, Pickens had abandoned Newco, a concept he had never been entirely comfortable with, or so he said. New circumstances required new tactics, and Pickens had never been a man to dwell in the past.

Gulf would later claim that its lawsuit against the investors group had destroyed Newco. But that was not the case. Actually, the Gray initiative was in splendid shape—in rather too splendid shape, as far as Pickens was concerned. To sweeten the deal, Pickens had promised his new partners 15 percent of the profits if he was outbid for Gulf, which was unlikely to happen as long as he was alone in the field. But if he got into a head-to-head bidding war with Anderson or the white knight Gulf would surely recruit, he would find himself giving away money that he would rather keep. For example, if he couldn't match Arco's \$70 a share—and he couldn't—the Gulf investors group would make \$553 million, but it would have to give \$83 million to the Newco investors. There had to be another way.

While Pickens was thinking, Lee called John Harbert and offered to buy out the investors group for \$70 a share. Harbert conveyed the offer to Pickens, and Pickens turned it down. Seventy dollars a share was no longer enough.

Pickens believed he could get Gulf above that, and he believed he knew how.

He decided to tender for 13,500,000 shares of Gulf at \$65 a share. With the stock already in hand, this would give the investment group 21.3 percent of the company, a significant figure. In view of the shareholder support Pickens had received at the reincorporation meeting, 20 percent of Gulf would be enough for the inves-

tors group to take over the company. If push came to shove, Pickens could spin off a royalty trust, perhaps sell the downstream operations, and sit back to await results, but probably none of this would be necessary. Such a move had been possible all along, but it was obviously the worst-case method of going about the task. (It had not been obvious at Gulf. Only now would memos make the rounds pointing out that Pickens had been entirely capable of taking over the company since *December*.) Now, with the Arco bid on the table, it was possible to pursue a different strategy. It was possible to execute the maneuver known as "doing a Dome."^{*}

If no outside event intervened, Pickens's \$65-a-share offer would probably attract a majority of Gulf's stock. It would then be possible to use the tendered securities as collateral for the loans that would be necessary to purchase it, since its true minimum value had been pegged at \$70 a share by the Arco bid. Pickens could proceed according to the Gray proposal, gutting Gulf and selling off the pieces—but this bothersome procedure would also probably not be necessary. Not even Gulf could miss the message this time. To save itself from Pickens, it would have to sell itself immediately. And Pickens and his partners would make the money they had always known was there. Effortlessly.

It only remained to find the seed money needed to start buying. Drexel was ready with a candidate: the Penn Central Corporation, the diversified holding company that had emerged out of the wreckage of the Penn Central Railroad. Penn Central was controlled by Carl H. Lindner, yet another self-made man who gave no interviews, made a specialty of investing in undervalued companies, and was fond of distributing fourteen-karat-gold cuff links inscribed with such sentiments as "Only in America." In a complex deal involving subordinated notes, preferred stock, and stock warrants—in effect, options to buy more stock in the future—Penn Central gave Mesa \$300 million. Pickens was ready to make his move.

On February 24, amid denunciations by Gulf that had taken on the character of incantation and ritual, the tender offer had begun. Lee called George Keller, Socal's chairman, and told him that Gulf had prepared briefing

^{*}In the summer of 1981, indulging (or so it believed) in a spot of corporate blackmail, Canada's Dome Petroleum Ltd. tendered for 20 percent of Conoco Inc. Dome had no desire to own 20 percent of Conoco; it proposed to trade the stock for Conoco's Canadian subsidiary. Instead, Dome found itself awash in Conoco stock, with more than enough to take over the company. Conoco was forced to find a white knight (Du Pont), and lost its independent existence.



James E. Lee

THEO WESTENBERGER/GAMMA LIAISON

books describing its reserves and other confidential matters; Socal could have access to them in exchange for assurances that it would not try to take over Gulf without Gulf's permission. Gulf stock was then trading at 62½.

On February 27, word leaked out that Arco was preparing its formal bid and had engaged Chase Manhattan as lead bank in a \$12 billion loan syndication—on paper, the loan would be the largest in history, although in constant 1969 dollars it would be worth about \$4 billion. The Allied Corporation was interested enough to ponder Gulf's briefing books, and GE, never a serious contender, was mentioned. Mobil was said to be in the running, and Socal's name appeared in the press for the first time. Amid heavy trading, Gulf stock hit 68½.

There were many stories, some of them true. The Kuwaitis were said to be interested in joining the fray; in all, seven companies were said to be poring over Gulf's briefing books. Gulf stock briefly hit 71½ before falling back to 69. Someone, it was never clear who, began to buy

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in leveraged buy-outs, were in. The arbs began to move on Texaco. Reuters printed a rumor that the Bases had increased their holdings to 17.1 percent. Neither the brothers nor their father could be located. Pennzoil was with them, it was said; other rumors said it was Boone Pickens. Gulf stock reached 69½.

When the Gulf board met on the fifth morning in March, it had before it three firm offers. One, from Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts, proposed a leveraged buy-out at \$87.50 a share—\$50 in cash and the balance in securities. Management would take the company private, pay off the debt by liquidating assets, and emerge with a handsome profit. Insiders reported that Harold Hammer was strongly in favor of the plan; forcing a leveraged buy-out, some said, was Hammer's motive in leaking the story to the *Times* about the Arco bid. But the KKR proposal had been hastily drawn, and it was late. A leveraged buy-out is usually one of the first options an attacked company considers, not one of the last; there were too many loose ends and too many uncertainties, and James Lee was not in favor of it. Hammer's plans had miscarried far too often. There would be no leveraged buy-out. The arguments dragged on. There were those who described Lee as a broken man.

There remained Arco's \$12 billion and Socal's \$13.2 billion. It was no contest. The message went out from the board: Would the New York Stock Exchange suspend trading in Gulf?

George Keller and Lee made a joint announcement: Socal would buy Gulf at \$80 a share. The new oil company, third largest in the nation, would be renamed Chevron, after the Socal trademark.

Boone Pickens and his partners had just made \$760 million.

There would be no leveraged buy-out. The meeting of Gulf's board dragged on. There were those who described Lee as a broken man

NEW YORK. The Helmsley Palace Hotel. October 31, 1984.

Here you had Gulf, a company that was very large, and Mesa, a company that was very small, and I saw very early on that Gulf's attitude was like flicking a fly," Boone Pickens was saying. His suite in the Helmsley Palace was done in pearl gray; the chaos of lunch remained on the table. "Their hostile attitude was immediately clear. As far as they were concerned, I had no business there. Well, we were stockholders. In fact we were the largest stockholders in the company by the time we were done."

As the Gulf deal wound down, Senators Howard Metzenbaum and J. Bennett Johnston, a liberal from Ohio and a well-known friend of the oil industry from Louisiana, respectively, proposed a six-month moratorium on large oil mergers, which would have left Gulf in a dangerous state of limbo, unable to plan or raise cash. Lee and his chief financial officer, James Murdy, hastened to Washington and begged not to be rescued, at least not like that. The moratorium was not imposed.

*To decry the
takeover
Pickens forced
is to
misunderstand
things. Unless it
is destroyed,
money never
vanishes*

The Federal Trade Commission gave the Gulf-Socal merger its blessing with a single dissenting vote. In return, the FTC insisted that Gulf divest itself of some thirty wholesale gasoline terminals and vacate its interest in approximately 4,000 service stations in the Southeast. To avoid "anti-competitive effects" in the jet fuel industry, Gulf was ordered to sell either its refinery in Port Arthur, Texas (its largest), or the one at Alliance, Louisiana (its newest), and to find buyers for its 51 percent interest in the West Texas Pipeline and its 16.78 percent of the Colonial Pipeline. Until these transactions were completed, bringing in an estimated \$1 billion, Gulf and Socal were to hold themselves separate.

For their part in the deal, Salomon Brothers and Merrill Lynch Capital Markets (brought in by Gulf in November) received \$49 million, the largest fee ever paid to investment bankers in a takeover bid. Penn Central traded in its notes, stock, and warrants in Mesa for 14.5 million shares of Gulf, reaping a profit in the vicinity of \$50 million. The Bass brothers, who had done precisely nothing, were bought out by Texaco for \$1.28 billion, at a premium of \$5 a share.

At Gulf, a great many people made a great deal of money, but nothing else of importance happened. Legislation was eventually passed making royalty trusts an unprofitable way of hiding money, but that was inevitable once the concept was explained to the relevant legislators; just as nature abhors a vacuum, Congress, in a time of record deficits, detests a tax dodge. A number of Gulf employees were certain to lose their jobs, but there was nothing new in that; James Lee had begun the dismissals, and he had resumed them after the December proxy fight. Gulf lost its independence but it did not go out of existence. It simply went somewhere else; its wells and refineries were not destroyed. Gulf's executives had their golden parachutes, and at least some of them became rich. From stock options alone, Lee was entitled to receive \$6,715,000, a figure that was to be doubled by Chevron.

Months after the deal was closed and their company was well on its way to oblivion, the men at Gulf still seemed unable to see Boone

Pickens clearly. "The guy is a failure in the oil and gas business," said James Murdy. "He put together a company, Mesa, and I give him credit for that. But he can't deal with the oil environment since 1976, and I think he knows it. He has a totally demoralized organization. He even forced his employees to build him a statue, which I think is a nice thing to do. Play golf with him if you want to find out what kind of a sport he is."

Pickens, as usual, had his own perspective. "Listen," he said, "we did Gulf a favor if they thought they'd find oil north of the Barrow Arch. I knew more about the drilling on Cross Island than Jimmy Lee did. He was crazy if he had that kind of dream. They just didn't have anything else to do with the money, and the last thing managements like that think of is sharing with the stockholders. That's what you get down to.

"Gulf kept saying what an awful guy Pickens was, at the same time they were saying what a terrific job they did for their stockholders," Pickens continued. "They keep saying that they won, we lost. That dog won't hunt. All this management was ever able to do, in the red-hot market of 1981, was get the stock up to 53. When we bought our first share, it was 37. They sold out to Chevron for 80. In their whole lives they could never have gotten it to 80; I don't think they could have gotten it to 53 again. Lee told me on February 6 that he wanted two more years. He thought he could get the price up to 60 or 65. I shook my head and wondered if I'd dozed off and missed part of the conversation. He had an offer from Arco for 70 on the table, and I asked him about it. You know what he said? He said, 'I was afraid you were going to ask that.'"

As might be expected, the commentators decried the colossal waste of it all, the feverish shifting of money from one pocket to another, the stupendous fees, the misdeployment of bank funds that might otherwise have been used for some noble social purpose. This is to misunderstand the processes at work. Unless it is destroyed, money never vanishes. By far the greatest portion of it returns to the economy, and thanks to Pickens, there is quite a lot more of it than there was before he set to work. ■

ADVERTISING AS AGITPROP

Puncturing the myths about hype

By Robert L. Heilbroner

Among the books discussed in this essay:

Advertising, The Uneasy Persuasion, by Michael Schudson. 288 pages. Basic Books. \$17.95.

The Mirror Makers: A History of American Advertising and Its Creators, by Stephen Fox. 383 pages. William Morrow. \$17.95.

When Advertising Tried Harder. The Sixties: The Golden Age of American Advertising, by Larry Dobrow. 205 pages. Friendly Press. \$35.

The Spot: The Rise of Political Advertising on Television, by Edwin Diamond and Stephen Bates. 416 pages. MIT Press. \$17.50.

“Advertising,” says Michael Schudson in the most interesting book I have ever read on the subject, is “capitalist realism.” The phrase captures the very essence of what he calls “the uneasy persuasion” at the heart of the occupation. Socialist realism is, of course, the poster art of authoritarian socialism, the state-sanctioned aesthetic of the Soviet Union. It depicts strong, kindly, and terribly dedicated men and women driving tractors, exuding heroism, or simply affirming the joy of life for the edification of ordinary people who need to be reminded of what the socialist fatherland means to them. Advertising, in Schudson’s brilliant metaphor, is the equivalent art of capitalism—not at all authoritarian in its origins, but also serving a fundamentally political purpose by depicting men and women who embody the virtues of their fatherland as they drive cars, exude allure, snuggle into designer jeans, or experience the pleasures of helpful banks and welcoming airlines.

The idea of advertising as the poster art of capitalism is useful because it puts into intellectual perspective a cultural phenomenon that is, as they say, hard to relate to. Many years ago I wrote a lighthearted piece in *Harper’s* in praise

of commercial prose.* I am not so lighthearted about the effects of advertising as I was then, but I still enjoy the sheer craft of it. Far better than the soggy dramas of TV serials are those dramalets of misplaced American Express traveler’s checks—thirty seconds of heart-stopping near disaster followed by floods of relief: “Never mind, M’sieur. At ze next stop...” On the other hand, advertising can be the embodiment of vulgarity, manipulation, and cynicism. I can think of no punishment adequate to its crimes other than to condemn its perpetrators forever to watch suffering housewives being advised by their druggists, butchers, and friends (imagine having such friends!) on the virtues of aspirins, liverwursts, and waxes. I believe Dante would have nodded approval.

In the face of such desecrations it is hard to maintain one’s critical sang-froid, and I am not certain one *should* maintain it. In 1976, in *Business Civilization in Decline*, I wrote that advertising was the “single most value-destroying activity of a business civilization,” words Schudson finds “troubling” although “overblown.” I shall come back to the question of how advertising influences our values. But admittedly any serious consideration of the subject must go beyond the indignation advertising arouses, and Schudson’s book manages to put

*Robert L. Heilbroner, “Where Are the Ads of Yesterday?” *Harper’s*, June 1953.

Robert L. Heilbroner is the author of many books on political economy, including *The Worldly Philosophers*, *Business Civilization in Decline*, and *The Human Prospect*.

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the whole problem in a detached, although critical, framework. He begins by making us understand the difficulties faced by the "persuasion"—a word that nicely sidesteps the term "profession," which this unlicensed occupation likes to claim for itself. There are some 28,000 nationally advertised branded products for sale in the United States, a number that may take on added meaning when we recall that only some 3,000 stars are visible to the eye on a clear night. The advertiser's task is to make one of these stars stand out from the others, but since every star has its own advertising campaign, the overall effect is only to make the whole sky a little more luminous.

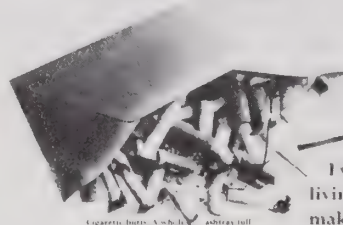
The uncountable advertising campaigns going on simultaneously make us inescapably aware of advertising, but virtually immune to any given advertisement. A study cited by Stephen Fox in *The Mirror Makers* claims that the average family is "exposed" to 1,600 ads each day. Of course, not all of them are TV commercials; according to the 1984 edition of the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, the largest single chunk of the \$67 billion of advertising expenditures in 1982—27 percent—went for newspaper ads. About 6 percent went for magazine ads, a little more went into radio, 20 percent was spent on "miscellaneous" items (such things as matchbook covers), and only about 21 percent went for TV ads. Just the same, it is as if more than half the stars in the sky entered our field of vision in the course of an ordinary day.

We are protected from this potentially lethal radiation—imagine actually noticing or thinking about 1,600 "messages" a day—by a thick mantle of inattention and indifference. Only eighty of the stars, the association's study goes on to say, are noted, and a mere twelve provoke a "reaction." These numbers seem to indicate that eighty times a day we, or someone in our family, smile or wince, perhaps unknowingly, and that a dozen times a day we experience some kind of genuine contact—we decide to see a given movie or to take advantage of the A&P special or to think about the card on the subway that promises "If U Cn Rd Ths U Cn..." These figures prompt the first faint stirrings of sym-
 pathy. They help us understand the prevailing mood of the persuasion, which is not one of gloating triumph but one of perplexity and frustration. Schudson cites a 1963 newspaper survey—somewhat suspect, of course, because newspapers have their interests to protect—that found only 23 percent of TV watchers could identify the product in the last commercial they had "seen." And a 1981 study showed that only 7 percent of TV viewers were able to name the last product that had been pitched at them.

So the advertising man's or woman's life is a hard one, made still harder by the reputation from which the persuasion suffers. A survey of 11,000 high school students in 1958—admittedly, another time, another ethos—placed advertising and public relations eighteenth on a list of twenty occupations, and in 1976 a Gallup poll put advertising and PR at the bottom of eleven fields of work, below "business executives," "senators," "congressmen," and, indignity of indignities, "labor leaders." In the face of the intrinsic difficulties of its task and the assaults on its reputation, it is not surprising that the persuasion is touchy about its image and—despite its treatment of people as exploitable objects—near idolatrous in its glorification of that abstraction, the consumer. "Advertising workers sound almost saintly when discussing the consumer, compared to what one can hear when physicians talk about patients, or, for that matter, when university professors talk about students," says Schudson, who is himself a professor at the University of California at San Diego.

The self-doubt of members of the persuasion is exacerbated by the fact that for all their efforts—indeed, because of the self-annulling consequences of those very efforts—consumers don't "believe" advertising any more than they "trust" advertisers. The coefficient of disbelief varies with the medium and the message: few readers would look for a gimmick in an advertisement featuring airline schedules, but few would fail to look for the fine print in an ad announcing New Low-Price Fares. According to the Newspaper Advertising Bureau, only 39 percent of viewers regard TV ads as "believ-

The writer of this ad rented an Avis car recently. Here's what I found:



I write Avis ads for a living. But that doesn't make me a paid liar.

When I promise that the least you'll get from Avis is a clean Plymouth with everything in perfect order, I expect Avis to back me up.

I don't expect full ashtrays; it's not like them.

I know for a fact that everybody in that company, from the president down, tries harder.

"We try harder" was their idea; not mine.

And now they're stuck with it; not me.

So if I'm going to continue writing these ads, Avis had better live up to them. Or they can get themselves a new boy.

They'll probably never run this ad.

able," compared with 68 percent for newspaper ads. It is not so much that people think they are being hoodwinked or deliberately deceived (although there have been some delicious cases of that, the most publicized being the addition of marbles to Campbell's soup to make it look chunkier in advertisements); it's just that consumers know that the absence of misrepresentation is not the same as the presence of full representation, and that "the truth" is not the same as the truth.

The impression one gets, both from Schudson's analytic study and from Fox's more straightforward history of the industry and its heroes, is that most advertising serves a defensive function and that relatively little of it can boast of unqualified success. Advertising is a kind of trench warfare in which few victories are won, but many defeats are staved off. If all sellers of automobiles canceled their TV ads, it is doubtful that auto sales as a whole would fall (cigarette sales were not affected by the ban on TV ads) and unclear whether the ranking of the top companies would change. On the other hand, if any single seller left his particular salient unguarded, his territory might well be lost by the encroachment of his competitors. So advertising persists, mainly to enable sellers to patrol their own turf. Yet there is always the hope that an ad will open a great hole, like an artillery barrage. *When Advertising Tried Harder* is a collection of such presumably successful ads, some of which are indeed arresting. As the title suggests, there is the Avis series, the wonderful "You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's real Jewish rye" campaign, and the hiss of the Schweppes effervescence. Many of these ads are brilliant in their use of photos and copy; my favorite shows a Wolfschmidt's vodka bottle next to a tomato. The bottle says, "You're some tomato. We could make beautiful Bloody Marys together. I'm different from those other fellows," and the tomato answers, "I like you, Wolfschmidt. You've got taste."

Did these ads in fact punch great holes in the defenses of their competitors? That is harder to show than it is to demonstrate their bril-

liance. Perhaps the most widely admired and frequently mentioned example is Volkswagen's first ad campaign in the United States, launched in 1959—naked pictures of The Bug, with captions such as "Think Small" and witty copy: "It doesn't go in one year and out the other." As Fox says, "For years [these ads] exercised incalculable power over the collective unconscious of the business. In 1976 *Ad Age* asked a panel of industry professionals to name the best ads they had ever seen: Volkswagen was listed by sixty of the ninety-seven replies."

What Fox does not mention, however, is the curiously self-admiring nature of this critical "success." As art, as copy, and as a draft of cool air in a stultifying atmosphere, the Doyle Dane Bernbach ads were remarkable. But did they sell cars? Schudson notes that VW was off to a terrific start *before* the campaign got under way. His point is certainly not to denigrate the VW campaign but to emphasize that advertising is not all of selling, by a long shot. The merchandising of a product—designing and packaging and distributing and servicing it—probably far outweighs the effects of the propaganda that will ultimately be launched on its behalf. Pepsi-Cola, for example, edged out Coca-Cola in supermarket sales because Pepsi pioneered changes in bottling and store displays. While Coke won TV viewers' hearts, Pepsi got their shopping carts.

Techniques aside, the nature of consumers' "wants" remains amorphous, ambiguous, labile, and maddeningly elusive. We do not clearly understand why consumers latch on to products in the first place or what makes them try other

products in the second place. It is reassuring, for anyone who can imagine the anxiety of a world of continuous hairline decision-making, that inertia and routine rule the day in the advertising business, and the failure rate of ad campaigns is much, much greater than the success rate: the Gillette Company never could make the public buy Lady Gillette; Procter & Gamble couldn't sell Pringle's, the stackable potato chip; and the John B. Stetson Company and the Hat Corporation of America seem to have hired the King Canute

Advertising is a kind of trench warfare in which few victories are won, but many defeats are staved off



When we
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anything

Agency in their efforts to sweep back the tide of hatlessness.

The same difficulties pervade the field of political advertising, lately a subject of increasing concern but—if Edwin Diamond and Stephen Bates, authors of *The Spot*, are correct—of exaggerated importance. For just as the worries of the “advertising can sell us anything” school are easily revealed as unjustified, so the idea that any candidate can be “sold” seems very far from reality. Expensive and extensive television spots can make us familiar with a person and his or her persona—a recent example is Lew Lehrman, the unknown who nearly won the 1982 New York gubernatorial race against Mario Cuomo. But familiarity is a necessary, not a sufficient, condition for victory. The power of television has certainly altered the qualities that make for political success, but it is *television*—television news, televised debates—not *advertising* on television, that has made the difference. Roger Ailes, the media consultant who “packaged” Nixon in 1968, announced on the eve of Nixon’s victory that television advertising of political candidates was “the beginning of a whole new concept. This is it. This is the way they’ll be elected forevermore.” But in 1983 the same Roger Ailes concluded that “the TV public is very smart in the sense that somewhere, somehow, they make a judgment about the candidates they see. Anybody who claims he can figure out that process is full of it.”

So when we examine advertising—political or commercial—from the other side of the camera, we come to the curious conclusion that far from being able to sell everything, advertising can’t sell anything. There are exceptions—Listerine probably owed its success to the idea of selling it as a cure for “halitosis.” But the fact remains that our shelves are not crammed with every conceivable item but are stocked with the coffees, toothpastes, and aspirins that are part of our daily patterns of life. I think most people would admit that it is a rare occurrence for them to be motivated by advertising to change brands of a product they use every day.



If advertising is so ineffective, why do we feel so much in its thrall? The question is not difficult to answer. Whether or not we become immune to advertising’s individual messages, we cannot be immune to the cacophony that intrudes into our lives—a kind of commercial white noise audible every time we read a newspaper or magazine, switch on the radio or TV, open a book of matches, or look up at billboards on the sides of buildings. Now even some taxis in New York subject their hapless passengers to a continuous sequence of

messages running ticker-tape fashion before their eyes. One would have to be blind or deaf not to feel beset in such an environment.

Fulminations and irritations aside, what is the actual effect of this thunderous barrage? While advertising may be ineffective when it comes to making us change our consumption habits with regard to well-known commodities, it is a potent means of bringing to our attention both new commodities and substantially changed traditional commodities. Thus advertising helps the central economic function of capitalism—product creation. It was advertising (and not TV advertising, either) that made us a nation of picture takers when the Eastman Kodak camera was introduced as a mechanism requiring no skill (“You push the button, we do the rest”); it was advertising (largely TV) that gave Polaroid its day in the sun; it was advertising that persuaded millions of Americans that it was perfectly safe—and more than that, “friendly”—to board a jet; it was advertising that made us a nation of credit card carriers. Advertising is the great information machine of a capitalist economy, and it is this legitimate and indispensable function that the persuasion offers as a defense against its most stubborn and hostile critics.

The problem arises as we pass from advertising that promotes genuinely new, even novel products to advertising about products that differ only marginally from one another. It is one thing when advertising makes us aware of detergents as a new form of cleansing material, another when it tells us of the extraordinary properties possessed by various brands of these

virtually identical products. It does not matter whether we "believe" such absurd claims. What matters is that we are exposed to a cannonade that may leave us individually unscathed while bombarding us collectively with information, misinformation, hard sell, soft sell, seduction, and bullying. Although the effect of this bombardment on our buying habits may be small, the impact on our very conceptions of ourselves is pervasive and penetrative.

This brings us back to the idea of advertising as capitalist realism. Socialist realism, Schudson reminds us, has a number of characteristics and purposes: it pictures life in simplified ways; it moralizes about and idealizes lifestyles; it radiates confidence and optimism. As I said at the outset, there are immediately recognizable analogues between the explicit function of these advertisements for Soviet socialism and the implicit political message carried by the advertisements of Western capitalism. Of course there is no hint of political subservience in the latter case. Many advertising agencies would protest vigorously if told that their creations, in addition to promoting a product, were endorsing a sociopolitical system, and I anticipate poor Professor Schudson receiving an inundation of outraged letters. I shall try to curb that flow by quoting him at some length:

... American advertising, like socialist realist art, simplifies and typifies. It does not claim to picture reality as it is but reality as it should be—life and lives worth emulating. It is always photography or drama or discourse with a message—rarely picturing individuals, it shows people only as incarnations of larger social categories. It always assumes that there is progress. It is thoroughly optimistic, providing for any troubles that it identifies a solution in a particular product or style of life. It focuses, of course, on the new, and if it shows some signs of respect for tradition, this is only to help in the assimilation of some new commercial creation.

What is "capitalist" about many ads, Schudson goes on to say, is not that they invoke the sanctity of private enterprise. It is that the images they project—images that are often pre- or even anti-capitalist in their celebration of kin-

ship, "togetherness," and the like—are fashioned to sell merchandise, not to promote values, and that the appeals and satisfactions are construed in individual, not collective or social, terms. In one final quote:

The similarity between advertising and socialist realism is that both forms subordinate everything to a message that romanticizes the present or the potential of the present. If the visual aesthetic of socialist realism is designed to dignify the simplicity of human labor in the service of the state, the aesthetic of capitalist realism—without a master-plan of purposes—glorifies the pleasures and freedoms of consumer choice in defense of the virtues of private life and material ambitions.

Advertising, Schudson concludes, is capitalism's way of saying "I love you" to itself.

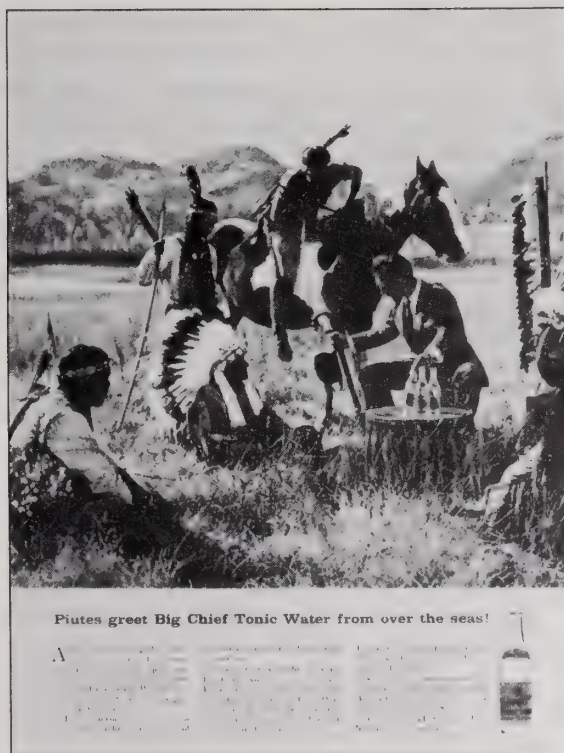
So? Is that so awful? Stephen Fox titled his book *The Mirror Makers* because he perceives the trade as reflecting the values of society, not creating them. "One may build a compelling case," he writes, "that American culture is—beyond redemption—money-mad, hedonistic, superficial, rushing heedlessly down a railroad track called Progress. To blame advertising for these most basic tendencies in American history is to miss the point. It is too obvious, too easy, a matter of killing the messenger instead of dealing with the bad news."

There is a great deal of truth in Fox's contention that advertising is only the most visible manifestation, good or bad, of American values. But advertising is not only a bearer of messages; it is the message. Advertising does more than portray the values of a capitalist society; it shapes and to some degree creates them. If the

lackeys who prepare the canned propaganda for the virtues of the socialist fatherland must bear some responsibility for their work, can we exempt from all responsibility the creators of the ballads of capitalist contentment—who cannot even plead the threat of punishment as motivation for their task?

It is true that advertising serves some very useful functions over and above that of celebrating the materialist way of American life. It does purvey information, albeit in a partisan way. It serves to democratize commodities, making it "imaginable"

We are bombarded collectively with information, misinformation, hard sell, soft sell, seduction, and bullying. The impact on our conceptions of ourselves is pervasive and penetrative



Advertising washes over the mind, leaving a residue of unexamined 'belief' in the fatherland mingled with a pervasive sense of disbelief

for people to widen their range of experience (although it is shameless in touting commodities that are harmful, like cigarettes, or that are apt to end up as expensive junk, like personal computers). It encourages our fantasies of what we might have or might be, fantasies that are mildly intoxicating until they impose on us near pornographic ideals of beauty or success (those jeans again). Most of all, it supports the media, although this proudest boast must be tempered by the realization that there are other ways of underwriting TV (as the Public Broadcasting Service has shown), and that advertising support exerts its own tacit censorship: "Will the company buy *that*?"

These pluses and minuses are difficult to sum. The deeper trouble with advertising is that, rather like its socialist counterpart, it washes over the mind, leaving a residue of unexamined "belief" in the fatherland, on the one hand, mingled with a pervasive sense of disbelief, on the other. Having quoted at length from Schudson's book, I shall conclude in self-defense by repeating those troubling but overblown words of mine that I mentioned earlier. In *Business Civilization in Decline* I wrote:

Consider advertising, perhaps the single most value-destroying activity of a business civilization. Schumpeter spoke of the cold rationality that was to prove the undoing of the system. He ignored the extraordinary subversive influence of the re-



lentless effort to persuade people to change their lifestyles, not out of any knowledge of, or deeply held convictions about, the "good life," but merely to sell whatever article or service is being pandered. I do not think we pay sufficient heed to the power of advertising in making cynics of us all: at a business forum I was once brash enough to say that I thought the main cultural effect of television advertising was to teach children that grown-ups told lies for money. How strong, deep, or sustaining can be the values generated by a civilization that generates a ceaseless flow of half-truths and careful deceptions, in which it is common knowledge that only a fool is taken in by the charades and messages that supposedly tell us "the facts"?

Thus advertising is both a mirror and a lens. Like a great reflective parabola it collects the values of the social universe in which it exists, and then projects onto the skies of that universe constellations that give shape to its inchoate yearnings and imaginings. It has but uncertain success in illuminating any given star, but its collective efforts light up the sky. Are the images and constellations projected onto the social heavens worthy of respect? Michael Schudson's subtitle for his book on advertising is "Its Dubious Impact on American Society." "Dubious" is a carefully chosen word, and I think a very good one. It is dubious whether advertising has the power to rearrange our lives that many of its critics fear, but its vision of what a well-arranged life might be is also dubious, in a much less inconsequential sense. ■

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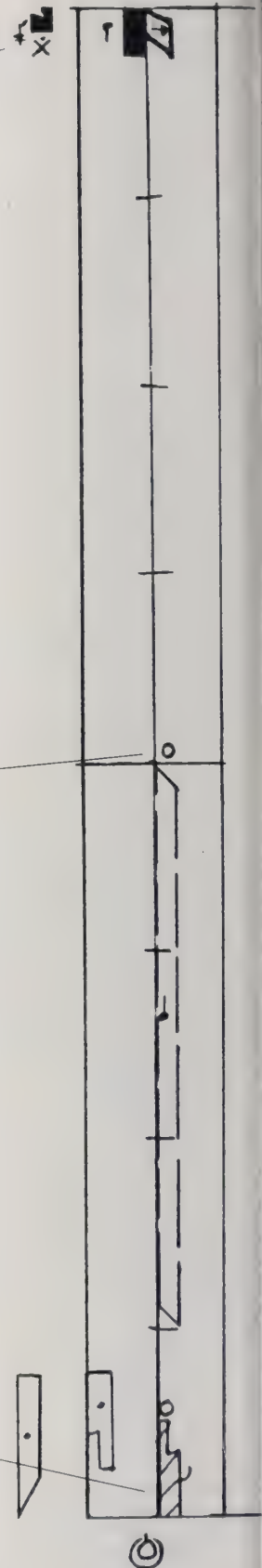
NOTES FOR A

Dance and its na

The glittering second act of Balanchine's beloved *Nutcracker*: the audience is transported from a cozy Biedermeier parlor to the Land of the Sweets. In the ballet's closing minutes the Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier dance a stately and flowing grand pas de deux; just now, only seconds from the ballet's end, the Sugar Plum Fairy lowers her arms, turns to face front, and pliés. We can "read" all this in these shaded shapes and scratches, these "dance notations." Labanotation, the language written here, is not the oldest dance notation system; there have been attempts to write dance since the fifteenth century. But since it was developed by Rudolf von Laban in the 1920s, it has been the most widely used. Used to what end, though? Can any language reduce movement to marks? How do you pin down the dance?

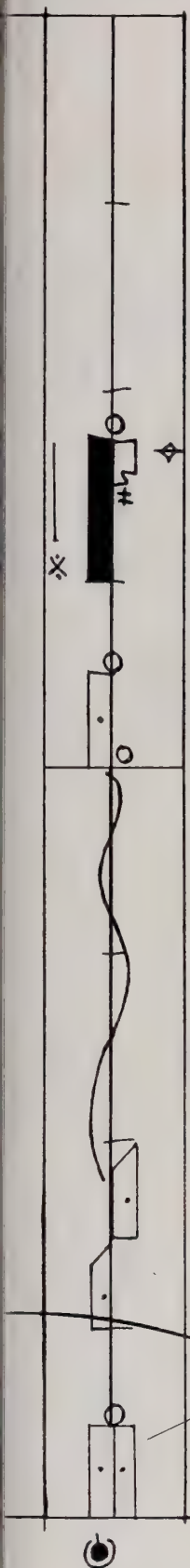
Balanchine chose to have the ballerina be still at this point in the ballet (the open O). But that's Balanchine's version, for the New York City Ballet. Each year more than 200 versions of *The Nutcracker* are performed in this country, and no two are the same. E. T. A. Hoffmann wrote the tale, Tchaikovsky wrote the musical score, but Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov did not write down their original choreography in 1892—it has been passed down like a legend, reinvented with each "telling."

This point marks the start of the Sugar Plum Fairy's two "measures" shown here. One of Laban's innovations was the three-line vertical "staff," charting the flow of dance movements from bottom to top. All the symbols appearing at the same point across a staff represent movements a dancer must make simultaneously. To read any given moment, start from the center line of the staff (representing the vertical center, or axis, of the body); the instructions to the left of this line apply to the left side of the body, and likewise for the right. Each body part—right and left foot, leg, hand, arm, etc.—has its place on the staff. The shapes and shadings of the symbols tell us in what position these body parts should be—at what height, or what angle. Here, for instance, the ballerina is (among other things) to step onto point with her right foot. The little hook attached to the hatched area that represents her right foot tells her so.



R PLUM FAIRY

by Lois Draegin



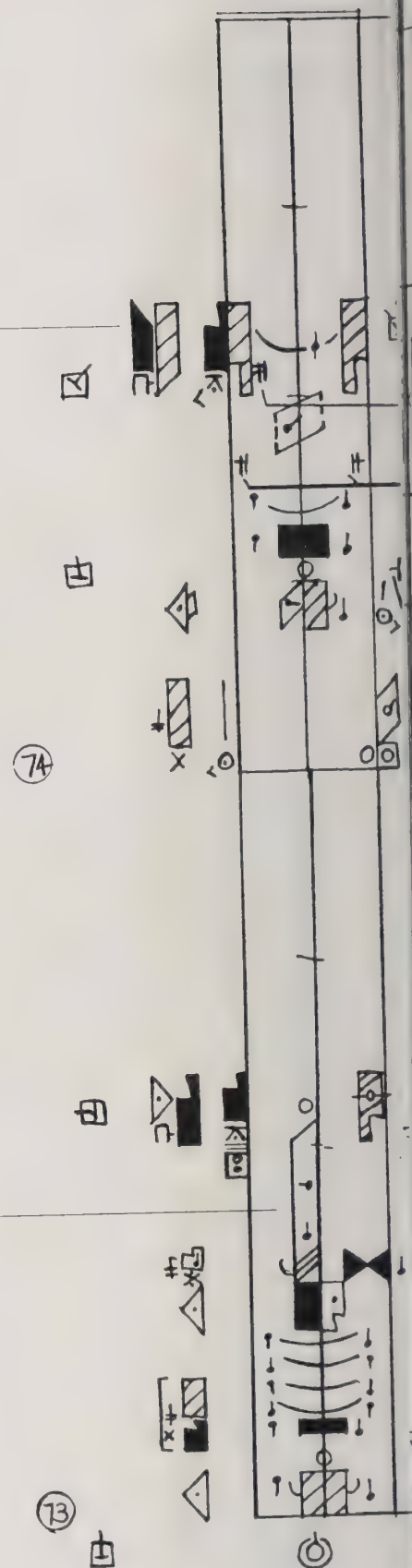
This vertical staff is for the Cavalier, and this little symbol tells him to “let go”—in this case, to let go of the hand of the Sugar Plum Fairy (whose staff we just read). Labanotation is ever being refined for elegance and concision. When notators need symbols for new movements, they draw what comes logically to mind—think of the cave painters. (To become an official part of the Labanotation language, a new symbol must be approved by an international board.) The logic of the “let go” sign is perfect: A complete, unshaded circle tells a dancer to hold his or her body just as it is. The sign to let go, to release? A circle split.

Here is our Cavalier—all he is doing is taking a step forward on his left foot. For him and for the Sugar Plum Fairy the measure is simple, and is much simpler than most measures of ballets. At this moment in *The Nutcracker*, there are only two dancers on stage, and their movements are straightforward: the Cavalier and the Sugar Plum Fairy are promenading around the stage for the most part. Scores can get complicated when, say, an entire corps of dancers is on stage. A Balanchine ballet might run 200 to 300 pages, with as many as eight staffs (as opposed to the two shown here) on a page.

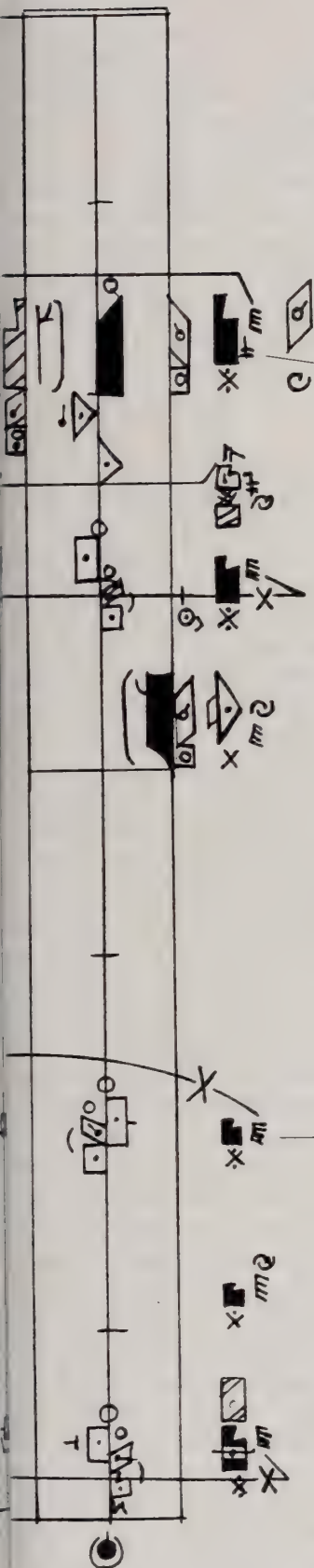
Any man dancing the role of the Cavalier would, at this point in the score, stand with his feet together, his right arm extended forward—and would still look like no other dancer doing precisely the same thing. Dancers are not machines. And a dance text, for all its evolving exactness, will forever remain an open book. What is written here is choreography, not dance. Any dance notation score can be only a rough guide.

Lois Draegin has written about dance for *Newsweek*, the *Village Voice*, and other publications.

This cluster of symbols translates as a classical "fish dive," a lift in which the female dancer is held across her partner's body—her body tilted toward the floor, head down, arms and legs flung behind her. The fish dive signals a climactic, romantic moment in a classical pas de deux. We can tell from the darkened symbols to the left of the staff that the Sugar Plum Fairy's left side is lowered, and we know where the Cavalier's hands should be placed to hold her. But what about the subtler movements, the "adjectives" that modify these "words"? Balanchine left these to his principals—there are some things that choreographers leave to dancers.



When Balanchine was trained, and earlier, when *The Nutcracker* was first staged, a penché arabesque—leg and arm extended back, body tilted forward—looked different than it does now. Legs were raised to hip level and tilts were shallow in the nineteenth century. When a Balanchine-trained ballerina extends her leg back, it slashes straight up, and when she tilts, she plunges. Would Balanchine have felt the same freedom to interpret and create—or, to put it another way, the same license to distort—if a "score" had been made of the original? Would dance have developed differently in the shadow of canonical "texts"?



MARTHA SWOPE

The "fish dive" in the grand pas de deux of Balanchine's *Nutcracker*. New York City Ballet. Sugar Plum Fairy: Patricia McBride. Cavalier: Helgi Tomasson.

For generations, Cavaliers have been stepping to the side and taking hold of their partners by the waist. We have managed to preserve this moment, this fragment of space and time, through memory and training. What would notation accomplish that this "oral" tradition has not? It is worth emphasizing that, unlike composers, choreographers do not write out their scores; notations are done by notators—by those who *see* the dance, not those who make it. It may well be true that dance needs its texts—what else can raise dance up from the cellar of the arts world? Art forms gain status when they develop concrete canons. But must the canon be a *printed* one? If musical notation had not come into existence by the 1920s, it might never have: recordings would have been the sole medium for preserving music. Already, dance is accumulating an archive of photographs, films, and videotapes—a high-tech canon. Film and video are not the perfect answers: they flatten space, and are thus poor guides to stage blocking. Maybe the Sugar Plum Fairy can deliver something IBM-compatible.

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LETTERS

Continued from page 5

computerized ultrasonic alarm system, or to suddenly become an advocate of a higher budget for the CIA—the purchase of a new set of nuclear weapons—this terror is precisely the condition of total fright Hitler and Stalin sought to create as sustenance for their regimes.

I am not saying the responses of the citizen are irrational and crazy; they are completely understandable. Who cannot sympathize if a single woman living in New York, after being assaulted in the elevator of an apartment building, replaces her door of Mace with a gun? Who cannot see why President Reagan is surrounded by so much security? The point of this sort of atmosphere is one for totalitarianism, not democratic society.

The media have become a part of the acts of pure terror, using a being used by fanatics. Iran could have been said to "hold America hostage" without the help of CBS and NBC. Though Carter's government also helped, the time and visibility given the Iranian hostages by the media was disgraceful and inane, and certainly made a reasonably expeditious diplomatic resolution impossible.

The deeper connection between terrorism and the tube, however, is more subtle. Part of the root of terrorism is the destruction of clarity of mind and purpose in democratic countries. If we were more sure of our convictions, it would be easier to fight and (as with self-censorship by the media) protect ourselves. We don't remember what we are about in part because of the dissolution of the word and of memory. Without clear language, we cannot think clearly. Without a sense of the past, our thought is unconnected, unmoored. The visual art is a great one and its newer ranges in film full of great and wondrous possibilities. For we use film so poorly and with little sense of reason or control. In recent years, we have begun using film to tell a story than to create impressionistic visual sensations. It is a long way from the films of John Huston to MTV. If one watches the latter, it is plain this is an art form with no story.

SOLUTION TO THE DECEMBER PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "JUMP STARTS"

ACROSS: 1. NAS/SAU; 5. ABA/CAS; 10. TRI/PE; 11. T/ABU; 12. MANATE/E; 13. AIL/S; 14. E/LAN; 15. RE/SPECT; 17. HANK; 18. CIT/TA; 21. SEDAN; 22. R/ANGE; 23. GER/MAN; 26. D/RIVE; 28. NOR/SE; 29. PECT/INS; 30. EL/BOW; 32. ILIA/C; 33. RAIN/ING; 34. PIN/TAILS; 35. ES/CORT; 36. Y/ARROW; DOWN: 1. NAME, hidden; 2. S-ON-ANT; 3. S...-TANK; 4. ARTICLE, anagram; 5. APE, hidden in reverse; 6. BEASTS, anagram; 7. CALENDAR, anagram; 8. SULTAN (a); 9. M.A.-LAG (reversal)-A; 11. PIT, reversed; 15. (b) RIDGE; 16. CHAN-SONS; 17. HORNPIPE, anagram; 19. THE(SSAL)Y, LASS reversed; 20. AGITATO, hidden; 24. MOLNAR, anagram; 25. G-EW (reversal) -GAW (reversal); 26. (fleur) -DE-LIS; 27. VI-CAR; 31. BIER, homophone.

N	A	S	S	A	U	A	B	A	C	A	S
A	M	O	T	R	I	P	E	T	A	B	U
M	A	N	A	T	E	E	A	I	L	S	L
E	L	A	N	I	R	E	S	P	E	C	T
H	A	N	K	C	I	T	T	A	N	H	A
O	G	T	A	L	D	H	S	E	D	A	N
R	A	N	G	E	G	E	R	M	A	N	G
N	D	R	I	V	E	S	N	O	R	S	E
P	E	C	T	I	N	S	E	L	B	O	W
I	L	I	A	C	R	A	I	N	I	N	G
P	I	N	T	A	I	L	S	A	E	S	A
E	S	C	O	R	T	Y	A	R	R	O	W

SOLUTION TO DECEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 24): In Nyasaland, Africa, a native tribe got into the custom of taking names from a publisher's catalogue which had somehow fallen into their hands. Their chieftain took for himself the sonorous name of Oxford University Press.

—Mario Pei: *The Story of Language*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 25, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 23 (November) are K. L. Baron, Chicago, Illinois; Mary Courtney, Amherst, Massachusetts; and John Stokes, San Francisco, California.

terally with no meaning.
Far more serious politically than
the debasement of entertaining or ar-
stic films (though a kind of lobot-
ny slowly occurs) is what has hap-
pened to news and documentary
film. There is very little documenta-
tion. Rather, events are visualized,
turned into pictures. The evening
news does not give stories, but col-
leges—series of pictures equaling less
than an image and resembling more a
dream. One feels there is a point un-
derneath, but how to interpret and
analyze? The first act of violence is
the one done to reason and data, the
assault upon our common ability to
see and remember and discern—our
common sense.

Keith Burris
Department of Political Science
Washington and Jefferson College
Washington, Pa.

The experts in your "Terrorism
and the Media" Forum scare me.
This distinguished group of "quality
media" men have swallowed whole
the new world according to Jeane
Kirkpatrick and Leszek Kolakowski,
and that's dangerous. Spooked by
Fred Koppel's paraphrase of State De-
partment sentiments—that terrorism
and the media have a symbiotic rela-
tionship—they rush to indict the
media, their own benefactor, as the
terrorist's accomplice. That's like the
British blaming the printing press for
the American Revolution.

The truth is that the media bring
to us whatever information those
who control them will allow. Under
intense pressure from an administra-
tion that blacks out the Grenada in-
vasion, requires increased censorship
in its bureaucracy, and pushes an
anti-terrorism bill at Congress, the
media controllers are contemplating
added self-restraint. When the media
corporations, through their editors
and columnists, buy the Reagan ad-
ministration's definition of bad-guy
terrorism and accept guilt for the
success of "terrorist" acts, they are
taking two more steps toward in-
creased self-censorship.

The media's only dangerous "sym-
biotic relationship" is with our own
government. Our state-sponsored

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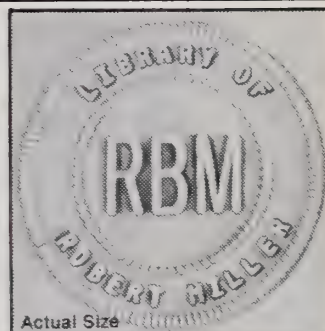
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Illustration: Jacqueline Schuman



violence and that of our friends is never labeled terrorism by our media controllers. Nor are the perpetrators ever referred to as terrorists. But there is no hesitation in using such labels in the media if the State Department's designated bad guys are accused of violent acts. Judgment is careless and swift.

Without any proof whatsoever, you indict in a sidebar to the Forum "Syrian intelligence agents" for the assassination of Bashir Gemayel in Lebanon in 1982. The phrase "widely believed to be" is enough evidence to convict official bad guys. But in the same sidebar, even with proof that the CIA base chief in Elizabethville (in the Congo) cabled headquarters in Washington and said, "Thanks for Patrice" at the time of Patrice Lumumba's mysterious murder, *Harper's* hedges any connection between the CIA plot and Lumumba's death. Meticulous justice in our media applies only to the good guys.

The "Terrorist Theater" *Harper's* refers to is actually a theater of the absurd. As long as we write new plays with Good and Evil ideologies, as the State Department certainly does; as long as we justify violence for the good guys, as Kirkpatrick certainly does; and as long as we convict only the bad guys, as our media certainly does, we leave open the possibility that we will all be cast as victims in future tragedies.

Philip L. Mitchell
Volunteers for Peaceful Change
St. Louis, Mo.

Humanism Abused

We appreciate your publication of the lively exchange between President Reagan and Norman Lear, "A Debate on Religious Freedom" [*Harper's*, October]. However, we would like to speak for ourselves in correcting misinformation given by Mr. Reagan concerning quotations from the *Humanist*.

In his letter of June 25, 1984, Mr. Reagan made an error (that Mr. Lear failed to correct) in attributing a quote by Paul Kurtz to the *Humanist* magazine. Mistakenly citing Paul Kurtz as editor of the *Humanist*, a position he has not held since 1978,

Mr. Reagan presented a quote from Dr. Kurtz (in which he stated that humanism and a belief in God were mutually exclusive) that came from an article printed back in 1972 in *Question 5* (a now defunct publication). The article was never printed in the *Humanist*. For the record, it has never been the policy of the American Humanist Association to reject Christian, Jewish, or other types of humanists.

Mr. Reagan followed this with a quote from John J. Dunphy—a quote that has been widely misused by the religious right in its efforts to smear humanism. If Ronald Reagan really were a reader of the *Humanist*, he would have known two things. First, he would have been aware of the disclaimer that appears on the inside cover of every issue of the *Humanist* which reads: "In pursuit of free and open dialogue, authors air opinions that may not necessarily reflect those of the editors." Second, he would have known that the July/August 1983 issue of the *Humanist* carried the following policy statement in opposition to Dunphy's views:

... one paragraph out of one of ten essays printed in one issue of *The Humanist* by an author who is not an elected officer of any humanist organization proves only that one lone humanist wants to turn classrooms into arenas of conflict between Christianity and humanism. No responsible humanist organization has ever taken such a position. ... Dunphy's suggestion—taken literally—is, in any way, as extreme and irresponsible as the radical right view that public schools should promote a fundamentalist outlook.

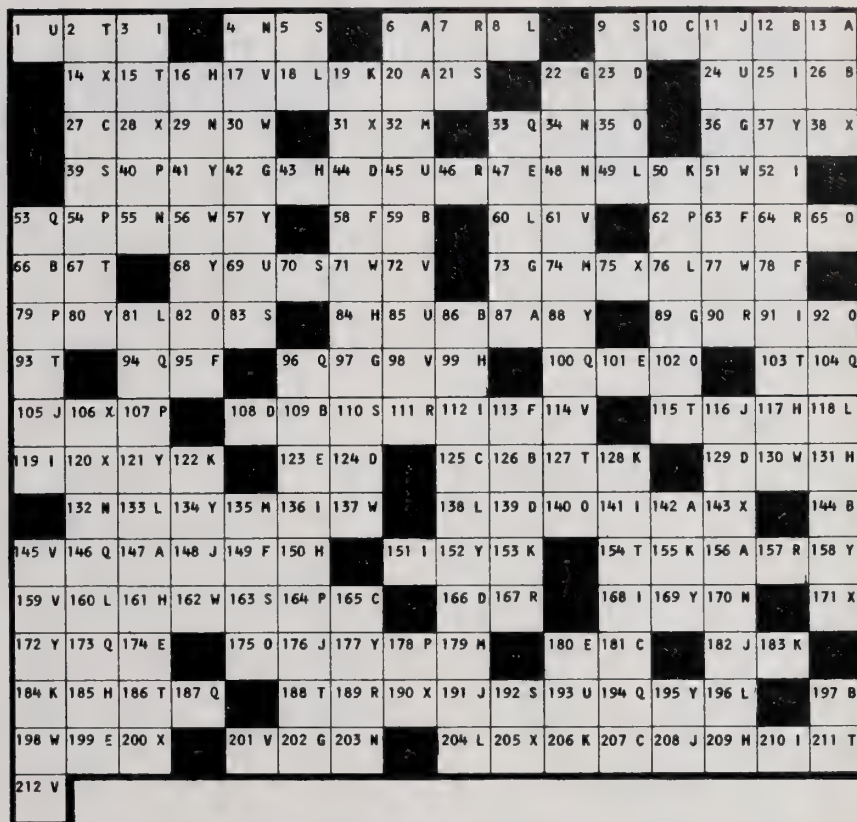
Dunphy's personal views, then, are not representative of the position of the American Humanist Association or of the *Humanist* magazine.

We would ask of our Chief Executive that he be more informed about whom he is attacking, instead of talking as his advisers such anti-humanists as Jerry Falwell and Jimmy Swaggart, who are using the humanist minority ("secular humanism") as an effective political whipping boy.

Frederick Edwards
Amherst, N.Y.

Frederick Edwards is executive director of the American Humanist Association.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 25



T by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 82.

CLUES WORDS

- A. Settled comfortably and snugly 156 20 147 6 142
13 87
- B. 1917 George M. Cohan song (2 wds.) 59 12 109 86 197 126 144 26
66
- C. Corrupt 10 181 27 125 207 165
- D. Type of gangster 108 129 23 139 124 44 166
- E. Connect 174 123 180 199 47 101
- F. "Righteousness exalteth a —" (Proverbs 14:34) 78 63 58 149 95 113
- G. Member of a large Muskhogean tribe 73 42 22 89 202 97 36
- H. Irish author and wit (1854-1900; "De Profundis"; full name) 185 117 150 161 209 84 43 16
131 99
- I. Absolute; not softened or lessened 25 52 136 210 151 112 119 91
168 3 141
- J. Undermining of a cause 116 11 182 191 148 105 208 176
- K. Nearest or next; direct 50 128 184 153 122 19 155 206
183
- L. Clever, scintillating, sharp (hyph.) 81 204 76 60 160 133 138 118
49 196 8 18
- M. Tolerable, fair to middling (hyph.) 179 74 32 135
- N. Type of plate (2 wds.) 34 4 29 55 132 48 203 170

- O. Unavailing, ineffectual 65 82 35 140 102 92 175
- P. Goes along, wends one's way (2 wds.) 178 40 62 54 79 164 107
- Q. Merely, in any case (3 wds.) 194 33 94 96 173 104 187 146
53 100
- R. Place of cold and eternal darkness in Scand. myth. 111 46 167 64 7 90 157 189
- S. Lammergeier 70 39 21 163 5 192 110 9
83
- T. It. saint (1007?-72), feast day Feb. 23 (full name) 103 93 211 127 186 67 15 154
188 115 2
- U. Also (2 wds.) 45 85 69 24 1 193
- V. Group comprising Brown, Yale, Columbia, etc. (2 wds.) 201 98 212 145 72 17 114 159
61
- W. Traveling (3 wds.) 77 130 162 198 137 56 51 71
30
- X. Affectedly refined; mincing (hyph.) 205 106 14 28 120 143 190 171
75 31 200 38
- Y. "The soul stands fast that gave them —" (3 wds.; Swinburne, "The Last Oracle") 57 152 68 41 121 37 195 172
88 158 80 177 134 169

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PUZZLE

Answers First

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twelve of the "clues" consist of a single capitalized word. Each is actually an answer; the appropriately numbered entry in the diagram is a clue to that word—a cryptic clue of sorts, not a definition. One of these entries is a proper name, and one is a common two-word phrase not in the dictionary.

Clue answers include two proper names, and uncommon words at 33A and 37A. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 82.

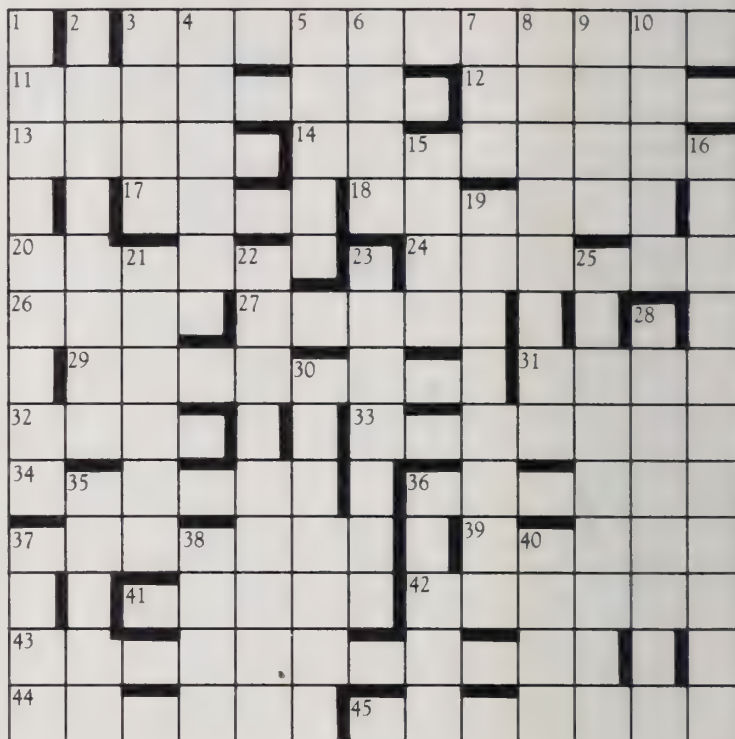
CLUES

Across

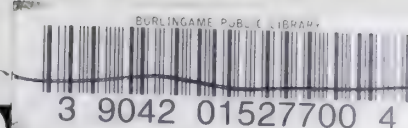
3. HUBS (11)
11. What becomes a hawkmoth? How about nurse or medical leader (8)
12. Cultivated one of the Gabors we flipped over (5)
13. Fat needs to be seasoned somewhat (5)
14. PALS (8)
17. Bachelor, taking invective the wrong way, is not talking (4)
18. Very quietly, one of the vitamins in husk made corn grow? (6)
20. Showing little substance, this only appears heartless (6)
24. Rake is mistaken for ruler (6)
26. Cherry—it's not for biting (4)
27. Malt's nothing to be swallowed for a purgative (5)
29. TIPS (8)
31. Females losing face with foreboding (4)
32. Weird sound from Indian (4)
33. In church, one who sings about Savior's love? Quite the opposite! (7)
34. Spacious to the ears, but bleary in the eyes (6)
36. Awful curt church support for the lame (6)
37. Can I sip sloppily from basin in church (7)
39. Apron has no pin in front (5)
41. Jockey meant to be a famous painter (5)
42. Sibling doesn't finish, upset from Russian food (6)
43. PARSEE (11)
44. Getting through Masses seems to be taxing? (6)
45. ASSES (7)

Down

1. BEE (5,4)
2. WHIT (8)
3. Raised cattle, for instance, and needed to be taken inside to be branded (4)
4. What heroes sometimes are, and bad tunesmiths too? (6)
5. Tramp cut short with respect to leisure activity (5)
6. Outspoken rebuke for dress (4)
7. Call for work with time off (3)
8. Gold tooth in front fixture in bar (8)
9. Vegetable springs leak (4)
10. Notice the First Lady's skirting slip (5)
15. Everything one removed from coallike fuel (4)
16. THESE (11)
19. PASSED (8)
21. Resigns oneself to one nasty nurse (6)
22. ELMS (9)
23. OAT (7)
25. SEMITES (9)
28. Recount seed scattered around small bed (8)
30. She's skirting New York uprising, beginning to show timidity (7)
35. Turnpike gears for the man's going around the center of Brighton (5)
36. Treatment for catarrh: heart of cabbage, first cut into little pieces (5)
37. Drink up a scenic Italian city (4)
38. Can Ken, using no names, jam into a Mass? (4)
40. Not quite the most important trees (4)



Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Answers First," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "Plain Puzzle," are Albert W. Cobb, Los Angeles, California; Larry Stallings, Lakeland, Florida; and Sheila VanZile, Dublin, Ohio.



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HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage of American sixth-graders who cannot locate the United States on a world map : 20
 - American adults who read below the ninth-grade level : 60,000,000
- Applicants for the 1,611 places in Stanford's class of 1988 who had straight-A averages : 2,368
- Percentage increase since 1980 in U.S. military recruits who hold high school diplomas : 25
- Average yearly increase in the number of women in the U.S. military during the first Reagan Administration : 6,615
 - During the Carter Administration : 13,113
- Number of homosexuals discharged from the U.S. military in 1983 : 1,796
- Amount the military spent recruiting and training the homosexuals it discharged : \$22,500,000
- Number of aircraft-maintenance forms filled out each day in the Navy : 66,000
- Portion of the world's nations that have practiced torture since 1980 : $\frac{1}{3}$
 - Number of firearms, per capita, in Detroit : 0.8
- Percentage of Americans who rank Detroit as the nation's worst city : 64
- Rank of Texas, among all states, in the number of police officers killed in the line of duty : 1
- Percentage increase since 1980 in the number of Houston businesses filing for bankruptcy each month : 276
- Percentage of the radio and TV equipment industry's output purchased by the Pentagon in 1982 : 58 (see page 43)
- Percentage increase in joint ventures undertaken by U.S. and Japanese companies since 1980 : 100
- Percentage decrease in articles by British scientists in the 2,000 leading scientific journals, from 1973 to 1980 : 10
- Percentage of the nuclear waste in the world's oceans that was dumped by Britain : 90 (see page 69)
- Number of sites on British roads marked to protect toads crossing during the mating season : 150
- Percentage of Americans who say they support the 55-mph speed limit : 76
- Percentage of drivers on interstate highways who exceed the 55-mph speed limit : 60
 - Percentage of motor vehicles with vanity plates in Illinois : 1.1
 - In California : 3.6
- Average number of minutes a customer spends test-driving a new car : 25
- Average length of sexual intercourse for humans (in minutes) : 2
 - For chimpanzees (in seconds) : 7
- Number of insect and related species resistant to pesticides in 1970 : 224
 - In 1980 : 428
- Percentage decrease in total U.S. net farm income from 1979 to 1983 : 50
 - Percentage increase in world food production since 1974 : 30
 - Percentage decrease in wine consumption in France since 1978 : 10
 - Percentage increase in cola consumption in France since 1978 : 36
- Average amount Americans spend to remodel their kitchens : \$4,448
- Percentage of Americans who eat their evening meal between 5 P.M. and 8 P.M. : 87
 - Rank of steak and potatoes among Americans' favorite foods : 1,2
- Rank of watching television among activities people look forward to during the day : 1 (see page 18)
- Rank of Rover, Spot, and Max among most popular names for dogs : 1,2,3
 - Members of the Abraham Lincoln Association : 375
 - Members of the Calvin Coolidge Memorial Foundation : 700

Figures cited are the latest available as of December 1984. Sources are listed on page 76.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY WITH THE RIGHT MOTOR OIL

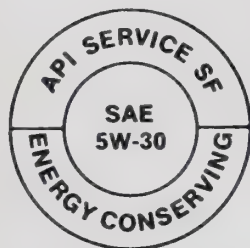
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The center of the symbol describes the viscosity of the oil—how easily it flows. The various grades are specified and numbered by the Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE). In general, the lower the number, the more easily an oil flows at a specified temperature. Oils with more than one SAE number are called multigrade oils, and contain additives to help them perform whether hot or cold.

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READINGS

[Speech]

IDEOLOGY AND AGRICULTURE

From "The Agricultural System and the Enduring Error," a speech given by John Kenneth Galbraith on October 19 at a ceremony at the United Nations in observance of World Food Day.

To understand the problems of agriculture in the emerging countries of our time, we must first recognize the central error in our view of economic development since World War II. It is, next only to our failure fully to perceive and act on the consequences of nuclear conflict, the most compelling error in social perception of our age. The mistake is believing that the advanced industrial countries, socialist and capitalist, are a guide and model for the economic and social development of the new countries of the world. This error arises in no slight measure from the failure of the older industrial countries to understand their own history or to appreciate the sources and wellsprings of their own development and modern well-being.

In the last century, when public minds in the United States turned to economic development, it was chiefly to agriculture: to the best design for the tenure and use of public lands; to the establishment of rural schools and agricultural experiment stations; to a transportation system that was very largely in the service of agriculture and for which, I must sadly say, we borrowed extensively and did not always pay. Some thought—but no comparable thought—was given to industrial development. It was not that industry was believed unimportant; rather, at that stage in the development process, agriculture was rightly seen as having the higher claim.

This part of their own experience the older industrial lands have now largely forgotten. When the question of economic development comes up, the developed countries look at their present industry, not at their past concern for agriculture, and stress industrialization. The growth of urban industry is thought the true test of economic development. This is greatly at variance with the real requirements of the historical process.

There is another and yet more important error. Much of the advice flowing from the older industrial countries reflects modern ideological attitudes toward economic development. From the Western democracies—and my own government is not notably silent—comes the case for free enterprise, by the courageous still called capitalism. From the socialist world comes word that development should occur in a socialist frame. Proponents of each system look at what they have, reflect on its merits, and recommend and sponsor its export to the new, predominantly agricultural lands.

I have had occasion to admire the accomplished ideologue who, on passing through an Asian or a South American jungle, can tell whether it is capitalist or communist. He exercises a similar skill when he comes to an agricultural village. We make a grave, even foolish mistake when we carry over to agriculture the ideological concepts and debate relevant to the mature industrial world. And in doing so, we delay or abort the very development we seek. We must, as Marx urged, leave the undoubted pleasure of the debate as between socialism and capitalism until there is capitalism. We must, instead, accept the existence of an earlier, third system—the agricultural system—and identify and pursue the policies relevant thereto.

We would agree, I think, that the agricultural system has one basic feature that is both socially stable and economically efficient. That is

the cultivator-operated landholding: the farm unit for which responsibility lies with the woman or man who works it, one which in scale is related to what the operator can accomplish with her or his own labor and intelligence. In striking measure it is the one—the only—agricultural structure that, when it exists, no one seeks to change.

Nothing over the centuries has been more persistent and even eloquent than the efforts of landlords to make the case for large and personally rewarding holdings. And to proclaim their affection and compassion for workers, sharecroppers, and tenants, and the need of these for a superior guiding intelligence. They have not made the case as to efficiency, stability, or intelligence. Nothing has been more conducive to social tension and revolution, or so remains to this day.

From the case for the cultivator-operated farm unit there comes, in any discussion of the agricultural system, the question of land reform. Land reform is widely celebrated in principle, but it is wonderfully resisted in practice. In these last decades there has been far more land reform in legislation than in fact. This has been especially so when the political power structure that reflects the landed interest has remained intact.

But I am not here today to score ideological points. It has been, I venture, one of the lessons of modern socialism that it does not easily preempt the self-motivated farm proprietor. There are serious problems of efficiency and motivation in the large-scale state farm or collective. Again the error is assuming that what is relevant for industry is relevant for agriculture. Again my plea to all the new countries that they not burden their agriculture with the ideological baggage of the developed lands.

Another characteristic of the agricultural system, as distinct from the modern industrial system, is the critical role of education. Here, particularly, the more mature industrial countries have gravely misunderstood their own history. In the eighteenth and especially the last century, when these countries thought of the instruments of progress and development, it was education that came immediately to mind. Not steel mills but schools. Schools were rightly taken to be the natural counterpart of an improving agricultural system. No error in the advice given to the new countries in recent decades rivals that which places investment in industrial capital ahead of investment in human capital.

I do not mean to suggest that the agricultural system—the agricultural stage in economic development—excludes investment. But it must have a strong agricultural orientation. Roads and transportation facilities, storage facilities,

irrigation works, and fertilizer plants are examples of such agricultural investment. It matters little whether such investments are under public or private auspices.

There is one investment that is shouldered in these days by many emerging countries and that the industrial lands did not have to make in their agricultural stage. This is the investment in complex military hardware. The United States at a comparable stage was blessed by virtually no military expenditures at all. We agree that the industrial countries should be persuaded not to sell such weaponry to the new countries. But I also urge a renewed determination among the new countries not to buy.

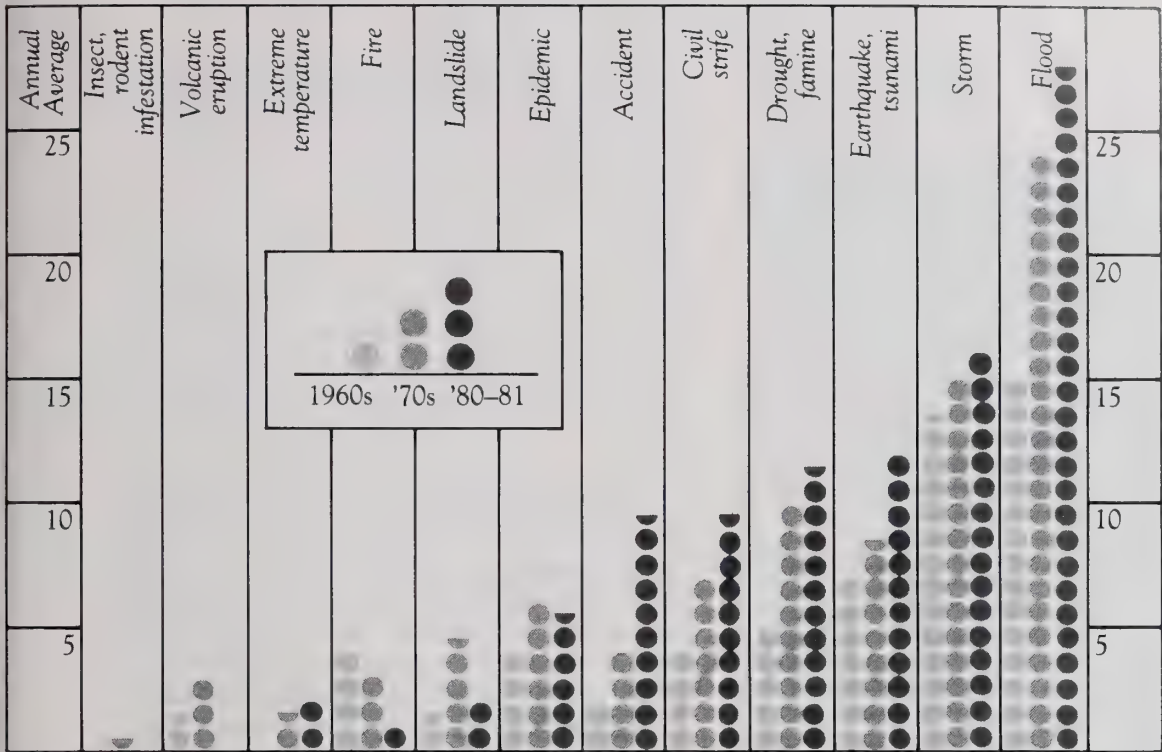
Coming to more traditional, if not more important, matters, I strongly urge the new countries to reconsider the common practice of keeping agricultural prices low as a concession to urban workers and dwellers, or for the political rewards of stable prices. The effect is to exchange later shortages for present, short-run advantage. Better to pay the present price as an encouragement to later and greater production.

Finally, as we consider the agricultural system and its improvement, let us not forget that any development must benefit all people involved in agriculture—specifically, both women and men, and certainly not men alone. All who are familiar with agriculture in the new countries know the problem: it is women who, in great and often unsupportable measure, do the hard farm work; it is men who enjoy social and political recognition and such preference in education, living standards, and leisure as can be afforded. Equality between the sexes in agriculture is not only a compelling social norm; it is an economic requisite. Only when women are fully and intelligently a part of the agricultural system does development proceed in an efficient way.

We recognize that economic life is a process of transformation; yet we systematically deny the practical implications of that recognition. Countries in the later stages of development, socialist or capitalist, look, not without satisfaction, at their own achievements and their ideological design and urge their model on countries in the earlier stages. And those countries look, not without envy, at countries in the later stages and assume that policies and actions applicable there can be transferred to them. A conspiracy, as it were, of error. This must not continue. We must recognize that preceding and anticipating the more developed economic systems there is the agricultural system. It has its own, different claim on policy and, perhaps a more difficult matter, on intelligence. And, I would add, on national pride. I plead this different claim now be fully exercised.

[Graph]

UNNATURAL DISASTERS



This graph, prepared by the Swedish Red Cross, appears in *Natural Disasters: Acts of God or Acts of Man?*, recently published by the International Institute for Environment and Development. The study found a dramatic increase in the number and severity of so-called natural disasters over the past three decades. Yet, according to the report, this increase cannot be attributed solely to climatic or geological changes: "Though triggered by natural events such as floods and earthquakes, disasters are increasingly man-made." Floods, droughts, and famines, for example, have as much to do with deforestation and poor agricultural techniques as with rainfall. The study also found that natural disasters disproportionately afflict the world's poor. In the case of earthquakes or storms, developed countries can limit their effects through zoning regulations, building codes, and communications systems.

[Memorandum]

ANNALS OF BUREAUCRATIC WARFARE

From a memorandum sent on October 24 to Nancy Steorts, chairman of the Consumer Products Safety Commission. Steorts resigned in late November.

TO: Nancy Harvey Steorts, chairman
 FROM: Stuart M. Statler, commissioner
 SUBJECT: Just-released 1983 CPSC annual report

The tenth-anniversary annual report arrived on my desk today, and I've just had an opportunity to peruse it. Since all commissioners and their special assistants had previously reviewed the text, the written report was as expected.

What astonished me was the selection of photos, which I'm reliably informed was done by Abby Chapple of your staff and by you. During my tenure at the commission I've tried to limit myself to matters of substance. But I can't help but be appalled at the preoccupation with photos of you, as chairman, in various guises and poses—culminating on the inside back cover in a thoroughly blurred full-page shot of you looking over a table at an audience of people whose only distinguishing feature is the backs of their heads. A very quick count indicated that, after the first page of mug shots of the five commissioners, you are emblazoned *ten additional times!* My own view is that the commissioners need not be depicted at all. But eleven photos of you modeling new spring and fall wardrobes in the course of a thirty-seven-page document is a bit much. (Did you ever consider showing product hazards?) Indeed, it's a colossal waste of taxpayers' money. This should be as much an embarrassment to you as it is to me to have to raise it.

Twice before I've refrained. The report coming out of last year's retailers' conference, as well as the report coming out of the state and local conference, similarly demonstrated what I can only assume is a consuming desire to have yourself plastered across those publications along much the same lines evidenced in the annual report. This has got to stop. It's a matter of taste . . . or the lack of it. I view this kind of appeal to the ego as tasteless in the extreme. . . .

On a related matter, this 1983 annual report, covering fiscal year 1983, was issued fully twelve months after the close of the year it purports to describe. In other words, it's dated. Surely, in your management capacity over this agency, you can get things moving along more promptly. The 1984 annual report should be in process right now (since we are already into FY 1985) for issuance by next October.

P.S. I was aware, without having to be reminded under the mug shots on the first page, that you were "unanimously confirmed by the U.S. Senate." In case you didn't know, *we all were!*

[Thesis]

LATINS MAKE LOUSY PLURALISTS

From "Pipe Dream: The Pluralistic Latins," by Glen C. Dealy, in the Winter 1984-85 issue of Foreign Policy. Dealy is professor of political science at Oregon State University.

The United States is currently working to build democracy in Central America on the assumption that "only a genuinely pluralistic approach can enable a profoundly divided society to live with itself without violent convulsions," in the words of Thomas Enders, former assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs. This assumption appears to be morally and politically unassailable. Yet it flies in the face of Latin America's political culture. To Latin Americans, choosing among competing factions all too often seems a choice between chaos and privilege. Latin Americans maintain that union comes from unity, not from diversity—*Ex unibus unum*, not *E pluribus unum*, is their motto. Their political beliefs are based on medieval and Renaissance corporatist theory, which predated John Locke. Corporatists believe that society is best governed with a collective goal in mind.

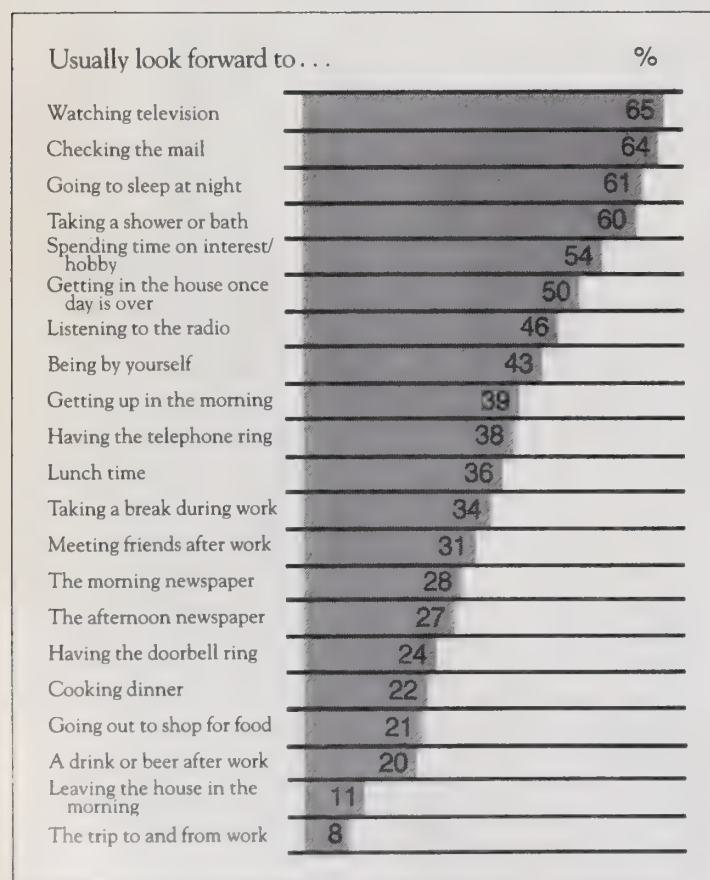
Unlike liberal democrats, who believe that the general welfare is advanced through the protection of a large number of different groups, those both in and out of power in Central America agree that opposing factions invariably disrupt public order and cannot be sufficiently restrained by countervailing power centers.

For 150 years, Latin American governments have endeavored not to balance competing centers of power but to integrate or eliminate them in the name of collective harmony. This enduring effort has characterized regimes both benign and arbitrary; civilian and military; rightist, leftist, and centrist. Castro's Cuba, for instance, is only one in a long line of centralized governments. Its unitary aspirations are shared by regimes as diverse as those of Argentina, Bolivia, Guatemala, Panama, and Paraguay. As Argentina's dictator Juan Perón prophesied, "The society of the future will be a perfect harmony wherein no discordant note is heard."

North Americans tend to believe that these centralized and authoritarian regimes are perversions of the common person's fundamental desire for pluralistic government. But however superficially the constitutional systems of Latin America resemble that of the United States,

[Chart]

FAST TIMES



BARBARA MARTIN

From Public Opinion, August/September 1984. In this survey, which was conducted by the Roper Organization, respondents were asked which of these activities they look forward to in an average day.

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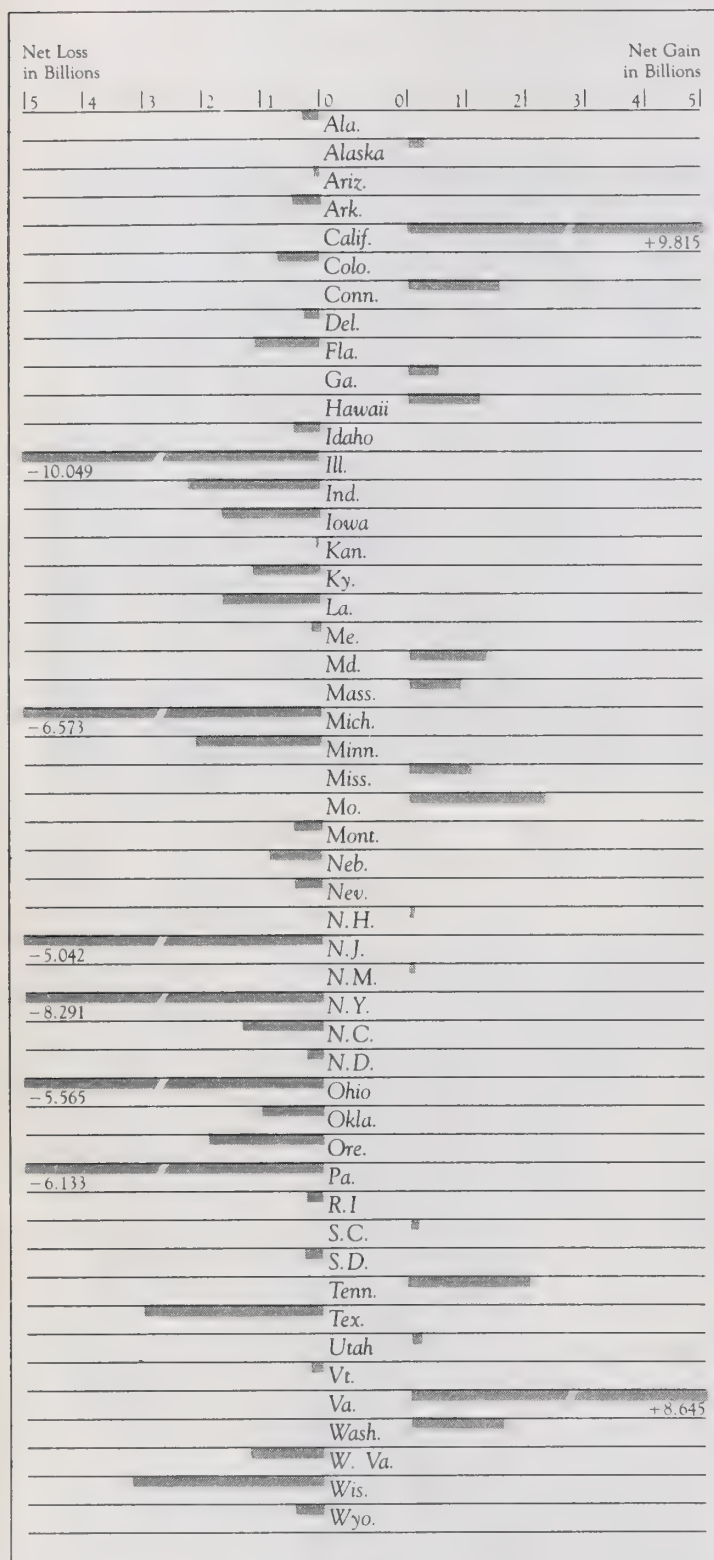
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[Chart]

THE PENTAGON TAX



BARBARA MARTIN

From *Bankrupting America*, by James R. Anderson, a study of military spending sponsored by Employment Research Associates. The chart shows each state's "balance of payments" with the Pentagon: the amount the state receives in military contracts minus the amount it pays in federal taxes earmarked for the Pentagon.

Latin America's are ultimately grounded in Perón's premise. Their laws seek "to ensure domestic tranquility," as the U.S. Constitution puts it, not by establishing checks and balances but by encouraging government intervention on behalf of the community. The constitution of Guatemala, for example, reins in individuals and groups by stating, "The free exercise of the rights established by the Constitution is guaranteed with no limitations other than those deriving from the necessity of maintaining the public and social order." From early-nineteenth-century military dictatorships to the death squads in Guatemala and the Marxist junta in Nicaragua, the desire for monolithic order has justified the elimination of opposition groups. Opponents are not seen as representatives of other interests or ways of thinking but as a menace to the community. Diversity and anarchy are synonymous—evils to be removed.

Latin Americans do have a democratic tradition—it is just not a pluralistic one. They embrace a pre-Lockean view of popular sovereignty: the people may collectively overthrow an unjust prince, but they may not put effective checks on his daily behavior or term in power. Thus Latin Americans often speak of "social democracy" or "economic democracy"—a government of and for but not necessarily by the people. Individual rights and elections, cornerstones of pluralistic government, take on new meaning when viewed in this context.

While human rights are defended throughout Latin America, individual rights are not. When political theory gives precedence to the common over the particular, individuals per se can hold no inalienable prerogatives. Collective ends inevitably limit liberty, since personal freedom invariably conflicts with community goals. Aquinas, the Church dogmatist, introduced this qualification to Catholic culture: "Laws are passed to ensure the smooth running of the commonwealth. Unrestricted rights are not allowed in any civil constitution. Even in a democratic state, where the whole people exercise power, rights are not absolute but relative."

Not surprisingly, Latin American thinkers and politicians reinterpreted Enlightenment premises in order to protect the community: the "Rights of Man" became "the common rights of men." If rights were common instead of individual, it seemed logical to see them as collective goals rather than as freedoms to be protected—thus the lists of "social rights" guaranteed by Latin American constitutions and the tendency to associate freedom with bread, schools, and hospitals.

Most Latin Americans perceive constitutionally prescribed elections as yet another threat to the community. By accenting differences, elec-

tions exacerbate latent conflicts; they disrupt the whole both in theory and in practice. Moreover, Latin Americans are persuaded that superior government comes from above rather than from the wisdom of numerous individual judgments. During the three years I spent teaching graduate students in Guatemala and Nicaragua, I didn't meet a single individual of any political orientation who believed in the popular vote. While some voted in order to avoid penalties—according to State Department figures, Guatemalans cast nearly as many blank ballots as they cast for the party that won the popular vote in 1984—none saw an imperative for politicians to assume or surrender power merely because the people had spoken.

Regardless of their record on elections or human rights, centralized regimes in Latin America eventually face a popular test of their legitimacy. The people invariably decide whether a regime is one that endeavors to rule in the name of the whole by integrating diverse interests—such as civilian-led Mexico, Panama under Omar Torrijos Herrera, the late populist military president, and Marxist Nicaragua—or one that aims to govern in the name of a privileged part of the whole by excluding or, if need be, eliminating representatives of the less privileged, as has happened in Guatemala and El Salvador. The masses consider the first type of government legitimate, but not the second.

The lesson seems apparent: the United States should de-emphasize inapplicable democratic procedures and support friendly, non-Marxist leaders with real or potential popular appeal. However ideologically unpalatable this may be, the United States should reconsider its emphasis on electoral legitimacy and heed the words of Torrijos when he chided Senator Edward Kennedy in 1972. Kennedy, he said, had fallen into “the generalized error of North American politicians of classifying Latin American governments by their origins and not by their intentions.”

Latin American countries—like Mexico, with its one dominant party—are not now and may never become democratic in the American sense of the word. The question is whether leaders will arise to fulfill the region's political heritage. Will they, like Torrijos, reinterpret and broaden their ideology of collective well-being to encompass those who live on the margins of society? Or will they leave that task to Marxist *caudillos*?

Latin Americans consider it axiomatic that the judicial, electoral, and administrative processes are only as fair as the regime in power. “That government is best which governs least” may be a sensible dictum for liberal democracies. In Latin America, as in Renaissance Italy,

laissez-faire regimes have neither precedent nor utility. Governments either rule in the name of the whole or are eventually overthrown, regardless of their electoral origins. Allende's Chile demonstrated that the left is no more immune to that principle than the right. The U.S. emphasis on pluralistic government effectively ties its national security interests to a political vision outside the range of Central American philosophical and pragmatic possibility.

[Narrative]

“NO ELECTIONS!”

From Getting to Know the General, by Graham Greene, published by Simon and Schuster. Below, Greene describes a rally in Managua, Nicaragua, shortly after the Sandinistas took power.

The president of Costa Rica spoke first. Like a good social democrat he pleaded earnestly for early elections. Those on the platform listened to him in a glum, disapproving silence, and so did the crowd below. There was no sign of enthusiasm. After a victory in arms against heroic odds, “early elections” is not a rousing slogan in Central America. Another outsider spoke next—the bishop of Cuernavaca, popularly known in Mexico as the Red Bishop. He too failed to arouse interest. Then came the army leader and minister of defense, Humberto Ortega. He began by proclaiming frankly that there would be no elections before 1985, and these words were greeted with enthusiasm by the packed crowd below and even stronger enthusiasm by the middle-class types on the platform, who were thus able to show their disapproval of the president of Costa Rica. It was as though the men on the platform were reassuring the crowd of their loyalty by their applause, and the crowd cheered them back, reassuring them in return. “No elections before 1985”—that was a revolutionary slogan they could understand.

I was puzzled by their response until I remembered what the word “election” meant in Nicaragua. During his long reign Somoza had frequently called elections and had thus legitimized his dictatorship, if only in the eyes of the United States, by winning all of them with huge majorities. So “election” for most people in the crowd was a word which meant trickery. “No elections” was a promise to them of no trickery.

[Thesis]

MONKEYS AND SHAKESPEARE: A DISSENT

From "Making a Monkey of Shakespeare," by David Osselton, in the November 1 issue of New Scientist, the English weekly.

The idea that a large enough work force of monkeys trained to type in a random fashion, and kept at it for a long enough time, would sooner or later come up with a Shakespeare sonnet, or even his whole works, is widely believed, even among scientists and mathematicians.

The mathematicians have more excuse for their credulity, for the math involved in the proposition is both simple and sound. There remains, however, the physical problem of sheer size. It is easy to demonstrate that the numbers involved are just far, far too big. Indeed, so enormous that they can have no real meaning.

Let us first consider the very much shorter task of typing the name William Shakespeare using a rather crude typewriter with only fifty different characters (most machines have more than eighty). The probability is that this would require about 50^{19} , or 2×10^{32} , strokes. Typing three strokes a second for eight hours a day without any holidays would occupy a million million monkeys for a million million years!

It may be argued that with the use of modern technology the possibility of accomplishing such huge tasks cannot be ruled out. A miniature electronic typing machine would cut out the monkey business and could work much faster. Suppose large numbers of such machines were given the task of typing not a whole sonnet but just the two lines "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, / Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Even this small task would require some 10^{150} strokes on a fifty-character machine. But 10^{150} is billions and billions of times more than the estimated number of atoms in the universe. If the whole earth from crust to core were turned into typing paper it wouldn't be sufficient to get decently started on the job. Yet this need not daunt us, as the machines could, no doubt, be made to scan their own work, erase failures, and recycle the paper, tape, or whatever, thus elegantly overcoming the supply problem.

There would, however, still be an energy problem. Electronic gadgets use very little power, but there is a theoretical limit to the efficiency that can be attained. For a letter to be

recorded there must be a physical change of state, and this could not be accomplished with less than a quantum of energy corresponding to a minimal transition of an electron from one orbit to another. By terrestrial standards, 10^{150} such quanta of energy is a very large amount. An incandescent sphere the size of the earth would not radiate anywhere near so much in a period a thousand times longer than the present age of the universe. Obviously, then, there is no earthly chance of generating a literary work by any such random process. It may be fairly concluded that the ideas suggested by the monkey fable are totally misleading. That is to say, the belief that in the fullness of time random events will ineluctably come up with the right combination is less potent than has been commonly supposed.

[Memoir]

VIETNAM PORTENTS

From Obbligato: Notes on a Foreign Service Career, by William H. Sullivan, who recently retired after thirty-two years in the U.S. Foreign Service. He served as ambassador to Laos, the Philippines, and Iran. Published by W.W. Norton.

My first serious involvement with Vietnam was in the form of a weeklong war game organized by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1962. In order to ensure maximum objectivity, the Chiefs had engaged the Rand Corporation to draw up the rules of the game and to act as a control team. The opposing red and blue teams were to represent all factions that would presumably be involved if the United States were to expand its role in Vietnam. The game would be played as a command post exercise; its point was to project how the Vietnam situation might unfold over a span of about ten years given certain assumptions that would be introduced into the proceedings from a script prepared by the control team. In principle, those assumptions were neutral, and their effect on the outcome of the game would be determined by the way in which the red and blue teams reacted to them.

The opposing teams were divided into two echelons. The senior group functioned on the policy level and met only sporadically during the game. The other group operated at the action level and was in session eight hours a day. The blue team's policy chief was John McCone, head of the CIA, and its action chief was an Air Force general. The red team's policy chief was

General Maxwell Taylor, former chief of staff of the Army, who was then senior military adviser to President Kennedy; I was head of the red action team. On my action team there was a Marine Corps general, colonels from the Army and Air Force, a Navy captain, some senior intelligence officers, and civilians from relevant government departments and agencies.

Taylor instructed me to play the game according to the rules of guerrilla warfare, accept heavy casualties, exploit propaganda opportunities, and brazenly disregard the truth. He particularly wanted our action group to play upon any weaknesses we could find in the traditional military doctrines of our opponents as well as in the civil processes of a democracy. He took some relish in casting himself as Ho Chi Minh and encouraged me to think of myself as General Giap, the case-hardened commander of North Vietnam's troops. We launched the game with zeal.

By the end of the week—a point that represented the winter of 1972—the game had played itself out. The red (North Vietnamese) forces were everywhere on the map of Indochina. We had overrun most of Laos and we controlled the countryside of South Vietnam and the cordillera extending into Cambodia. We had suffered severe casualties, but our structure was still intact and we had solid support from the Soviet Union and China. We had extended and demoralized the forces of South Vietnam. Most important, 500,000 American troops had been bogged down in the quagmire of Indochina and a large portion of the U.S. Navy and Air Force had become involved. We had caused great U.S. expenditures on this feckless enterprise and had provoked great agitation and unrest in the American population, especially on university campuses. Moreover, we had all but isolated the United States in the United Nations and in world public opinion and we had driven the U.S. Congress to the brink of revolt over the seemingly endless war.

John McCone concluded that his organization ought to call it quits and cut its losses. The experience of playing that game made him a dove on Vietnam. He felt that its projections were accurate and that the shadows they cast should be heeded.

Other participants drew different conclusions. Some Air Force officers felt that the control team was unrealistic in its scoring of certain actions. They felt, for example, that it was wrong to let the red team persist in its military operations in the face of an unrelenting U.S. air assault against targets in North Vietnam and along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They felt the control team was also wrong in letting our red hit-and-run tactics succeed against some of their

[Best-Seller List]

GREATEST CONSERVATIVE HITS

From "The Marketplace of Ideas," by Jean Savage, in the Fall 1984 issue of Policy Review, a quarterly published by the Heritage Foundation. Savage compiled this list of the best-selling conservative books of the past forty years.

	Copies Sold
<i>The Road to Serfdom</i> (1944) Friedrich Hayek	206,000
<i>God and Man at Yale</i> (1951) William F. Buckley Jr.	69,700
<i>Witness</i> (1952) Whittaker Chambers	Unavailable
<i>The Conservative Mind</i> (1953) Russell Kirk	37,750
<i>Atlas Shrugged</i> (1957) Ayn Rand	4,132,000
<i>Conscience of a Conservative</i> (1960) Barry Goldwater	3,500,000
<i>A Choice, Not an Echo</i> (1964) Phyllis Schlafly	3,000,000
<i>The Unheavenly City</i> (1970) Edward C. Banfield	100,000*
<i>A Time for Truth</i> (1978) William E. Simon	2,550,000
<i>Free to Choose</i> (1979) Milton Friedman	1,240,000
<i>Wealth and Poverty</i> (1981) George Gilder	350,000
<i>A Christian Manifesto</i> (1981) Francis August Schaeffer	312,000

*through 1972

installations in South Vietnam. I specifically remember their cry of foul when my guerrillas were able to blow up a large number of U.S. aircraft at Bien Hoa airfield. I remember this so clearly because when I looked out the window of my airplane in November 1964 as I was leaving Vietnam to return to Washington to be sworn in as ambassador to Laos, I saw black smoke billowing from the airport at Bien Hoa, where a guerrilla attack had succeeded in blowing up fuel, ammunition, and a number of U.S. aircraft.

[Letter to the Editor]

DISARMAMENT DELUSIONS

Joseph Brodsky, the Russian émigré poet, wrote the following letter to the London Times Literary Supplement in response to a critical review it published last summer of *La Force du vertige*, by André Glucksman. Glucksman, who is closely identified with France's nouveaux philosophes, is an outspoken critic of the European peace movement. The review in question was written by Michael Ignatieff.

Courting a banality perhaps, may I submit that the peace movement in Europe today is essentially a millenarian phenomenon? Each time a chronological non-event of the kind we are to face in less than fifteen years starts to loom on the human horizon (the end of a millennium, or of a century; sometimes even of a decade) it causes a great deal of bustling and commotion in societies with however marginal an ecclesiastical background. The closeness of a New Jerusalem or an apocalypse is whispered about or trumpeted in private and public gatherings. If successful, a millenarian movement results either in the emergence of a new creed or in social upheaval. If it fails, it peters out in utopian writing, in science fiction, or in the dry sands of political science. Whatever the outcome, the immediate byproduct is a great deal of rhetoric and, at times, some mayhem.

Today, of course, the issue is the coming of the apocalypse. Yet the sentiments of its present prophets, unlike those of their predecessors in the 1930s, whose fear of war was based on the fresh memory of the 1914-18 carnage, are not genuine but borrowed: from literature, movies, journalism; at best, from Holy Writ. If there is anything properly their own, it's the fear of death inherent in nearly every living organism. Yet if nuclear weaponry promotes this private fear to the rank of general eschatology, one should only be grateful for the opportunity to get all these eschatological tendencies out of one's system. In this sense, the peace movement in Europe today is a healthy development, a form of mass therapy.

The movement's main emphasis is on the tools of mass destruction—Pershings, cruises, SS-20s, MIRVs, ICBMs, the concept of MAD—rather than on conventional forces. In other words, the movement concerns itself with the prospect of global annihilation, not with war's more localized versions. Thus, modern pacifists don't qualify for the term, since they are against the obliteration of the species, not against the

destruction of some. Such a sense of priorities speaks for itself, yet this error of emphasis is not so much an ethical as a tactical one, considering the peace movement's purpose. If its members are genuinely interested in disarmament, their concern should be first of all with conventional forces. The core of every military doctrine is conquest. One delivers a strike (first, third, umpteenth) in order to bring down the adversary's defenses and move one's troops in. That is what conventional forces are for. Thus, dismantling them would reduce—not to say remove—the *casus belli* their existence invariably provides. And that in turn may effectively cancel out the need for nuclear arms. If the peace movement in Europe is to have any meaning, it must make the elimination of conventional forces its primary objective.

This objective can be achieved only in the presence of the deterrent, for indeed, only under the nuclear umbrella can the peace movement exist at all. It's irrelevant who holds the umbrella's handle, as long as it is held firmly. In many ways it's better that the job of holding be done by the United States; to say the least, it's easier on the European nations economically. Due to technological progress, the hemispheres today find themselves in biblical proximity—that of Cain to Abel—which renders the discourse about sovereignty over national defenses in Europe a bit futile. In view of this, Mr. Ignatieff's reference to the genial Bourbon in the White House is positively swinish. After all, Ignatieff is allowed to dissect hairs on the bald head of the European defense problem (with the help of the Soviet ax, I am tempted to add) precisely through that Bourbon's geniality. The same may be said about the squabbling of the European nations in front of the enemy's aimed missiles—something that frightens André Glucksman but pleases Ignatieff as evidence of democracy. This is not evidence of democracy; this is evidence of the nuclear deterrent.

Ignatieff spurns Glucksman for not presenting the least evidence of Soviet plans or capabilities for overrunning Western Europe militarily or Finlandizing it. As Ignatieff is incapable of offering evidence to the contrary, the reader is left to a hierarchy of surmises depending on his own temperament. Yet doesn't the record of a nation's international conduct constitute evidence? And if it doesn't, what does? To some extent, all countries are captives of their history, and totalitarian states are more captive than others. To surmise the opposite, to look for the "human" side of things, to seek a better understanding of the adversary, may be good ethnography, but as politics it is imprudent. True, the people in a totalitarian state are warm, hospitable, industrious, and genial; like ourselves, they



This arpillera, an embroidered, appliquéd wall hanging, appeared in the Summer 1984 Feminist Studies. It is a product of the underground cultural movement that has emerged in Chile under General Pinochet. According to Eliana Moya-Raggio, who wrote about the arpilleristas for Feminist Studies, women in Santiago meet weekly in workshops to discuss design ideas; later they sew the arpilleras at home, using scrap material. The Catholic Church offers safe meeting places and sells the finished pieces, the income from which is often vital for the women and their families. Arpilleras are rarely seen in Chile; gallery owners who have attempted to exhibit them have been harassed.

are capable of orgasm. Yet one can't trust people who lack freedom of choice. When it comes to the rub, it's not they who will decide.

Glucksman is correct in regarding the overrunning of Western Europe militarily or the reduction of it to the status of a client state à la Finland as plausible Kremlin scenarios. However, the main purpose of the Soviet military buildup is somewhat different. As both nuclear parity with the West and the low quality of Soviet production effectively block the Soviet Union's military or economic expansion and its control of the Eurasian land mass (which is its present, if not sole, objective), the only avenue it sees open for itself and leading in the desired direction is that of military blackmail. Because its economy is state-controlled, the Soviet Union can increase its arsenal ad infinitum. (The only thing that may suffer is not the purse,

as Western analysts tend to think, but natural resources; at present, however, this is of no concern to the state.) In order to maintain parity, the West, and the United States in particular, has to increase military spending at a corresponding rate. For a supply-and-demand type of economy, this course is suicidal. We all know that the more that goes to the military, the less that goes to the public sector. In an open society, this breeds discontent and may lead to instability, if not to collapse. In other words, the Soviet Union sees its military buildup as leverage with which it can control the economic and political well-being of its adversaries. In the eyes of the Kremlin, Western economies can withstand this sort of race only up to a certain point, unless of course they pool their resources. And that is to be prevented at all costs, and in all guises.

The Soviet Union is not interested in any form of international tranquillity, if only because that would leave the stage free for purely economic competition. For a country with both a centralized economy and global ambitions such a prospect is somewhat nightmarish. So the Soviet Union will gladly participate in—nay, initiate—arms control and peace conferences in the hope that divisions among the European nations will eventually remove that folded umbrella from the stalls of the European theater. Then the Iron Curtain will rise and without much ado Act III will take place. As for those members of the public who ponder the advantages of being Red rather than dead, they had better be notified that their calculations are premature: it is the Reds who will decide whether they are to become Red or fall dead.

As long as the conventional forces remain on stage, Abel's only sensible course of action is to pick up a stone for every stone in Cain's possession, in the hope of wearing him out.

Our ability to swallow a lie has to do with our instinct for comfort. And the main characteristic of any successful lie is precisely that it makes us feel comfortable by reducing our awareness of the species' negative potential; that's why we are so often unpleasantly surprised. On the other hand, that's the story of Western civilization. In this sense, *La Force du vertige* has been reviewed by a highly civilized individual.

[Thesis]

THE MYTH OF FRONTIER VIOLENCE

From "The Heritage of the Frontier," a lecture delivered by Roger D. McGrath at a conference on California history held in November at California State University at Long Beach. McGrath, a professor of history at UCLA, is the author of Gunfighters, Highwaymen, and Vigilantes: Violence on the Frontier, recently published by the University of California Press.

It is commonly assumed that violence is part of our frontier heritage. But the historical record shows that frontier violence was very different from violence today. Robbery and burglary, two of our most common crimes, were of no great significance in the frontier towns of the Old West, and rape was seemingly nonexistent.

Bodie, one of the principal towns on the trans-Sierra frontier, illustrates the point. Nestled high in the mountains of eastern California, Bodie, which boomed in the late 1870s and

early 1880s, ranked among the most notorious frontier towns of the Old West. It was, as one prospector put it, the last of the old-time mining camps.

Like the trans-Sierra frontier in general, Bodie was indisputably violent and lawless, yet most people were not affected. Fistfights and gunfights among willing combatants—gamblers, miners, and the like—were regular events, and stagecoach holdups were not unusual. But the old, the young, the weak, and the female—so often the victims of crime today—were generally not harmed.

Robbery was more often aimed at stagecoaches than at individuals. Highwaymen usually took only the express box and left the passengers alone. There were eleven stagecoach robberies in Bodie between 1878 and 1882, and in only two instances were passengers robbed. (In one instance, the highwaymen later apologized for their conduct.)

There were only ten robberies and three attempted robberies of individuals in Bodie during its boom years, and in nearly every case the circumstances were the same: the victim had spent the evening in a gambling den, saloon, or brothel; he had revealed that he had on his person a significant sum of money; and he was staggering home drunk when the attack occurred.

Bodie's total of twenty-one robberies—eleven of stages and ten of individuals—over a five-year period converts to a rate of eighty-four robberies per 100,000 inhabitants per year. On this scale—the same scale used by the FBI to index crime—New York City's robbery rate in 1980 was 1,140, Miami's was 995, and Los Angeles's was 628. The rate for the United States as a whole was 243. Thus Bodie's robbery rate was significantly below the national average in 1980.

Perhaps the greatest deterrent to crime in Bodie was the fact that so many people were armed. Armed guards prevented bank robberies and holdups of stagecoaches carrying shipments of bullion, and armed homeowners and merchants discouraged burglary. Between 1878 and 1882, there were only thirty-two burglaries—seventeen of homes and fifteen of businesses—in Bodie. At least a half-dozen burglaries were thwarted by the presence of armed citizens. The newspapers regularly advocated shooting burglars on sight, and several burglars were, in fact, shot at.

Using the FBI scale, Bodie's burglary rate for those five years was 128. Miami's rate in 1980 was 3,282, New York City's was 2,661, and Los Angeles's was 2,602. The rate of the United States as a whole was 1,668, thirteen times that of Bodie.

Bodie's law enforcement institutions were

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From the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

certainly not responsible for these low rates. Rarely were robbers or burglars arrested, and even less often were they convicted. Moreover, many law enforcement officers operated on both sides of the law.

It was the armed citizens themselves who were the most potent—though not the only—deterrent to larcenous crime. Another was the threat of vigilantism. Highwaymen, for example, understood that while they could take the express box from a stagecoach without arousing the citizens, they risked inciting the entire populace to action if they robbed the passengers.

There is considerable evidence that women in Bodie were rarely the victims of crime. Between 1878 and 1882 only one woman, a prostitute, was robbed, and there were no reported cases of rape. (There is no evidence that rapes occurred but were not reported.)

Finally, juvenile crime, which accounts for a significant portion of the violent crime in the United States today, was limited in Bodie to pranks and malicious mischief.

If robbery, burglary, crimes against women, and juvenile crime were relatively rare on the trans-Sierra frontier, homicide was not: thirty-one Bodieites were shot, stabbed, or beaten to death during the boom years, for a homicide rate of 116. No U.S. city today comes close to this rate. In 1980, Miami led the nation with a homicide rate of 32.7; Las Vegas was a distant

second at 23.4. A half-dozen cities had rates of zero. The rate for the United States as a whole in that year was a mere 10.2.

Several factors contributed to Bodie's high homicide rate. A majority of the town's residents were young, adventurous, single males who adhered to a code of conduct that frequently required them to fight even if, or perhaps especially if, it could mean death. Courage was admired above all else. Alcohol also played a major role in fostering the settlement of disputes by violence.

If the men's code of conduct and their consumption of alcohol made fighting inevitable, their sidearms often made it fatal. While the carrying of guns probably reduced the incidence of robbery and burglary, it undoubtedly increased the number of homicides.

For the most part, the citizens of Bodie were not troubled by the great number of killings; nor were they troubled that only one man was ever convicted of murder. They accepted the killings and the lack of convictions because most of those killed had been willing combatants.

Thus the violence and lawlessness of the trans-Sierra frontier bear little relation to the violence and lawlessness that pervade American society today. If Bodie is at all representative of frontier towns, there is little justification for blaming contemporary American violence on our frontier heritage.

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LETTERS

Pornography and Its Discontents

I enjoyed reading the Forum "The Place of Pornography" [*Harper's*, November 1984]. It was most interesting—though not surprising—that the discussion went round and round without even approaching a useful definition of pornography.

As the panelists made clear, there are many people who would like to regulate porn. Anyone presuming to do so must first separate it from other forms of expression, since free expression is protected by the First Amendment. But if pornography isn't free expression, I don't know what is. For all practical purposes, "pornography" is what the censor wants to censor, and "regulate" is a euphemism.

Susan Brownmiller says in the Forum our society is able to distinguish between pornography and politics, but I think she has failed to do just that. Those who would impose their political views on the rest of us—whether they want prayer in school or censorship—often dress their arguments in pious clothes. They claim that their perspective is the one all right-thinking people must share. Well, it ain't necessarily so.

I am an advocate of First Amendment rights. Given a choice between greater governmental control and greater personal freedom, I would choose freedom. This choice reflects

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

what I consider a healthy repulsion toward imposing one's moral choices on everyone else. The antiporn groups, it seems, would rather err on the side of state power, eroding the rights of the individual.

Midge Decter asserts that pornography is "helping to destroy all humane and valuable attitudes about sex; we will be lucky if there is any sex at all twenty-five years from now." Has she even considered the possibility that porn has positive effects? At a recent conference at Columbia University, the eminent psychoanalyst Dr. Otto Kernberg said that inhibition "limits a couple to conventional standards that stifle passion." He said pornography, on the other hand, can stimulate an active fantasy life—can be an antidote to stifled passion. "A rebellious sex life within the bounds of a couple," he concluded, can be "the cement of marriage."

I am an optimist. If we don't forget that there are more serious threats to our future than pornography, I am certain there will be sex twenty-five years from now. I hope to be having some. I hope I won't need to ask for a censor's permission. Time will tell.

Hugh M. Hefner
Los Angeles, Calif.

"It's horrendous and I hate it but I'll fight for your right to..." is the respectable defense of pornography. Less respectable is to admit that porn may not be all bad. Even less respectable is to suggest that the objectification of women—one of porn's most "appalling" features—is neither mon-

olithic nor always evil. It may be something we need, something women need.

We need it because it's part of play. And, as the Dutch historian Johan Huizinga wrote, play is "an absolutely primary category of life." He described it as "not serious but... absorbing the player intensely... connected with no material interest... the essential feature of it lies in the parading of something out of the ordinary and calculated to arouse admiration..." Play involves "tension, poise, balance, contrast, variation, solution, resolution, etc..." Tension means uncertainty; a striving to decide the issue and so end it."

There's no use saying that both parties are subjects in a "feminist" flirtation; one person may be the subject one moment, the other later on (the way people "take turns" in other games), but at any given moment someone must be the object or the game can't be played. And we might as well admit that being the object is flattering and enormous fun. By pretending it's not we only end up knowing less about ourselves.

We may need to be objects in the same way that we need to play. We may need the admiration, pure and simple—the posturing, the dressing up, the poses, the moves, the chance and risk, the successful dénouement.

Objectification—like porn, and as the basis of porn—has always been a target of feminism. As chattel, womb, or cunt we get rather a bad deal. Obviously we have to fight all that, but perhaps we'd do better to determine when objectification is demeaning and when it's a lark; when it's the source of contempt, discrimination, or violence and when it's a game, without profit other than its own kick.

Marcia Pally
New York, N.Y.

Since *Harper's* published that infamous "meat-grinder" cover of *Hustler* as a sidebar to the pornography Forum, I feel compelled once again to publicly apologize to any women who felt hurt by it. Although I was nomi-

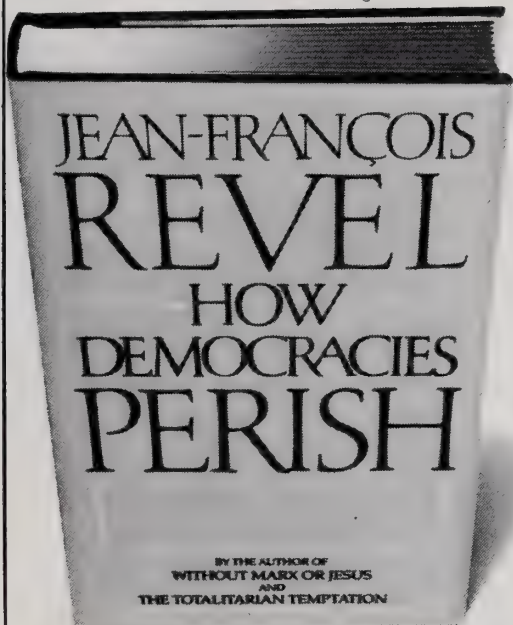
"Brilliant...Warnings that it would be very foolish to ignore." —John Gross, *New York Times**

In her speech before the Republican Convention, U.N. Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick said: "The American people understand, as the distinguished French writer Jean-François Revel

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nally publisher of *Hustler* when the cover appeared, I was powerless to prevent the dissemination of that image. Whatever the intent of the cover, I'm sure the pain it caused was real.

Paul Krassner
San Francisco, Calif.

There is a great difference between sexual oppression in countries like El Salvador—countries where, as Aryeh Neier pointed out, there is little or no pornography—and rape in the United States. In the countries Neier mentioned, rape and sexual humiliation are means of warfare, means of terrorizing women into silence. Repressive governments use sexual humiliation as a weapon against free speech.

In the United States, women are not raped by government soldiers or police. For the most part, they are raped by men they know: men they work with, acquaintances, family members.

Rebecca Seiferle
Bloomfield, N.M.

I support Susan Brownmiller's contention in the Forum that "pornography promotes a climate of opinion in which sexual hostility against women is not only tolerated but ideologically encouraged."

Recent studies have found that exposure to violent pornography makes some men more tolerant of violence against women and causes them to have more callous attitudes toward them. This does not mean, of course, that men who are exposed to large amounts of violent pornography will eventually commit a violent act. But there may be other effects of such exposure. It might influence the judgment of a man serving as a juror in a rape trial, or it might influence the way he responds to a rapist or a rape victim. These reactions help create a social climate that may encourage men to act in a discriminatory or even violent way toward women.

It is important to stress that there is little scientific support for any simple cause-and-effect relationship be-

tween exposure to pornography and violent crime. What recent research does show is that, in general, there is a correlation between the amount of pornography consumed in a state and the rape rate in that state.

There are important exceptions to this correlation. Some states and some countries have a high rate of pornography consumption but a low rape rate. These exceptions suggest that even if some complex causal link were discovered, it would often be mitigated by individual and cultural factors.

We can no longer assume that the media, including pornography, only have to do with fantasy. Media messages that eroticize violence or communicate myths about women can contribute to changes in attitudes, perceptions, and even behavior, although these changes in and of themselves may not cause criminal acts.

Neil M. Malamuth
Dept. of Communication Studies
UCLA
Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil M. Malamuth is co-editor, with Edward Donnerstein, of *Pornography and Sexual Aggression* (Academic Press).

A cogent case can be made that Congress should pass a law forbidding interstate commerce in any goods intended for commercial entertainment that visually depict explicit sexual behavior. If the law specified "the visual portrayal or simulation of ultimate sexual acts, including intercourse, sodomy, cunnilingus, fellatio, analingus, and masturbation, where the penetration or ejaculation of the genital organs is visible," it would solve the problem of vagueness that has plagued the enforcers of current antipornography laws.

The new law would leave books, newspapers, magazines, and all forms of entertainment uncensored so long as they didn't carry pictures portraying explicit sexual behavior. Thus the novels of Henry Miller, say, or D. H. Lawrence would not be affected.

The law would eliminate the enforcement roadblocks created by the Supreme Court in *Miller v. California*;

pornographers would no longer be able to exploit such phrases as "patently offensive," "appeals to the prurient interest," and "the material taken as a whole" lacks "literary, artistic, political, and scientific value."

Reo M. Christenson
Department of Political Science
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Several of the panelists in the Forum mentioned the Indianapolis Anti-Pornography Ordinance. As mayor of Indianapolis and a strong supporter of the ordinance, I would like to make several points about this new legal approach.

The Indianapolis ordinance does not simply define pornography and then attempt to ban it. Rather, it is a civil discrimination law that provides a remedy through the courts to people deemed harmed by pornography. The ordinance identifies the ways people can be victimized by pornography. These ways were brought to the attention of the Indianapolis City-County Council at public hearings in which testimony was given by former models who were coerced to perform in pornographic productions; by victims of sexual abuse; and by the counselors of sex offenders, who testified that a link exists between pornography and sexual violence. With all due respect to Erica Jong, the ordinance does not aim at reforming social attitudes. Rather, it invokes the traditional power of the courts to provide a forum and a remedy—through suit and settlement—for any person who has been harmed by another through pornography.

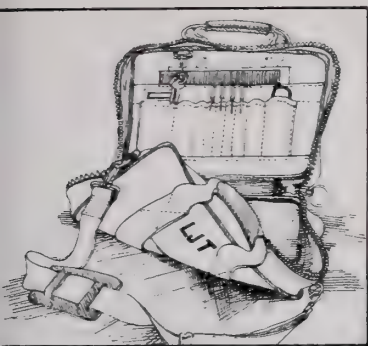
On November 19, 1984, a federal court judge in Indianapolis issued a decision in a lawsuit that challenged the constitutionality of the ordinance. Although the court struck down the ordinance on First Amendment grounds, we are determined to appeal the decision. This law is an important social statement, the first of its kind in the country.

Further, it presents issues that may ultimately have to be decided by the U.S. Supreme Court. I believe the

Continued on page 73

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NOTEBOOK

Weimar revisited

By Lewis H. Lapham

On a plane to Washington two weeks ago I ran across R____, an urbane and genial theatrical agent whom I hadn't seen in several years but with whom I sometimes exchanged correspondence about one or another of the inane book reviews that decorate the New York literary press. R____ left Germany in the 1930s, but he had known Thomas Mann and Alban Berg as well as the theater crowd around Bertolt Brecht in Berlin. We got to talking about the brilliant but oddly sterile character of American letters. Both of us could name a good many writers who had polished the surface of their prose to a sheen compatible with the marble floors of the atrium of Trump Tower. But why was it that so few of these writers published books that either of us cared to read? Somewhere south of Baltimore I asked R____ why no American author in the last twenty years had written what could be construed as a preeminent novel or play. Many of them had written good books, but none to measure against the best work of Dos Passos, Lewis, Fitzgerald, Eliot, O'Neill, or Pound.

"Everybody is still in the Weimar Republic," he said. "If there is such a thing as an American avant-garde, it is to be found in the precincts of crime."

The remark had the balance of an epigram, but it prompted me to think of publishers instead of writers. To walk into a bookstore these days is to step backward in time. Behind the cashier's desk, between the celebrity posters and the astrological charts, the Sierra Club calendars show the year to be 1985. The merchandise is displayed in poses as decorative as the arrangement of blouses and scarves in an opulent boutique. Given enough time between trains, the reader can

find the newest collections of erotica, the latest histories of jewelry or costume design, cookbooks, luxurious editions of Proust or Whitman, art books, anthologies of college humor and eighteenth-century pornography, the confessions of this week's movie star, diet and exercise books, the season's geopolitical tract, manuals guaranteed to impart the secrets of the orgasm and the stock market.

Surrounded by so much expensive paper it is possible to imagine, at least for as long as it takes to read the titles of the books, that the Sierra Club has got its dates right, that yes, this is the ninth decade of the twentieth century in a nation so advanced that the exuberance of its literary genius deserves comparison with the force of its scientific discovery. The impression soon fades. Most of the supposedly new books turn out to be what the movie people call remakes, variations on the themes of the Weimar Republic in orchestrations by the Iowa School of Creative Writing.

The publishers do what they can to compensate for the absence of a new idea with innumerable works of intelligent history and criticism. The trade and university presses furnish encyclopedias, dictionaries, chronologies, and revised translations of classical texts. The abundance of fact available to the reader surpasses anything that could have been imagined by Aristotle or Shakespeare.

But a society comes to know itself not so much by the accumulation of data (no matter how arcane or handsomely boxed) as by the argument with death that is its literature. It is in the specifically literary forms—the novel, the drama, the moral essay, the poem—that the current silence becomes embarrassingly audible.

Every morning I read in the papers that I live in what the editorial writ-

ers like to call "an era of rapid and unprecedented change." The phrase presumably means something when referred to the non-literary sphere of influence. Over the last quarter of a century the United States has let loose so many genies out of so many laboratory bottles that the government's army of clerks cannot keep track of all the people following the courses of electrons, experimenting with the properties of hydrogen, observing the permutations of cells. The nation's research vessels voyage into distant seas and the farther reaches of space, sending back messages from the Mindanao Deep and the other side of Saturn. Freebooting lawyers at work behind the lines of both the public and private sectors of privilege, revise the balance of the law with the recklessness of high-energy physicists flinging particles together to achieve temperatures of 40 million degrees. Swindlers and merchant bankers arrange the transportation of money through five currencies and seven tiers of taxation. In Africa forty-nine nations have come into being since World War II, most of them in births as violent as those of stars. The Chinese have staged two cultural revolutions. The Arabs found a lost Aladdin's lamp. The Japanese abducted the automobile industry from the American seraglio.

But in the little room of American letters, the conversation remains as it was in the last years of the Eisenhower Administration. The English faculty is still serving tea. When I first came to New York in January 1960 counted among the authors already well established not only Norman Mailer and Saul Bellow but also Philip Roth, William Styron, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, John Updike, Truman Capote, Mary McCCarthy, V. S. Naipaul, John Cheever,

Lillian Hellman, Gore Vidal, and Robert Penn Warren. Kurt Vonnegut, Edward Albee, and Joseph Heller joined the company in 1962, and that, by and large, was that.

A few members of the troupe have died, but with surprisingly few additions (I think of Thomas Pynchon and Ken Kesey), the same writers who first entered the limelight in the 1950s continue to occupy the center of the literary stage. They do so despite the proliferation of the publishing industry (49,545 new titles in 1983 as opposed to the 15,012 in 1960) as well as their own reluctance to develop or amend the text of a sensibility imported from Weimar and taught to two generations of American university students. They sit there still, perennial guests on an old talk show, exchanging pleasantries about the ugliness of "mass culture," brooding about the Russians and the bomb, wishing they understood law or finance or astronomy, thundering against the foul corruptions of the establishment, asking or answering the questions posed by Einstein, Darwin, Picasso, Marx, or Freud. The same questions, of course, were current in Berlin when R_____ was still young enough to believe the promises heard at 4 A.M. in a waiter's gypsy violin.

Historical parallels can be as dubious as any other juxtaposition of images, but if I compare the change of the intellectual light between 1825 and 1885 with the corresponding change between 1925 and 1985, I notice (or at least I think I notice) a pronounced fluctuation in the first interval and, in the second, an equally pronounced immobility. What was once the bright vanguard of a literary generation resembles the carcass of the Pleistocene mammoth found fifty years ago in the Siberian snow. The Ice Age descended so abruptly on the animal that it froze to death with a flower in its mouth.

In 1825, John Quincy Adams was inaugurated president of the United States, and in Europe the sensibility of the age was reflected in Constable's paintings and Beethoven's music, in the writings of Goethe, Balzac, and John Stuart Mill. The Americans talked about James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving. By

1885, the play of the mind took place against the backdrops of Wagner's opera and Nietzsche's metaphysics. The voices in the prompter's box were those of Tolstoy, Flaubert, Ibsen, Maupassant, and Henry James.

The sixty years between 1925 and 1985 haven't brought about as dramatic a shift of scenery. The latter-day modernists lack the range and expression of their forebears, but they continue to follow the chalk lines marked on the stage by Kafka and Joyce.

Elsewhere on the intellectual front the forces of cultural regression ally themselves with a military establishment brilliantly equipped to meet the emergencies of 1943, with the economists who have yet to think of a rejoinder to Keynes, with the grand simplifications of Jerry Falwell, and with a Republican administration that might as well be working for Herbert Hoover.

Newton's Third Law of Motion holds that every action engenders an equal and opposite reaction, and perhaps this accounts for the rigidity of contemporary American thought. The more alarming the threat or rate of change, the more insistent the denial of change. If the scientific and technological factions begin to take on the aspect of bearded radicals, then the literary factions can be forgiven the wish to make time come to a comforting stop. The expensive writers make no attempt to shift the angles of perception between the familiar and the unfamiliar, to provoke the reader to say, in the moment of startled transformation, "I had not known this; this is how it must be." The reader already has anxieties enough, and so the literary guilds seek to calm and soothe him, persuading him to nod and doze and mumble to himself, "Yes, this is what I have always known." ■



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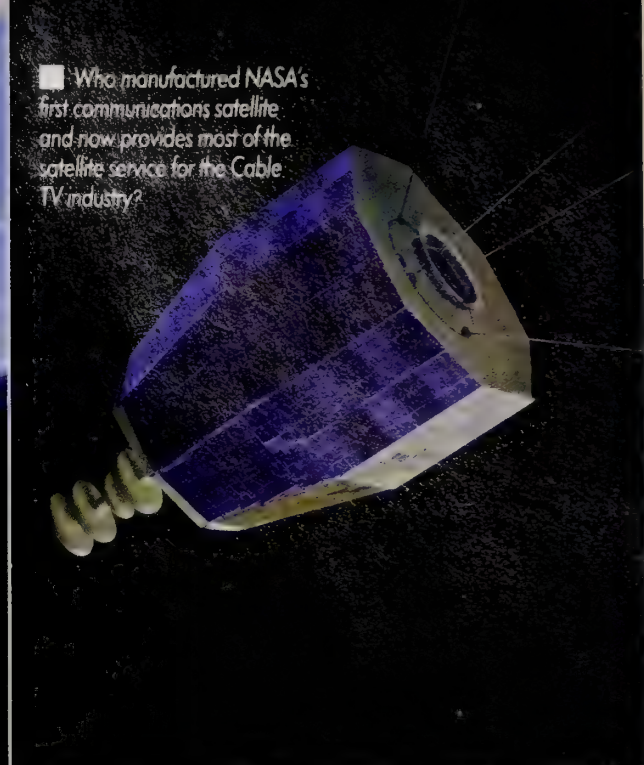


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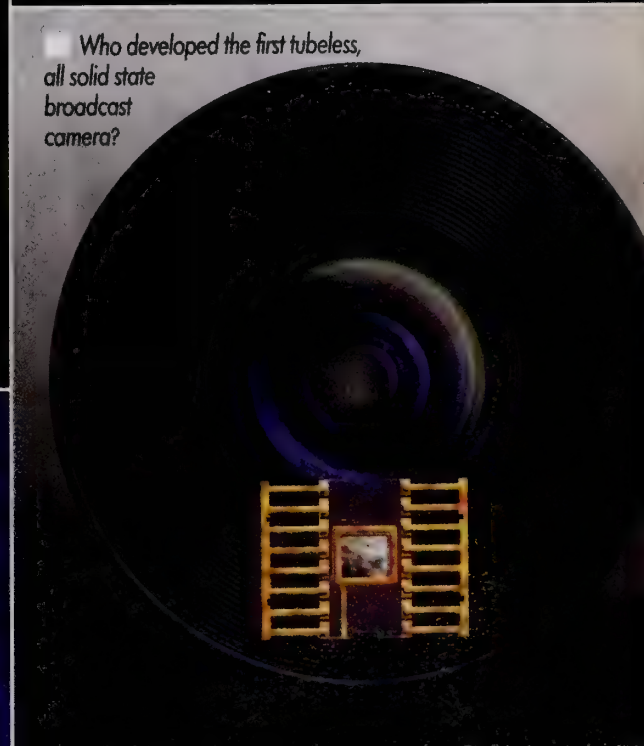
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equipment for
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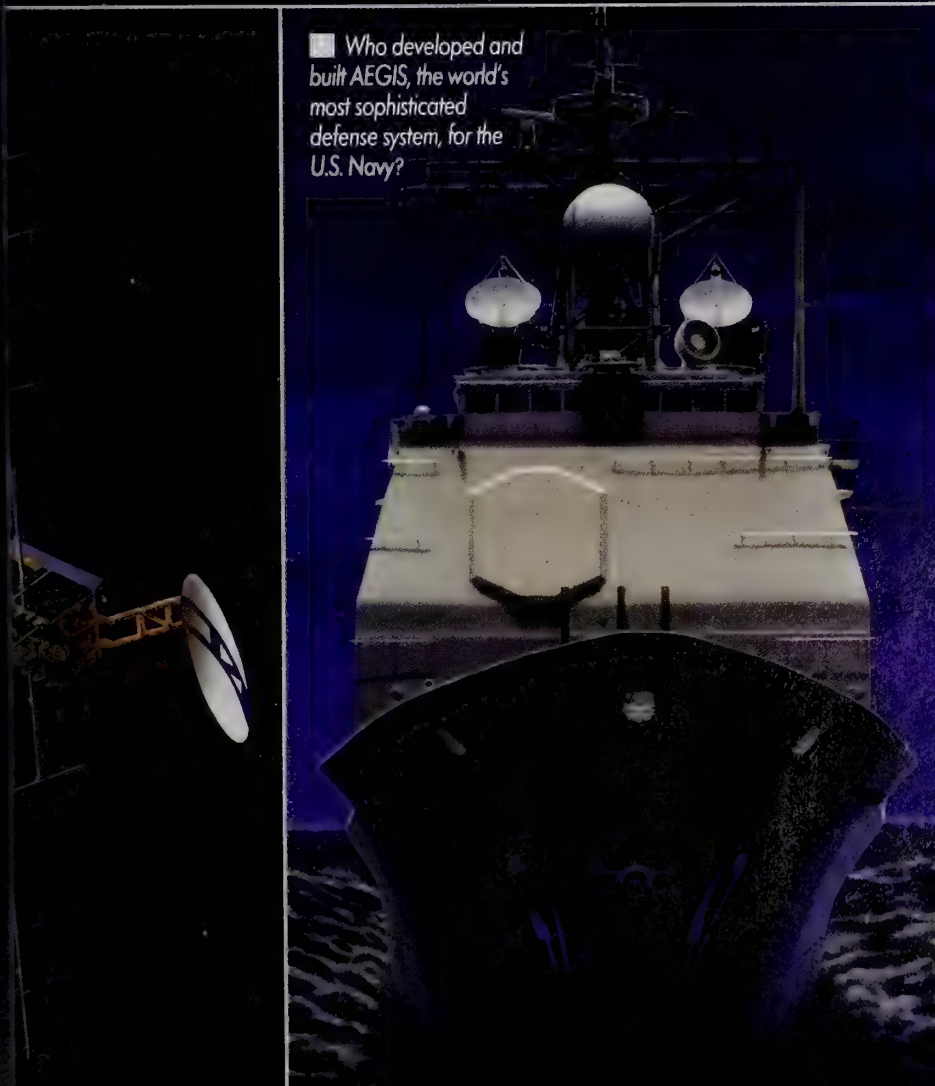
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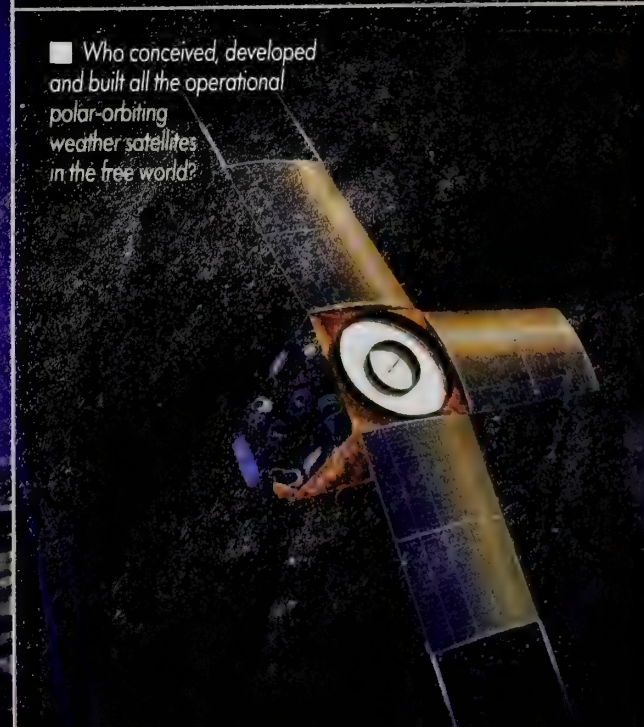
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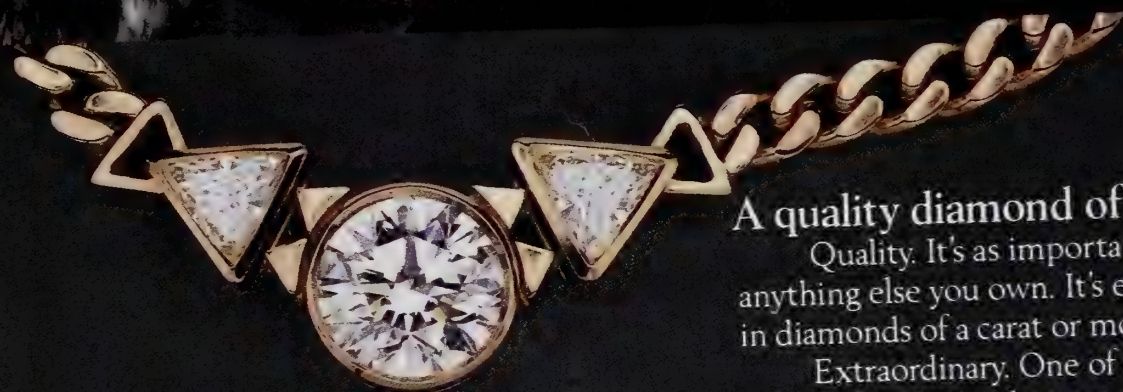


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[Memoir]

'JAVA JIVE,' BY THE INK SPOTS

From Kinds of Blue, by Al Young, published by the Creative Arts Book Company, in Berkeley, California. Kinds of Blue is a collection of autobiographical essays, each inspired by a song.

For several mornings at the age of three I stood quietly by the living-room window in our little one-story house in Ocean Springs, Mississippi, and studied the way a spider trapped a fly in his web and carefully devoured her. Why I thought the fly was a she and the spider a he would be tough to explain, but that was the way it played in my literal head of dream pictures, whose images, now that I think about it, were clearly made up of tiny quivering dots the way magazine or newspaper photos look when you subject them to intensive magnification.

Words didn't come easily for what I was seeing, yet somehow I knew deep beneath or beyond what little mind I must've had by then that I was glimpsing a mystery of some kind; some important, worldly essence was being vividly played out before my unblinking eyes.

Then, finally, it all fell into place. The sun—like a hot, luminous magnet—happened to be shining powerfully that antique afternoon. My father was busy being his auto mechanic self, and I could see him through the dusty window screen out there in the grass and dirt and clay of the side-yard driveway, fixing on our dark blue Chevy coupe, grease all over his face and forearms; black on black. Pious as a minister or metaphysician, he was bent on fixing that car.

My mother was in the next room, the kitchen, fixing red beans and rice. My very intestines were tingling with gladness, for red beans and rice, as far as I was concerned, had no parallel; there simply wasn't anything like it anywhere in the world, whatever the world was. To dine every day on red beans and rice—or to breakfast, lunch, or snack on them—would've suited me just fine. Lifetimes from my spider-and-fly moment, just before nightfall, I knew we children would be gobbling our portions of dinner—complete with chopped onions and oleomargarined slices of white Bond bread—on the linoleum down under the kitchen table with newspaper for placemats. And I'd be spoiling to tell everybody about the spider and how he'd stuck it to the fly with his web, even though it was going to be years—and I seem to have glimpsed this too—before I'd be able to make heads or tails of any of it, in words anyway.

From the big Zenith radio console, the wood case shining with furniture oil, probably lemon, the Ink Spots were singing "Java Jive." Except for "I like coffee/I like tea," the words made no sense to me, but I liked the way the tune kept winding around and around to make its point, and I loved the way they came out of it all with: "A cup/a cup/a cup/a cup/a cup, ahhhhhhh!" That sigh at the tag meant everything, said it all: it signaled my Aunt Ethel, the big coffee addict in the family, who, even then, always came to mind with her lips cradling the edge of some hot cup, breathing and exhaling steam and steaminess; big fogs of warmth in which sugar and sweetmilk or Pet Milk played some part. Watching her I could not fail to get the idea that something glad was going on between Aunt Ethel and that coffee of hers. If you or anyone else had taken time out to explain that the coffee bean and its narcotizing effect on people everywhere was an industry that involved colored peoples doing the picking all over the world, I wouldn't have connected with what you were saying any more than I would've understood the meaning of the Man in the Moon, but I might've had a notion. Around the same time, you see, the Andrews Sisters were drawing checks off something called "They've Got an Awful Lot of Coffee in Brazil."

Being three, you see, isn't that much different from being a hundred and three, particularly when you begin to understand it's all a matter of putting two and two together.

July seeped into the room, quiescent with harmony and heat, the beat; the beating of the fly's wings as the spider ingested her from head to toe, boodie and sole. I stood there. I stood still. Time stood still and the whole of Mississippi, maybe the whole world, stood there soaking up this three-year-old's vision of how the world really works whether you realize it or not. It was as if, for me at least at that moment, my father had pried open the engine of life itself and motioned me over to have a look at how it worked and then, without so much as a seventh-grade shop class explanation, snapped the lid back on, leaving me the idea that there was something, some mechanism or cause, that lay behind any and everything I would ever experience in this ever-shifting, not-to-be-believed existence that mystics—when you boil what they say down to a simmering, low gravy—say is only a movie, the acting out of something vaster than ourselves; the cosmic drama, if you will.

I wanted to taste this java, sample this coffee, this tea they were rhythmizing so invitingly. Feeling my insides beginning to gladden, I rushed out into the yard to hear my father say, "Hey, Skippy! C'mere, boy, and gimme some

sugar!"—meaning: *Let me kiss you smack on the jaw*. I liked that. I liked it so much, I got confused. I wanted to race over and blurt out to him everything I'd just figured out about the spider and the world and the mystery and the tingling I felt inside, even though I didn't feel ready yet to pull the words together. There were no words, really; there was only this soundless understanding puffing up with feeling like a rainbow-colored balloon filling up all too fast with smooth summer air.

Just then, just as I was about to make my move toward Daddy, I saw a bright aquaplane zoom in close overhead, low enough for me to see the pilot, a white man, making me think at once of a crisp, airborne Nabisco saltine. He was wearing one of those old-time aviator helmets with earflaps and goggles. He waved at me. He waved and smiled and now, millions of mind-hours later, I can draw a wayward cloud of a comic strip balloon over his head that shows him thinking: "Long as I'm up here foolin' around, lemme just wave at that lil ole colored boy on the ground down there and give him a thrill!"

This bubbling moment and all that led up to it—like the family's first tentative move to Detroit and the unbelievable coldness of ice and snow and the tight light of what my folks kept calling "movin' upnorth to the city"—are etched into me like the lines of some play; a kind of play that's had to settle for being sliced up over the years into what I eventually learned to call poetry or prose.

We lived close enough to the Gulf of Mexico for low-flying aquaplanes to be a commonplace, but that was the very first time I'd ever seen a pilot up close. It was entirely different from those blackout nights when coastal air raid alerts were up, when Ella Mae Morse would be on the Zenith singing "The House of Blue Lights," and there we'd be, me and my brothers, sprawled on the floor or blanketed down in bed, listening and remembering, with those blue emergency lightbulbs screwed into the lamp and ceiling sockets, their cooling glow softening the edge that was forever cutting a line between the seeable and the hearable worlds.

I rushed into my father's arms, gave him that sugar, wondering why we called those people crackers and why kids weren't supposed to fool with coffee.

As for the spider and the fly and my insights into the mystery of that spectacle, all I can say is that the craziness of my excitement has thickened over the years. Now I'm given to believing that the web is only the world, the spider desire, and the fly the fickle, innocent, and positively neutral nature of existence. Beyond that stands

some youthful presence, more consciousness than thing, taking it all in with astonishment and, as a matter of fact, aiding and abetting and allowing it all to happen as if—like the web—it were either staged or created by design.

[Q & A]

THE ROMANCE OF OPPRESSION

From an interview with Philip Roth, conducted by Hermione Lee, in the Fall 1984 issue of the Paris Review. Lee teaches English at the University of York.

HERMIONE LEE: How do you think you have influenced the environment, the culture, as a writer?

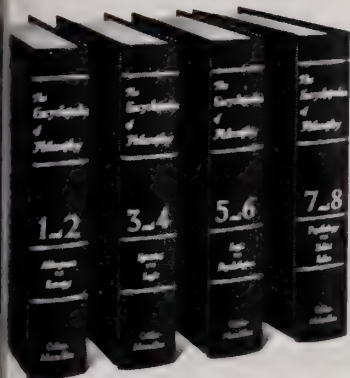
PHILIP ROTH: Not at all.

LEE: Do you say that with bitterness or with glee?

ROTH: Neither. It's a fact of life. In an enormous commercial society that demands complete freedom of expression, the culture is a maw. Recently, Louis L'Amour became the first American novelist to receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom for his "contribution to the nation." It was presented to him at the White House by the President. The only other country in the world where such a writer would receive his government's highest award is the Soviet Union. In a totalitarian state, however, *all* culture is dictated by the regime; fortunately, we in America live in Reagan's and not Plato's Republic, and aside from that stupid medal, culture is almost entirely ignored. And that is preferable by far.

When I was first in Czechoslovakia, it occurred to me that I work in a society where, for writers, everything goes and nothing matters, while for the Czech writers I met in Prague, nothing goes and everything matters. This isn't to say I wished to change places. I didn't envy them their persecution and the way in which it heightens their social importance. I didn't even envy them their seemingly more valuable and serious themes. The trivialization, in the West, of much that's deadly serious in the East is itself a subject, one requiring considerable imaginative ingenuity to transform into compelling fiction. To write a serious book that doesn't signal its seriousness with the rhetorical cues or thematic gravity that are traditionally associated with seriousness is a worthy undertaking too.

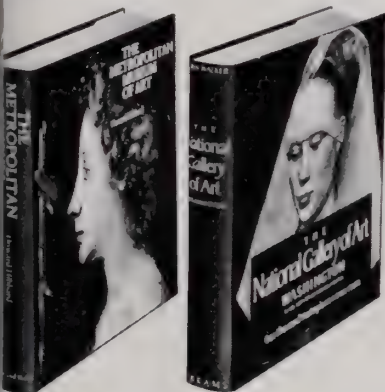
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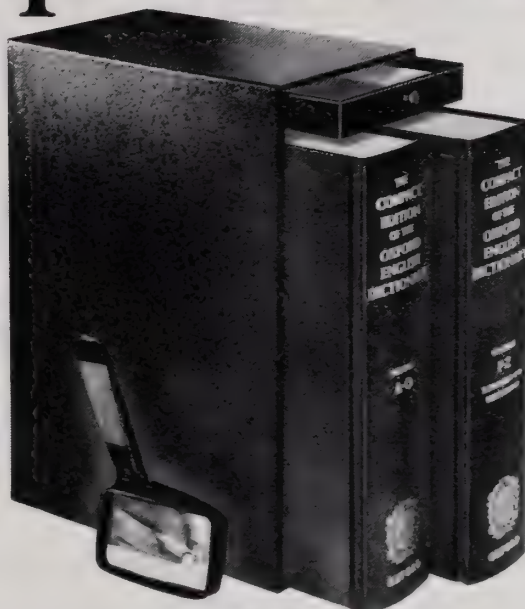
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To do justice to a spiritual predicament that is not blatantly shocking and monstrously horrible, that does not elicit universal compassion or occur on a large historical stage or on the grandest scale of twentieth-century suffering—well, that's the lot that has fallen to those who write where everything goes and nothing matters.

I recently heard the critic George Steiner, on English television, denouncing contemporary Western literature as utterly worthless and without quality, and claiming that the great documents of the human soul, the masterpieces, can arise only from souls being crushed by regimes like that in Czechoslovakia. I wonder then why all the writers I know in Czechoslovakia loathe the regime and passionately wish that it would disappear from the face of the earth. Don't they understand, as Steiner does, that this is their chance to be great? Sometimes one or two writers with colossal brute strength do manage, miraculously, to survive and, taking the system as their subject, to make art of a very high order out of their persecution. But most of those who remain sealed up inside totalitarian states are, as writers, destroyed by the system. That system doesn't make masterpieces; it makes coronaries, ulcers, and asthma, it makes alcoholics, it makes depressives, it makes bitterness and desperation and insanity. The writers are intellectually disfigured, spiritually demoralized, physically sickened, and culturally bored. Frequently they are silenced completely. Nine tenths of the best of them will never do their best work just because of the system. The writers nourished by this system are the party hacks.

When such a system prevails for two or three generations, relentlessly grinding away at a community of writers for twenty, thirty, or forty years, the obsessions become fixed, the language grows stale, the readership slowly dies out from starvation, and the existence of a national literature of originality, variety, vibrancy (which is very different from the brute survival of a single powerful voice) is nearly impossible. A literature that has the misfortune of remaining isolated underground for too long will inevitably become provincial, backward, even naive, despite the fund of dark experience that may inspire it. By contrast, our work here hasn't been deprived of authenticity because as writers we haven't been stomped on by a totalitarian government. I don't know of any Western writer, aside from George Steiner, who is so grandiosely and sentimentally deluded about human suffering—and "masterpieces"—that he's come back from behind the Iron Curtain thinking himself devalued because he hasn't had to contend with such a wretched intellectual and literary environment. If the choice is between Louis L'Amour and our literary freedom and our

extensive, lively national literature on the one hand, and Solzhenitsyn and that cultural desert and crushing suppression on the other, I'll take L'Amour.

[Poem]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

From An Umbrella from Piccadilly, a new volume of Jaroslav Seifert's poetry, which will be distributed in North America by Parsons Books, of San Francisco. Seifert was awarded the 1984 Nobel Prize for Literature. Translated from the Czech by Ewald Osers.

Sometimes,
when she would talk about herself,
my mother said:
My life was sad and quiet,
I always walked on tiptoe.
But if I got a little angry
and stamped my foot
the cups, which had been my mother's,
would tinkle on the dresser
and make me laugh.

At the moment of my birth, so I am told,
a butterfly flew in the window
and settled on my mother's bed,
but that same moment a dog howled in the
yard.
My mother thought it
a bad omen.

My life of course has not been quite
as peaceful as hers.
But if I gaze upon our present days
with wistfulness
as if at empty picture frames
and all I see is a dusty wall,
it has been so beautiful.

There are many moments
I cannot forget,
moments like radiant flowers
in all possible colors and hues,
while evenings filled with fragrance
resembled purple grapes
hidden in the leaves of darkness.

With passion I read poetry
and loved music
and blundered, ever surprised,
from beauty to beauty.
But when I first saw
the picture of a nude woman
I began to believe in miracles.

My life unrolled swiftly.
It was too short
for my vast longings
which had no bounds.
Before I knew it
my life's end was drawing near.

Death soon will kick my door open
and enter.
With startled terror at that minute
I'll catch my breath
and shall forget to breathe again.

May I not be denied the time
once more to kiss the hands
of her who patiently and with my steps
walked on and on and on
and loved me most.

[Historical Fiction]

MICHELANGELO'S SNOWMAN

From The Notebook of Gismondo Cavalletti, a novel by R. M. Lamming, published last month by Atheneum. Lamming, who lives in England, won the 1983 David Higham prize for The Notebook, her first novel.

In the year of Lorenzo de' Medici's death, a great snow fell on Florence. Ice formed on the Arno; the frozen bodies of sparrows lay in the streets; and—as they always will when things go harshly for a little longer than expected—many of the old and poor people perished.

I was fourteen.

Thinking about it now, I have the impression that all the snow fell at night, though almost certainly it didn't. It was as if we had traveled while we slept, and woken in a place set closer to God. We had a new, unplanned Florence.

In piazzas, gardens, and courtyards, the statues were transformed. Snow veiled their shoulders, their limbs were thickened and altered, the shields and spears they held were turned into shapes with mysterious meanings; and as for their faces, modified by the snow that clung where a lip curled or a nostril dilated, they no longer seemed serene or familiar to us. We saw them as if for the first time.

It was the same with many things. Builders' scaffolds, for instance. Wherever these snow-swathed structures rose before one in the streets, they took on forms and designs no architect had dreamed of. And again, with much the same effect, the cathedral dome glowed—I

can still see it—like a giant living pearl that watched men and warned them not to boast that they had ever built it.

It was a new, unowned Florence, with the people muffled up, lumbering through the streets in so many cloaks and coats that they looked barely human—unless they stopped for a moment to blow on their fingers.

And silent. When I recall these people, they never speak. Each man's breath hangs before him in a vapor, and this is a sort of distilled silence.

Even the halls and kitchens are silent. Cats, dogs, and geese make no sound, but huddle in corners half-frozen. The very church bells are still. Apparently I've chosen to forget the normal things: the hammering of smiths, the shouts of vendors, and the curses of slaves shoveling snow from the doors of the rich.

I've forgotten something else, too. The snow must have been churned into muck-brown peaks and troughs by all the trafficking, all the endless carting back and forth of Florentine business, Florentine profit.

Normalities, forced out of mind by whiteness, strangeness, silence—

Then across it all comes Monna Margherita, her cheeks bloated like two bladders, her belly as round as a watermelon, crying out for comfits, aniseed comfits. Why, she'd been dreaming of them all night. Nothing else—she'd faint—could satisfy her. And who could run so fast as Gismo? Who else knew exactly the kind she meant, and could be relied on not to dawdle?

So I set out.

I hurried—Monna Margherita had no great store of patience at any time—but the snow was deep; my feet sank into it up to the ankle, and I made slow progress. Exasperated I pictured her, pacing the hall, her face yellowing in a way it had when anything distressed her, and I could picture Piero Sassoli, anxious for her health—he never mentioned the child's, as if that was something indecent—refusing to leave the house until I'd returned, and all was as she wanted it.

So after that I concentrated, step by step; and the people who trudged through the snow on either side or coming toward me were little more than shadows. I avoided them without looking up. The coin grew hot in my hand. I breathed hard. I did my best.

But in the Via Larga my concentration snapped. I looked up. Not along the street, but to my right at the Medici Palace, and there my glance, like an arrow that finds a mark despite small skill and less real purpose in the bowman, fell on light in darkness. In the massive wall the gate had been thrown open, and the archway was filled with brilliance—the reflected gleam

of snow that lay in the courtyard.

And I forgot the comfits, and Monna Margherita's yellow face. I stopped.

Gaping into the courtyards of the rich is a natural occupation among poor men, and a modest crowd had already gathered for this very purpose, edging as close as the guard would let them, all of them intent, craning their necks.

So I crossed the street. I became another fellow jostling for a view. I peered round elbows and through gaps, and what I saw retains, as I have said, a special place in my memory.

A white figure. It stood at the center of the courtyard, with all around the snow—beneath a thin layer that had fallen overnight—ridged and pocked and in patches cleared away altogether, as though by some strange harvesting. A white figure. But that gives no impression. Better to say a sculpture, only the marble doesn't exist that could glow with such a startling whiteness.

A snow sculpture.

From the gate we saw this marvel in half profile. A Grecian warrior on a mound of snow that looked as permanent as rock. There he had taken his stand, and he was leaning—almost reeling—backward, but with perfect balance and the confidence of youth, his body arched, the muscles of his calves and shoulders straining, the veins prominent on his neck, and his left hand flung forward to steady himself while in his right a spear of ice slanted upward, high over the colonnade, over the palace roof, an aim higher than is common or believable, the spearhead pointing beyond the flight of an eagle.

Why? What menaced from the clouds? Where was the threat? But the warrior's frown was dispassionate, and somehow it said, "Nowhere. There is none," while the whiteness of his limbs conveyed an indestructible chastity, and that too seemed to say, "None. No threat." If the spear was raised, it was not in defense. And yet neither was it a boast, an act of youthful exuberance. Such certainty of purpose and so much concentration were evident in the figure that no one could doubt this was a try in earnest, deliberately timed, at some specific mark not far short of heaven.

Well, we stared. A snow sculpture. A wonder. Something to compete, while it stood, with the painstaking collection of antiquities that filled the shadows of the colonnade: Psyches, fauns, and the like. A statue to defy marble—and very close to blasphemous I thought it. To be honest, the beauty and energy of this creation, its whiteness and its bold aim, even its being there at all, facts as undeniable as a blow on the face, were also in their way just as deplorable. We stared, and we whispered.

Meanwhile, an individual who appeared to be no more than five years my senior walked thoughtfully round the warrior, surveying it with an air of ownership, stopping now and then with his arms akimbo to scrutinize from two paces back, or from close up, or from an angle. And now he would go up to the figure, take a brush or cloth—he carried both—and carefully remove a little loose snow that had gathered in a curve or on a shoulder, and now he would step back again to examine the result. But there wasn't much to be done. He must have been up before light, working on it.

At the time I paid no attention to him, which is odd, considering. For if his statue was so extraordinary, what must he himself have been? I should have felt some curiosity. But to my knowledge, I hardly looked at him. Yet now he struts in my mind continually, happily aware of his audience, and even turns toward the gate with a smile, calling out to us, "What do you think?"

Then after a pause, though whether this really happened I couldn't say, someone in our crowd shouts back, "Not bad!"

I believe that was the only time they showed the statue. Afterward, Piero de' Medici was content to let the rumors of it bring crowds to his gate, which he kept firmly shut; and thereby he enjoyed his private access to the figure, and his knowledge that half Florence shivered at his walls for a chance to glimpse it, as the one, ennobling experience.

Two questions.

What happened in the thaw? I've often wondered. I could even ask—knowing now, as I do, who the strutting fellow was. Did they patch the warrior up as best they could, for as long as they could? Stack blocks of ice about it, and protect it with an awning from the strengthening sun? I'm plagued by this vision: I see the Grecian's taut features slowly smoothing into shapeless lumps, the muscles of his strong limbs melting to a dribble of water, the spearhead breaking off.

Or at the first sign did they pull it down? Quickly, before anyone could say it was less than perfect?

Because I hope so, I don't ask.

The second question is this:

Why behind the Medici gate, and nowhere else? Snow lay at our feet across the whole of Florence, and there were other gifted artists, in both the city and the surrounding countryside: the snow would have cost them nothing. Yet I never heard of any other such figure, and no one I have ever asked has heard of any. There was only this one, in a rich man's courtyard. ■

DO WE NEED AN INDUSTRIAL POLICY?

In the American religion there stands no icon more sacred than the “free market,” embodying as it does the belief that Americans must trust in the benevolence of unseen forces to fulfill their destiny of wealth and power. In times of economic unrest, however, when factories close down, workers lose their jobs, and towns become impoverished, the prayers to the mysterious market gods give way to cries of anger and disbelief.

In the past few years, various heretical sects have put forward a new faith called “industrial policy.” Its apostles see hideous economic change churning beneath the surface of America’s apparent prosperity. They notice the nation’s rapidly disappearing hegemony in world trade, its declining manufacturing industries, and its dwindling stock of middle-class jobs. To correct these misfortunes they demand tariffs and government rules against plant closings and wholesale layoffs. All these proposals advance the doctrine most feared by believers in the free market—government planning.

How harmful are these transformations in the American economy? Should government rescue our manufacturing industries and try to ensure “distributive justice” for their workers? Does America need an industrial policy? The five eminent economists who address these questions raise the further question as to how America can best pay the price of economic change.

This Forum is drawn from a discussion held at Harvard University's Institute of Politics, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Benjamin M. Friedman served as moderator.

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BENJAMIN M. FRIEDMAN: We are here to discuss whether the United States needs a so-called industrial policy. Proponents of such policies argue that our economy is currently undergoing a dramatic and largely negative transformation: a massive shift of resources and jobs, from manufacturing to a new "service" economy, that two of our panelists have called the "deindustrialization of America." Jobs are being eliminated in the Northeast and Midwest as factories in those areas close down or reduce production, while new jobs are being created elsewhere, primarily in the West and Southwest. At the same time, job opportunities are disappearing for traditional blue-collar groups and increasing for the more highly skilled and educated.

Those who advance these ideas claim deindustrialization is responsible for regional depressions, a lower standard of living for a large part of our population, and the shrinking of the middle class. They also argue that the government must intervene to slow or halt these harmful changes in the economy by protecting failing industries, helping depressed areas, and so on. Basically, an industrial policy is a coordinated program of such interventions, though specific proposals vary greatly.

Others argue, just as vigorously, that we do not need an industrial policy. In part they dispute the "fact" of deindustrialization; in part they suggest that what is happening is either

beneficial, or inevitable, or both; and in part they despair of finding remedies that will improve the situation rather than aggravate it.

Our purpose today is not to debate the virtues of specific proposals for an industrial policy, but to discuss whether the United States needs such a policy at all. Thus, our first question must be, *What exactly is happening to the mix of job opportunities and production technologies in the American economy? Are we really on the road to becoming a service-based economy? If so, how fast are these changes occurring, and what do they imply for the future standard of living of American workers?*

Our second question is, *Why are these changes occurring? Are they part of the natural, inevitable maturation of the U.S. economy? How are they related to the wage gains achieved by unionized workers in the heavy manufacturing sectors—gains, some argue, that have helped make many of our industries uncompetitive in world markets? And what part have government policies played? Does our government's present involvement in the economy already constitute a de facto industrial policy, although perhaps an unwise one?*

Finally, what if anything ought we to do about these transformations? Must we take steps to avert or modify them? Would such steps make the situation worse? In short, can an industrial policy work in the U.S. economy?

Perhaps it would be most helpful to begin with a definition. Charlie, what exactly do people mean by the term "deindustrialization"? Is it a new phenomenon?

CHARLES L. SCHULTZE: Well, there are various definitions of deindustrialization. But common to all of them, I suppose, is the belief that the free market tends to misallocate capital and other resources, and that as a result the structure of the American economy is being twisted out of shape; in particular, steel, automobiles, and other heavy manufacturing industries are receiving too little investment, and the so-called service industries—fast-food restaurants, financial institutions, small retail businesses, and so on—are receiving too much. This supposedly skewed investment gradually eliminates high-paying blue-collar jobs in manufacturing—workers are laid off and not replaced, factories close—and replaces them with generally lower-paying, lower-skill service jobs.

Now, the general point of all industrial policy advocates is this: major economic change, without new interventionist government policies, inevitably means workers lose their jobs, which causes hardship. Well, that is certainly true. But proponents of industrial policy also claim that this is a particularly serious problem now—and I think that is highly debatable. Between the early 1950s and the late 1960s, for example, eight important industries that employed 40 percent of America's manufacturing production workers lost, on average, 14 percent of their work forces. That is, one in seven jobs were lost. In a dynamic economy, old factories close and new ones open, workers are laid off and then rehired. This process is always going on.

BARRY BLUESTONE: No one is claiming we have not had major changes in the American economy before. The pertinent questions, as Ben said, are these: first, how fast are those changes *now* occurring? And second, can the country absorb them without suffering serious social consequences? The debate about the decline of American heavy industry really centers on the relationship between the *speed* of deindustrialization in different industries and regions and the ability of the economy to transfer the capital displaced from heavy manufacturing production jobs into new jobs that promise a decent standard of living for workers.

ROBERT Z. LAWRENCE: You speak about "a decent standard of living for workers," but I think what you're really worried about is that certain people are moving from high positions on the income scale to somewhat lower ones. If, for

example, a steel worker or an automobile worker loses his job, it's very likely that he or she will suffer a substantial decline in living standards. The question is, is that something we should be trying to prevent? Should the state be guaranteeing people that it will perpetuate their current income levels by imposing import quotas or otherwise protecting certain industries? It seems to me the answer ought to be no. To ask people who earn \$13,000 or \$15,000 a year to subsidize the jobs of production workers who earn \$26,000 or \$28,000 a year seems to me both inappropriate and inequitable.

BLUESTONE: You've set up the problem as though the only players in the game were high-paid and low-paid workers. What about the owners? During the seventies, while they were closing mills and refusing to upgrade their domestic factories, corporations like U.S. Steel were paying record dividends to their stockholders.

And in any case, we're not talking about \$28,000 jobs. Most of these laid-off workers have fallen from about \$16,000 a year to about \$11,000, which puts them some \$1,000 above the poverty line for a family of four. Deindustrialization does not affect only auto and steel workers. During the last four years alone—a period that includes a very strong economic recovery—twenty of our twenty-five basic manufacturing industries posted declines in total employment. What's more, this loss of production jobs has been going on for fifteen years. Employment in the household appliance industry, for example, fell by 18 percent between 1973 and 1980—a loss of almost one job in every five. The footwear industry, the clothing industry, the textile industry—all basic sectors of the American economy—have been shrinking dramatically, leaving people without jobs and towns and cities with ravaged tax bases. Since many industries are tied to particular regions, industrial decline has caused severe local dislocations—closed plants, widespread unemployment, once-prosperous communities fading into virtual ghost towns. Between 1973 and 1980 Michigan lost 17 percent of its manufacturing base, while California increased its manufacturing base by 21 percent and Texas by 32 percent. Overnight, ghost towns are created in one set of communities and boom towns spring up in others.

BENNETT HARRISON: Look, the question we should be focusing on here is really this: given the situation Barry just described, what is happening to the American worker's standard of living? Between December 1982 and July 1984 almost as many jobs were created in the wholesale and retail trade industry alone as in all durable manu-

facturing industries put together. Last year McDonald's became a larger employer than U.S. Steel. What does this mean for the American worker? I'll give you a simple answer: last July the average wage of a manufacturing worker was \$370 a week, while the average wage of a service industry worker was \$248 a week. The conclusion is obvious. We are seeing a shift toward lower wages in new jobs in the United States.

Now, the United States is not a young, underdeveloped country, where generations of untrained people must endure miserably hard, dirty, low-paying work as the price for developing a strong industrial base. Our grandparents and parents already paid that price so we could enjoy a high standard of living. That standard of living is being threatened by structural changes in the world economy, and by the particular ways in which American corporations have chosen to respond to them.

SCHULTZE: But that doesn't mean that the proper way to deal with economic changes is to have government try to stop them. Industrial policy advocates argue that government should somehow "correct" the market's allocation of investment among industries and regions, that government ought to intervene massively and somehow force the economy to move in what

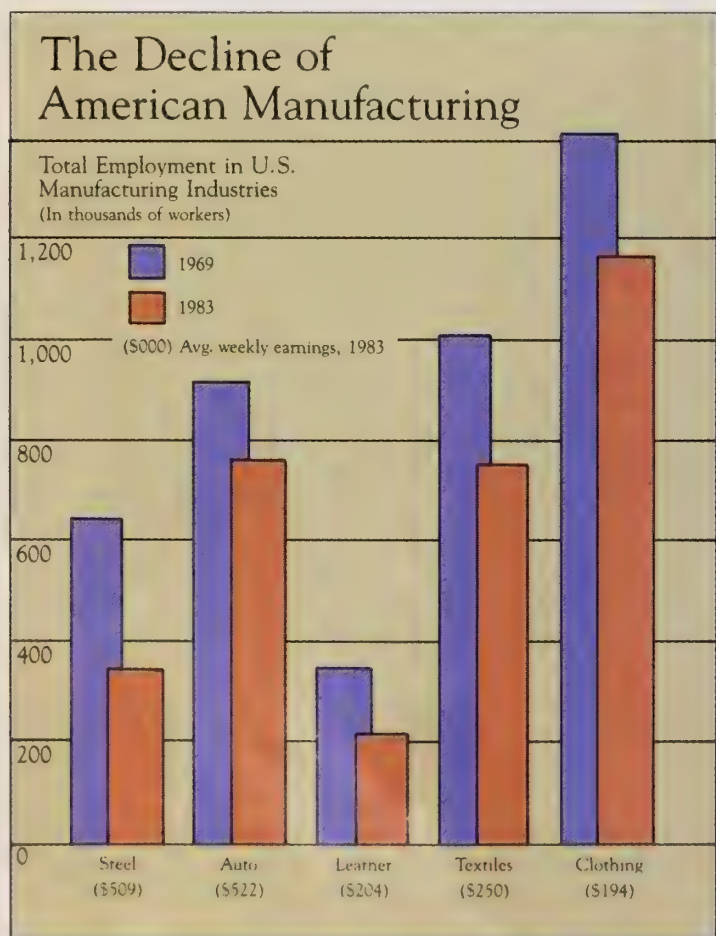
they define as a desirable direction—a different direction, that is, from the one the market is providing naturally. Their basic assumption is that there's too much industrial change and that it's happening too quickly.

Now, I don't believe you can deal with economic change by trying to stop it or slow it down. You can only try to maximize the positive side. For example, Barry Bluestone pointed to the huge growth in the Sunbelt during the last fifteen years, growth he believes was largely at the expense of the Frostbelt in the Northeast and Midwest. Well, it so happens that the Sunbelt lost a higher percentage of jobs to factory closings than the Frostbelt did. The crucial difference was that in the Sunbelt a lot more jobs were *created*. I believe that if the government wants to encourage successful economic adjustment in a particular region so that the local economy experiences both rising productivity and minimal—not zero, but minimal—economic pain, it shouldn't try to *prevent* changes in the economy. Attempting to do so will only produce economic stagnation. What the government should do is, first, try to ensure, through fiscal and monetary policies that promote overall growth, that along with the layoffs and closed factories, new jobs are created as well. And second, through reasonable unemployment benefits and worker retraining programs, it should try to reduce the inevitable pain of transition.

BLUESTONE: But your premise is that laid-off workers just go out and find new jobs in the growing parts of the economy. Well, that's not quite what's happening. Contrary to received doctrine, a rising tide does not necessarily lift all ships. The U.S. economic tide may be rising today, but it is bringing with it greater income inequality, greater regional differences in unemployment, and large increases in structural unemployment.

Why is this happening? First, the new jobs that our economy is creating are usually in very different industries, and require very different skills, from the jobs that are being eliminated in heavy industry. Second, the new jobs are often located in different parts of the country. That is why the most obvious consequence of deindustrialization is rising structural unemployment. In our growing economy, between 7 and 8 percent of American workers are unemployed, compared with less than 5 percent during periods of similar growth in the 1960s.

What about the new jobs? Well, they are predominantly in the service industries—not just waiters at hamburger stands and clerks in boutiques but a whole range of service occupations, from nurses' aides to security guards to building



custodians. In 1969, for example, less than half of all jobs were in industries that paid an annual average wage of \$13,600 or less. But between 1969 and 1982 more than two-thirds of all new jobs created were in these lower-wage industries. And we can see the results of this shift to lower-paying jobs in the economy's total job pool: in 1969, 61 percent of all jobs were in the so-called middle-wage occupations; by 1982, the percentage had fallen to 51. The evidence of shrinking benefits is just as clear. The Social Welfare Research Institute at Boston College recently conducted a survey of laid-off auto workers who have found new full-time jobs in other industries. We found not only that these workers earn an average of 30 percent less than they did in the auto industry but also that 41 percent no longer have any employer-paid health insurance, 56 percent have no employer-paid pension, and 40 percent have no employer-paid life insurance.

I think it's obvious that we are witnessing an enormous change in the employment structure of our country, a kind of "occupational skidding." Large numbers of workers are losing their jobs in basic industries and slipping down the occupational hierarchy. So when people say not to worry, that these laid-off workers are being "reabsorbed" into the economy, they are employing what I consider a rather disingenuous definition of that word.

SCHULTZE: It is true that an important part of America's huge job growth in recent years has been in lower-skilled, low-wage jobs. But there is a simple reason for that: relative wages can change, and that is precisely what happened during the past fifteen years, when enormous numbers of inexperienced young people and women entered the labor force, and the economy created new jobs to absorb them. I think it's fortunate that the United States has maintained a flexible wage system compared with Europe. The capacity of the American economy to produce new jobs is the envy of the world. Of course, it didn't produce enough to absorb all of the new workers, or all of those who had been laid off. As you say, the result was that we had an increase in structural unemployment.

FRIEDMAN: But is this rise in structural unemployment the only lasting effect of the changes we're seeing in the economy? Or are we really experiencing an enormous change in the sorts of jobs available to Americans, and in how much Americans earn? Charlie Schultze would obviously say no. Do you think we are witnessing a huge structural change in the American economy, Bob?

LAWRENCE: No, Ben, I think we are witnessing the normal operation of the business cycle. By and large, the behavior of the manufacturing sector during the last few years was perfectly predictable in view of what happened to the economy as a whole. For example, on the basis of previous recessions, we would have expected that about 10.6 percent of all manufacturing jobs would be lost during the recession of 1979 through 1982. As it happened, manufacturing jobs declined by 10.2 percent in that period. And in the first year of a typical postwar recovery, employment in manufacturing increases by about 5 percent—which is exactly what happened in the first year of this recovery. My point is that the decline in the number of manufacturing jobs since 1979 is due primarily to the recession, not to changes in the structure of the American economy. Protecting whole American industries with trade barriers or other new structural economic approaches—the so-called industrial policies—is certainly not the way to deal with these cyclical problems.

Interestingly enough, since 1973 the amount and the rate of investment in the manufacturing sector has increased. A peculiar thing is going on in our economy: the money is going one way, into the manufacturing sector, while workers are going the opposite way, into the service sector. Now, why has the total share of employment in the manufacturing sector declined? It is certainly not because Americans are making do with fewer goods. Rather, relatively higher productivity in manufacturing, achieved through improvements in machinery and other technological advances, has allowed labor to be shifted into other kinds of activities that better meet the general needs of our society.


If manufacturing in the United States is doing rather well—and even Bluestone agrees that the manufacturing sector is declining only in certain regions—that doesn't suggest we should impose an industrial policy on our entire economy. If anything, it means we should design regional policies that address specific problems. If unemployment rates are especially high in Michigan, then we should consider providing increased unemployment benefits to that state, rather than intervening to protect the entire auto industry or whatever industries are centered there.

Indeed, if we're worried about our standard of living, it is crucial that we shift workers into those industries where they are most productive. If productivity grows rapidly in manufacturing, say, and demand for manufactured goods does not expand enough to absorb that growth, then it is perfectly appropriate and natural to shift workers to other industries—ser-



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vice industries, for example—where they are more efficiently used. And as Charlie pointed out, such transformations are constantly going on. American agriculture began the same process around the turn of the century. The percentage of American workers employed in agriculture is now a tenth of what it was then. I don't think anyone would argue that government should have stepped in to stop agricultural workers from leaving the farm.

BLUESTONE: But it took four generations to move that labor force out of agriculture—the sons and daughters of agricultural workers were the ones who migrated to the city, not their parents. And when a very swift transformation in agriculture did occur somewhere—for example, in the Mississippi delta, where farms were mechanized very rapidly following World War II—thousands of workers were displaced, most of them black, most of them with no alternative but to migrate to the big Northern cities. Because it happened so rapidly, this structural transformation brought with it immense poverty and dislocation; the poverty in our inner cities is evidence that we are still paying for it today.

The enormous changes we're seeing in our economy today are taking place within a single generation. It is not the sons and daughters of steel workers who are being forced to look for opportunities elsewhere, it is the laid-off steel workers themselves. I believe we can design policies to ease the pain of these transitions—to retrain workers and help declining cities and towns. To do this, we must adopt an industrial policy that temporarily protects our basic industry, but also requires that management and labor modernize their industries so that they can once again compete in world markets.

LAWRENCE: I have no objection to retraining programs and other policies designed to facilitate adjustment by taking care of workers who are displaced. But we must not try to slow the process of change. I strongly oppose government policies designed to revive traditional manufacturing industries. Such a conservationist approach would deny our economy the improvements in productivity that come from allocating labor where it can be most efficiently used.

HARRISON: We're not advocating a simple "conservationist approach"; we want to experiment with different kinds of industrial policies. These might include directing investment and technical assistance to economically troubled sectors of the economy and regions of the country; developing social contracts, or "planning agreements," that require firms to modernize and

reinvest in exchange for tax incentives, roads, sewers, and other assistance they now receive from the public; encouraging long-range planning by small committees of workers and managers and by elected representatives at every level of government to develop innovative products and manufacturing processes, to rebuild the nation's infrastructure, and to design experiments to humanize the workplace.

We are not advocating growth for its own sake, nor competitiveness for its own sake, but growth with equity. That's what the industrial policy debate is—or should be—about.

LAWRENCE: To claim that this debate is about "growth with equity" presupposes that the relatively slow growth we're seeing in manufacturing employment is going to have a major effect on the distribution of earnings in the American economy—that such shifts will shrink the middle class. I think this assumption confuses general structural change with a few special, highly visible cases.

Let's look at the general wage situation in the United States. It is true that the group with what I define as middle-class earnings—full-time workers who earn plus or minus 30 percent of the median male income in this country—declined from 50 percent of all workers in 1969 to 46 percent in 1983. One percent apparently climbed above the cut-off point, and 3 percent slipped below it. But the decline in the proportion of jobs in manufacturing is simply not large enough to have significantly affected the percentage of middle-class earners in the entire economy. Indeed, if *all* manufacturing jobs were eliminated tomorrow and replaced by jobs with an earnings distribution identical to that in the rest of the economy, the proportion of middle-class earners would decline by only 4 percent.

In any case, if you're worried about what's happening to income distribution, then the way to change it is not through an industrial policy. If we want to correct what we believe is an inequality in income distribution, let's confront the problem directly, by redistributing income through the tax system. Why resort to inefficient intervention in whole industries if your objective is to redistribute income?

FRIEDMAN: Bennett, this debate seems less about particular numbers than about how we should interpret those numbers.

HARRISON: Well, it's also a question of *which* numbers we should be looking at. For instance, Bob Lawrence's analysis of the behavior of the manufacturing sector since 1973 is a good example of what I call "macroeconomic myopia." You can massage the employment figures till the

cows come home, but you're never going to see certain things if you don't look below the surface. In fact, structural change *within* the manufacturing sector has had profound implications for public policy, yet it doesn't show up readily in the employment statistics most economists use. Almost all of the new jobs created in manufacturing since 1973 have been for managers, salaried professionals, technicians, and secretaries; the number of production workers has fallen by 7 percent. Many business experts believe this growth of service and especially of management jobs *within* manufacturing companies is one reason American industry has become less productive and less competitive in international markets. American firms, they say, have become bloated and top-heavy compared with their Japanese and European rivals. Bob's aggregate employment statistics totally mask these underlying problems.

Now, what about the present recovery? Why is the United States creating so many more new jobs than the European countries, as Charlie Schultze said? Charlie, Bob Lawrence, and many other economists want to attribute the recovery to a spontaneous response by private firms to Reagan's big stimulative government deficit.

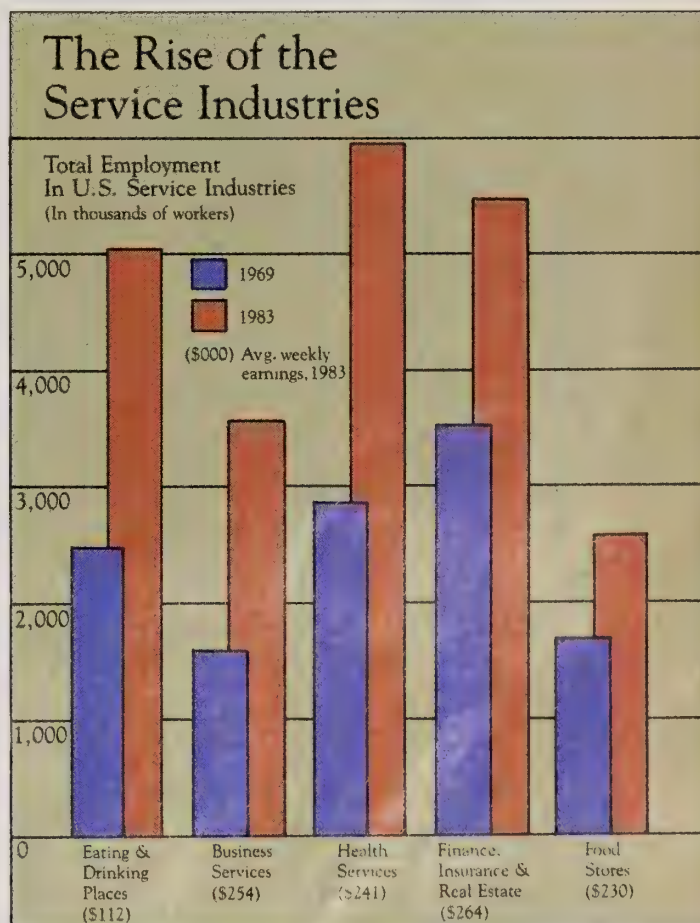
But when we look below the surface we find that the situation in manufacturing is more complicated. Consider the growth of the single largest high tech employer in the American economy—radio and television communications. Now, you don't have to be an economist to have noticed that the manufacture of television sets, stereos, and video recorders has been shifting abroad, to Japan and elsewhere, for more than a decade. Everyone knows you can no longer buy an American-made color TV. So how has this industry continued to grow domestically? Well, in 1979, 45 percent of American-made radio and TV equipment was sold to the Department of Defense; only three years later, in 1982, the figure had soared to 58 percent. And according to Reagan's latest budget projections, the figure will rise to 63 percent by the end of next year. This means that \$5 out of every \$8 of sales earned by the American radio and TV communications industry will come from the Pentagon—that is, from the U.S. taxpayer. The decline of the radio and TV communications industry has been arrested, all right, but not by market forces. The decline has been arrested and indeed reversed by a national industrial policy called military procurement.

What about the much-heralded revitalization of the American auto industry? Is this evidence of cyclical—that is to say, macroeconomic—adjustment? First, let's note that almost half the workers who lost their jobs in

the recession have not got them back. Moreover, and this is my main point, the number of rehired workers is as high as it is only because of the import quotas on Japanese cars—an explicit industrial policy if ever there was one.

What is the future for American auto workers, regardless of interest rates, exchange rates, or budget deficits? Here are some not very risky predictions: the big auto companies will install increasing numbers of robots in U.S. manufacturing plants, shrinking the number of production workers still further; they will impose more mandatory overtime on the remaining workers, thus deriving the same number of working hours from fewer employees; and, perhaps most important, the companies will build or acquire more and more plants abroad—both to manufacture parts and to assemble whole autos.

Now, let's lift our gaze a bit from the U.S. economy and take a look at what's happening in the world as a whole. Foreign trade and foreign investment are becoming increasingly, indeed inextricably, interwoven. One reason for this is the proliferation of local content laws. As of 1980, twenty-five countries required U.S. companies to make some portion of their products in that country, using local workers, if they want the right to sell there. Capital and technology requirements also necessitate more and more co-production with foreign firms. GM and



Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics

Toyota, for example, are together refurbishing a plant in California so that GM can gain access to Toyota's small-car technology; but all of the highest-technology work will be done in Japan and the components imported into the United States. And some foreign governments are demanding countertrade—that is, barter—in effect saying to American firms, "If you want to sell to us you have to buy certain things from us, even if it is not optimally profitable for you to do so."

SCHULTZE: Are you implying that government should subsidize investment in the same industries that foreign governments are subsidizing? I think that's the worst possible criterion. These industries, such as steel, are precisely the ones with worldwide excess capacity—they are producing more than anyone wants to buy. Such industries are the last place we ought to be using up our precious savings.

HARRISON: Of course we shouldn't permanently subsidize industries that have excess capacity. We *should*, however, be prepared to use public subsidies to slow the adjustment process so that the economy can reabsorb laid-off workers.

In any case, my point is that American companies are being increasingly pressured to negotiate new non-market, non-price based contracts with foreign firms and foreign governments, and with one another. International trade in the future is going to have less and less to do with market prices. Governments themselves are playing an increasingly significant role in determining the terms of trade in world markets. We're in a new world. We didn't make it neomercantile; it is neomercantile. And if American companies and the U.S. government don't learn how to play the game, a lot of our firms are going to be wiped out.

Now, whether we like these developments or not, we have to acknowledge that none of them arises naturally from a free market. They're adjustments to political constraints. In other words, they all reflect *industrial policies*—some by private companies, some by foreign governments, and yes, some by our own government. We *have* industrial policies now, but they are unacknowledged, disorganized, and often unwise. Why don't we admit it and devise intelligent ones, instead of carrying on this charade about the magic of the free market?

SCHULTZE: Look, no one here is claiming that the market is perfect. But no one has proposed specific criteria that government might *substitute* for the forces of the market. For an industrial policy to work, government must have objective criteria for making decisions about where

investment and other resources ought to go, and how long they ought to stay there. You can't prevent all plant closings—which ones do you prevent? Industrial policy implies that government must find a rational way to pick and choose which industries to support and which to abandon—if, that is, industrial policy is not simply to be another name for a vast pork barrel.

Professors Bluestone and Harrison insist in their book that we must have an "adequate supply of useful goods and services whether or not they can be made at a profit." Well, who determines when unprofitable goods and services are useful? What standards do we use? If we look beyond our domestic economy, as Bennett Harrison suggested, we'll notice Israel, Poland, Argentina, and a host of countries in terrible economic trouble precisely because they are subsidizing "useful goods and services whether or not they can be made at a profit."

What about Bluestone and Harrison's criterion for deciding when to help declining, or "sunset," industries? They say it's OK for government to disinvest in such industries—to let them die—if the product being abandoned is "truly unneeded or technologically obsolete based on criteria worked out by the community and union researchers"? To say it very gently, that is a very naive position. Does anyone really think that any group of workers and community officials are going to declare themselves obsolete, or that political bodies will be better able than consumers in the marketplace to determine obsolescence? On the other hand, Bluestone and Harrison say flatly that moving plants to areas with lower labor costs is unwarranted and socially wasteful; presumably under an industrial policy the government would discourage, delay, and possibly prohibit such relocations. But if we prohibit owners from moving their factories and simultaneously provide tariff protection from foreign competition, we will be granting entrenched unions and oligopoly management carte blanche to hike wages and prices way out of line. In short, we will be strongly encouraging these protected industries to become even more uncompetitive than they are now. That, in turn, will generate pressures for more protection. For example, when unions and management had strong oligopoly power in the steel and auto industries, they were able to increase wages and fringe benefits year after year, from 25 percent above the average manufacturing worker's wage in 1967 to between 65 and 70 percent above average in 1980. Since then unions and management have exerted their political power to win passage of protective quotas that keep workers' wages up, but make cars more expensive for the consumer.

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Indeed, the whole thrust of these industrial policy recommendations is terribly dangerous to democratic government. The more political power is turned over to groups of producers, for example, business and labor in particular industries—and that's what's inherent in all this—the more we invite the domination of politics by economic power and the triumph of entrenched economic interests over the common good.

HARRISON: I think it's a bit naive, Charlie, to pretend that "producer groups" don't already dominate government resource allocation and regulatory policy through their lobbyists in Congress.

SCHULTZE: Of course they have influence, but let's fight it and minimize it, not bless it and enlarge it. What our federal government *cannot* do is

make hard and objective choices among individual industries, firms, and localities, determining which shall live and which shall die, which shall receive help and which shall not. Yet under an industrial policy the government would have to do exactly that: some federal agency or bureaucracy would have to choose what industries or regions to support. The formal and informal institutions of our political system were designed to avoid making just those sorts of choices. The Hippocratic oath of American politicians is, "Thou shalt do no direct identifiable harm." You can do it indirectly, but you can't do it directly.

Consider the Economic Development Administration, for example: it was established during the Johnson Administration to help depressed areas, yet by the time the program went into effect 80 percent of the counties in the United States were eligible for help. Or the

An Industrial Policy Future?

Is it possible to make... projections about a *democratic economy* in 1990?

Economic life would be more decentralized than now, organized more around community institutions. There would be more concentration on the production of basic goods and services, responding to local community needs. ... Both private and community enterprises would be turning, for example, toward safe and inexpensive food packaging, small-scale computer production for home and business needs, decent and much more varied housing, development of new kinds of equipment for tapping renewable energy sources, and a wide variety of goods and services for entertainment and recreation. Public funds would provide more services for child care and the elderly, for recreational facilities, for community health care and preventive health training, for lifelong education and skills training, and for serving people's transport needs in more flexible ways.

Much more important, we think, people would be actively involved in a much wider variety of institutions affecting economic decisions—in work teams implementing cooperative work agreements, in union investment boards allocating both pension funds and collective profit shares, in the boards of community enterprises and community investment agencies, in hearings on consumption needs, and in a wide variety of public agencies aimed at determining priorities for public programs. Many more economic decisions would be made

at the local and community level, with active—and, we assume, lively—political debate about their directions. Communities would begin to acquire much more focused definition in people's lives—both because they constituted much more of a locus of economic activities and because there would be much less economic pressure to move around from place to place.

The average workweek would have fallen considerably; correspondingly, a boom may be anticipated in sports, cooking, dieting, block parties, local politics, and the pursuit of self-understanding. Complaints would be heard that reduced work hours have been offset by more meetings. Flexible work-time options would have opened new opportunities for the sharing of child-rearing tasks and for making more productive use of the creative energies of older people.

Perhaps most important, a democratic economic program would have begun to transform the waste in our present economy into useful goods and services. Substantial progress would have been made toward the full-employment goal of 2 percent, making the right to a job at decent pay a reality. ... People would be able, in short, to move beyond nagging worries about where the next paycheck is coming from and to pay more attention to improving the quality of their lives. ...

—from *Beyond the Waste Land*, by Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon, and Thomas E. Weisskopf

Model Cities program, established around the same time to revitalize depressed areas in about fifteen major city centers. By the time the program got through Congress, we had 150 model cities; ultimately each received only a tenth of the amount needed to do the job. Can you imagine some government industrial-policy agency saying to the Weirton steel plant, "Sorry, Weirton, you close down. But Youngstown, you can stay open." Or to the cotton and synthetic textile industries, "You can survive, you'll get government help and protection. But wool, you're dead; you'll never make it." Or to union workers in the steel industry, "Sorry, you boosted your premiums from 25 percent to 70 percent above the average. Give those gains back and we'll give the industry help." Yet these are precisely the kinds of choices that some political body, or some subordinate unit of a political body, would be expected to make under industrial policy.

As a way of choosing what private goods to produce, you can't beat the market. The right criterion for making such choices is fundamentally that of the market anyway: to produce those goods and services that people want to buy, at a price that brings in a reasonable profit. Government will not be able to find a better standard; and even if there were one, the political system wouldn't let government use it.

HARRISON: But I think you're caricaturing industrial policy, Charlie. We do not advocate wholesale protection; we do not advocate rebuilding old blast furnaces. We simply want to develop a planning process involving all levels of the public that will help ease the pain of economic transition and replace the jobs that are lost while democratically choosing the *shape* of that transition. You asked if any group of workers or communities would ever declare themselves obsolete. The answer is no, for a very good reason: people can't be obsolete. Production systems may become obsolete and commodities may lose their markets, but the solution is to find ways to replace them—and to put the power to do so in the hands of the people who live in communities that are affected. Industrial policy doesn't have to be solely the province of some bureaucracy in Washington. It can be a lot of different things: a community development corporation in the neighborhood; a city council trying to find a way to deliver health care to a depressed community; a state-funded economic revitalization program that allocates tax revenues to start new businesses, retool older ones, or repair deteriorated roads and bridges. And in fact such programs are already under way, in states and cities around the country. "Public" doesn't have to mean the big federal bureaucra-

cy. It means us. We're the public.

Charlie Schultze says the government can't pick winners without objective criteria. Well, whether or not the criteria are "objective," the government *makes* winners every day. It regulates whole businesses in and out of existence. It creates new markets and capitalizes the physical plant of entire companies—the big General Electric plant north of Boston, for instance, was originally built by the government during World War II. We have to stop arguing about the ideal of the market versus the ideal of some central planning mechanism and face the situation we have.

SCHULTZE: But the way to face it is not to extend to other sectors of the economy the same wonderful governmental interference. I think the decisions to protect the auto and steel industries through import quotas, for example, were terribly bad decisions. The average American is now paying \$400 more for a new car because of this protection. A large part of that money goes right into auto company profits, allowing the UAW to keep members' wages puffed up above those of the average manufacturing worker. Auto industry executives and shareholders and union workers are doing pretty well, precisely because the government is protecting them—at the expense of the consumer. The same thing is happening to a lesser extent in the steel industry. Look at some of the major industries that are in particularly serious trouble—autos, steel, aluminum can, trucking, airlines. In all these industries, strong unions and oligopoly management combined during the 1970s to increase workers' wages until they were way out of line with those of other manufacturing workers. That is one reason these industries are in such trouble. Of course, there are other reasons as well. In the trucking and airlines industries, wages and rates were artificially propped up by government regulation, and both industries are now making some painful adjustments.

In general, when government extends its control over the allocation of resources, monopoly and oligopoly interests are protected, prices are driven up, natural industrial change is impeded, and the consumer suffers. This process is not catastrophic in any one situation, but repeated year after year, in industry after industry, it slows the pace of economic progress and lowers the standards of living in this country.

BLUESTONE: Ben and I have never advocated putting up massive permanent trade barriers. Instead, we argue that the United States should begin to experiment with different kinds of relationships among government, labor, and business. Sure, we may need temporary trade

restrictions in some industries. But the government must make sure that industries take advantage of protection to restructure themselves and that profits are shared fairly.

I think the Chrysler loan guarantee of 1980 was a good example of such an arrangement. The Senate insisted on very tough language to ensure that there would be changes in management, and that all the groups involved would make concessions: workers agreed to lower their wages, suppliers agreed not to raise prices of the components they sold to Chrysler, and the banks agreed to give the company more time to pay back its loans. This experiment in industrial policy *has* worked. The company was saved from bankruptcy and the federal government even made a profit when it cashed in the stock warrants it received for its loans. We have to experiment with similar policies that will allow us to develop a more socially productive relationship among government, business, and labor.

FRIEDMAN: Many industrial policy advocates point to Japan's success in coordinating trade policies and encouraging such profitable relationships. Their prime example is the role the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) is said to play in developing trade policies. Charlie, does the Japanese success with such policies suggest that governments can indeed profitably manage such supposedly market decisions?

SCHULTZE: I see three reasons for the Japanese success, none of them involving industrial policy. First, during the sixties and most of the seventies the Japanese invested some 30 percent of their GNP, while Americans invested only 17 to 19 percent. Second, after World War II, Japanese technology was far behind that of the rest of the industrial world, so the Japanese were able to invest huge sums to improve and modify the newest existing techniques at relatively low risk and at a very high return. Third, the Japanese have a unique set of labor-management relationships, which no other nation has and which I can't fully explain. I don't think MITI really has much to do with Japan's success. MITI, you know, tried to keep Honda out of automobiles. People seem to think that without an industrial policy most of Japan's huge investment would have gone into industries like plastic toys, souvenirs, fisheries, and kites. Well, it wouldn't have. It would have been invested pretty much where it has been.

I have not been trying to suggest that the market will miraculously cure all our ills. I am quite aware that America has serious economic problems. We have huge budget deficits and the high interest rates they bring with them.

We have a vastly overvalued dollar and a frightening trade deficit. There are structural problems as well: poverty is increasing; unemployment among minority youth is scandalous; health care costs are soaring; and long-term productivity growth has slowed. But one structural problem the nation *doesn't* have is a systemic misallocation of private investment or other resources among industries. And one set of policies we *don't* need is some governmental industrial board—whether it's modeled after MITI or not—that tries to substitute its decisions about allocation for those of the market.

BLUESTONE: Charlie, despite what you have just said, both you and Bob have advocated various kinds of government intervention. Bob has argued for what we might call a regional policy. Good. To our way of thinking, you really do advocate industrial policy. You just don't want to call it that.

Indeed, there are some lessons to be learned from Japan. MITI isn't an all-powerful central planning agency. It has, however, made some important improvements in the Japanese economy. Consider the steel industry. In general, Japan's steel companies make a smaller profit than ours because in the 1950s, the Japanese government decided to use steel as a basic element in rebuilding its industrial infrastructure, very much the way we use our highway system to transport all kinds of commodities and open up new markets. The Japanese reasoned that if they could build up certain key industries with government help, these industries would make it possible to develop other industries that would be very profitable. And they were right: based on cheap steel, the Japanese were able to establish a strong automobile industry and a very strong consumer durables industry. Travel in the Third World today and you'll find that every air conditioner and refrigerator is Japanese-made. And, of course, their shipbuilding industry was based on steel as well. Now I concede that industrial policy isn't the only reason for Japan's success. But it is certainly one of the reasons. That's a lesson we need to learn.

Ironically, we need not learn it from the Japanese. For much of this century the United States has had its own brand of industrial policy, especially for agriculture and aircraft. Through direct purchases and procurement, through research and development subsidies, and even through direct investment, the government has ensured that these two sectors remained America's premier examples of internationally competitive industries. What has worked here could conceivably work in other sectors. That is why some well-designed industrial policy experiments are worth a try. ■

AGNOSTIC EVOLUTIONISTS

The taxonomic case against Darwin

By Tom Bethell

The first time I saw Colin Patterson was at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City in the spring of 1983. He was in the office of Donn Rosen, a curator in the museum's department of ichthyology, which is the branch of zoology that deals with fishes. Patterson, a paleontologist specializing in fossil fishes, was staring through a binocular microscope at a slice of codfish. In his mid-fifties and balding, he was wearing black corduroys and a smoking-jacket affair of the kind that I associate with the Sloane Square poets of the "angry young man" generation—the generation to which Patterson belongs by age, and perhaps by temperament. I would later spend time with him in London, at the British Museum of Natural History, where he is a senior paleontologist, and at Cambridge University, where we attended a lecture by the famous Harvard paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould. He often conveyed an impression of moody rebelliousness: he is authoritative, the kind of person others defer to in a discussion; he is habitually pessimistic; and he seemed not at all sanguine about his brushes with other scientists—encounters that by the late 1970s had become quite frequent. Those with whom Patterson has been arguing are mostly paleontologists and evolutionary biologists—researchers and academics who have devoted their careers, their lives, to upholding and fine-tuning the ideas about the origins and the development of species introduced by Charles Darwin in the second half of the nineteenth century. Patterson, it seemed, was no longer sure he believed in evolutionary theory, and he was saying so. Or, perhaps more accurately, he was

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saying that evolutionists—like the creationists they periodically do battle with—are nothing more than believers themselves.

In 1978, Patterson wrote an introductory book called *Evolution*, which was published by the British Museum. A year later, he received a letter from Luther Sunderland, an electrical engineer in upstate New York and a creationist-activist, asking why *Evolution* did not include any "direct illustrations of evolutionary transitions." Patterson's reply included the following:

You say I should at least "show a photo of the fossil from which each type of organism was derived." I will lay it on the line—there is not one such fossil for which one could make a watertight argument. The reason is that statements about ancestry and descent are not applicable in the fossil record. Is *Archaeopteryx* the ancestor of all birds? Perhaps yes, perhaps no: there is no way of answering the question. It is easy enough to make up stories of how one form gave rise to another, and to find reasons why the stages should be favoured by natural selection. But such stories are not part of science, for there is no way of putting them to the test.

By 1981, Patterson's doubts about evolutionary theory were finding their way to the public. A sentence in a brochure he wrote that year for the British Museum began: "If the theory of evolution is true . . ." In the fall of 1981, Patterson addressed the Systematics Discussion Group at the American Museum of Natural History. Once a month, the group meets in an upstairs classroom at the museum, opposite the dinosaur exhibit hall. The audience in any given month is likely to be made up of museum staff, graduate students from nearby universities, and the occasional amateur like Norman Macbeth, the author of *Darwin Retried*. (Systematics is a science of classification; taxonomists working in systematics study the way taxonomic groups relate

'Can you tell me anything you know about evolution? Any one thing that is true?'

to one another in nature.) There may be no more than fifteen people on hand when the discussion focuses on, say, fossil rodent teeth; or there may be 150 or more when Richard C. Lewontin, the renowned geneticist and author, gives a talk on the meaning (if any) of adaptation in biology.

Patterson's address was titled "Evolutionism and Creationism." Patterson is not a creationist, but he had been trying to think like one as a sort of experiment. "It's true," he told his audience, "that for the last eighteen months or so I've been kicking around non-evolutionary or even anti-evolutionary ideas." He went on:

I think always before in my life when I've got up to speak on a subject I've been confident of one thing—that I know more about it than anybody in the room, because I've worked on it. Well, this time it isn't true. I'm speaking on two subjects, evolutionism and creationism, and I believe it's true to say that I know nothing whatever about either of them.

One of the reasons I started taking this anti-evolutionary view, or let's call it a non-evolutionary view, was that last year I had a sudden realization.

For over twenty years I had thought I was wrong on evolution in some way. One morning I woke up and something had happened in the night, and it struck me that I had been working on this stuff more than twenty years, and there was not one thing I knew about it. It's quite a shock to realize that one can be so misled for so long. Either there was something wrong with me or there was something wrong with evolutionary theory. Naturally, I know there is nothing wrong with me, so for the last few weeks I've tried putting a simple question to various people and groups.

Question is: Can you tell me anything you know about evolution? Any one thing, any one thing that is true?

In the public mind, challenges to Darwin's theory of evolution are associated with biblical creationists who periodically remove their children from schoolrooms where they are being taught that man evolved from monkeys. Most Americans know about the Scopes trial of 1925, in which a Tennessee high school teacher was fined \$100 for teaching evolutionary theory. Four years ago there was the trial in San Diego in which Kelly Seagraves, director of the Creation Science Research Center, unsuccessfully



PAUL FRIEDRICH MEYERHEIM: LAST SUPPER. ART COLLECTION, MILWAUKEE ART MUSEUM

fully sued the state of California over regulations governing the teaching of evolution in California public schools. (Seagraves wanted science teachers to be required to mention pertinent passages from the Book of Genesis.) What most people do not know is that for much of this century, and especially in recent years, scientists have been fighting among themselves about Darwin and his ideas.

Scientists are largely responsible for keeping the public in the dark about these in-house arguments. When they see themselves as beleaguered by opponents outside the citadel of science, they tend to put their differences aside and unite to defeat the heathen. The layman sees only the closed ranks. At the moment, with creationism apparently quiescent, we can, if we listen hard enough, hear fresh murmurs of dissent within the scientific walls. These debates are more complicated, perhaps, than the old contest, Science vs. Religion, but they are at least as interesting, and sometimes as heated.

One of the least publicized and least understood challenges to Darwin and the theory of evolution—and surely one of the more fascinat-

ing, in its sweep and rigor—involves a school of taxonomists called cladists. (A “clade” is a branch, from the Greek *klados*; “cladist” is pronounced with a long *a*.) Particularly interesting—vexing, evolutionary biologists would say (and do)—are those who toil in what is called transformed cladistics, and who might be thought of as agnostic evolutionists. Like many who have broken with a faith and challenged an orthodoxy, the transformed cladists are perhaps best defined by an opponent—in this case, the British biologist Beverly Halstead. Asked not long ago in a BBC interview what he thought of transformed cladistics, Halstead replied: “Well, I object to it! I mean, this is going back to Aristotle. It is not pre-Darwinian, it is Aristotelian. From Darwin’s day to the present we’ve understood there’s a time element; we’ve begun to understand evolution. What they are doing in transformed cladistics is to say, Let’s forget about evolution, let’s forget about process, let’s simply consider pattern.”

Since Darwin’s time, biologists have been absorbed in process: Where did we come from? How did everything in nature get to be what it now is? How will things continue to alter? The transformed cladists—they are sometimes called pattern cladists—are not concerned primarily with time or process. To understand why, it helps to know that they are trained in taxonomy: they are rigorous, scrupulous labelers. Their job as taxonomists is to discover and name the various groups found in nature—a task first assigned to Adam by God, according to Genesis—and put them into one category or another. Taxonomists try to determine not how groups came into existence but what groups exist, among both present-day and fossil organisms. To understand that cladists believe this knowledge must be acquired before ideas about process can be tested is to understand the natural tension that exists between taxonomists and evolutionary biologists.

The transformed cladists have escalated the battle. In the 1940s and 1950s, years which witnessed the growth of evolutionary biology, taxonomists allowed themselves what might be called a bit of artistic license. (They called it the new systematics.) This occurred in part, no doubt, because taxonomy had come to be thought of as dull and stuffy—particularly by evolutionists like Sir Julian Huxley (the grandson of Darwin’s contemporary champion Thomas Henry Huxley), who believed it was high time to cease being “bogged down in semantics and definitions.” (Sir Julian said this in 1959 at the University of Chicago during a cen-

‘What they are doing in transformed cladistics is to say, Let’s forget about evolution, let’s forget about process, let’s simply consider pattern’



A Darwinian Prehistoric Social Party (The Unevolved Club Man of the Period), by Paul Friedrich Meyerheim

'One has to live
with one's
colleagues.
They hold the
theory very
dear. Once
something has
that status, it
becomes like
religion'

ennial celebration for Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*.) Taxonomists, in other words, were regarded as bookkeepers and accountants in need of a little loosening up. In his 1959 book *Nature & Man's Fate*, Garrett Hardin, a professor of human ecology at the University of California at Santa Barbara, quoted a zoologist as giving this advice: "Whoever wants to hold to firm rules should give up taxonomic work. Nature is much too disorderly for such a man."

The transformed cladists think otherwise, and have sought to re-establish taxonomic rigor. In doing so, they have come to think that it is the evolutionists who have the problem—the problem being slipshod methodology. Colin Patterson, perhaps the leading transformed cladist, has enunciated what might be regarded as the cladists' battle cry: "The concept of ancestry is not accessible by the tools we have." Patterson and his fellow cladists argue that a common ancestor can only be hypothesized, not identified in the fossil record. A group of people can be brought together for a family reunion on the basis of birth documents, tombstone inscriptions, and parish records—evidence of process, one might say. But in nature there are no parish records; there are only fossils. And a fossil, Patterson told me once, is a "mess on a rock." Time, change, process, evolution—none of this, the cladists argue, can be read from rocks.

What can be discerned in nature, according to the cladists, are patterns—relationships between things, not between eras. There can be no absolute tracing back. There can be no certainty about parent-offspring links. There are only inferences drawn from fossils. To the cladists, the science of evolution is in large part a matter of faith—faith different, but not all that different, from that of the creationists.

"I really put my foot in it," Patterson told me that day I first met him nearly two years ago. We were in a restaurant on Columbus Avenue near the Museum of Natural History, and he was recalling the talk he had given eighteen months earlier to the systematics discussion group. "I compared evolution and creation and made a case that the two were equivalent. I was all fired up, and I said what I thought. I went through merry hell for about a year. Almost everybody except the people at the museum objected. Lots of academics wrote. Deluges of mail. 'Here we are trying to combat a political argument,' they said, 'and you give them ammunition!'"

He ordered something from the menu and said: "One has to live with one's colleagues. They hold the theory very dear. I found out that what you say will be taken in 'political' rather than rational terms."

Patterson told me that he regarded the theory of evolution as "often unnecessary" in biology. "In fact," he said, "they could do perfectly well without it." Nevertheless, he said, it was presented in textbooks as though it were "the unified field theory of biology," holding the whole subject together—and binding the profession to it. "Once something has that status," he said, "it becomes like religion."

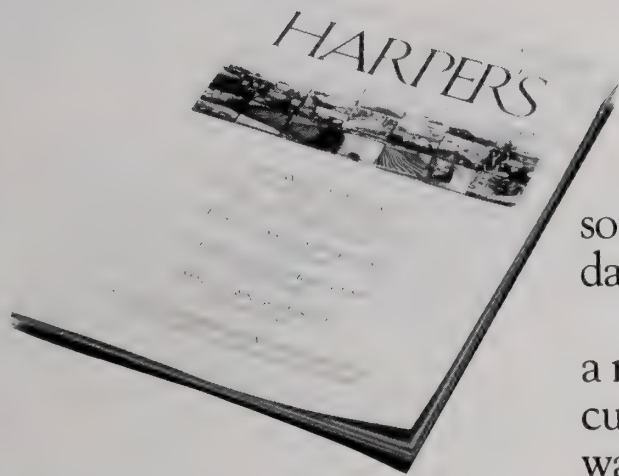
The founding father of cladistics was an entomologist named Willi Hennig. Hennig was born in what is now East Germany and spent the bulk of his career there, studying and classifying flies. At some point in the mid-1960 (there is very little biographical information available about him) he turned up in West Germany; he died there, at the age of 63, in 1976. His principal work is *Phylogenetic Systematics*, an updated version of which was translated into English and published in the United States in 1966 by the University of Illinois Press. It is a difficult book, and an enormously influential one. By the 1970s, as the prominent evolutionary biologist Ernst Mayr wrote in *The Growth of Biological Thought*, a virtual Hennig cult had developed. A Willi Hennig Society was formed in 1980, and its fourth annual meeting, held last summer in London, was attended by some 25 scientists from around the world. Last month the society published the first issue of its new quarterly journal, *Cladistics*. According to David Hull, the philosopher of science (he was at the meeting too), "among evolutionary biologists, cladistics is what everyone is arguing about."

At the heart of cladistics are the concepts of "plesiomorphy" and "paraphyly." A characteristic, or trait, is said to be plesiomorphic if it is found in a group of organisms of more general scope than the specific group under consideration. Thus, while all primates have hair, hair is also a characteristic of a more general class of creatures—mammals. What Hennig called the fallacy of plesiomorphy is the belief that a characteristic (like hair) identifies and helps to define a particular species or order of animal when in fact it can be found among a broader group.

Hennig also objected to the still common practice in biology of identifying a grouping of animal life only by the absence of certain characteristics. (His reasoning was Aristotelian; in *On the Parts of Animals*, Aristotle wrote that "there can be no specific forms of a negative: of Featherless, for instance or of Footless, there are of Feathered or Footed.") It was this lack of precision that bothered Hennig: a feathered animal is one thing (a bird); a non-feathered animal is anything (except a bird). Gro

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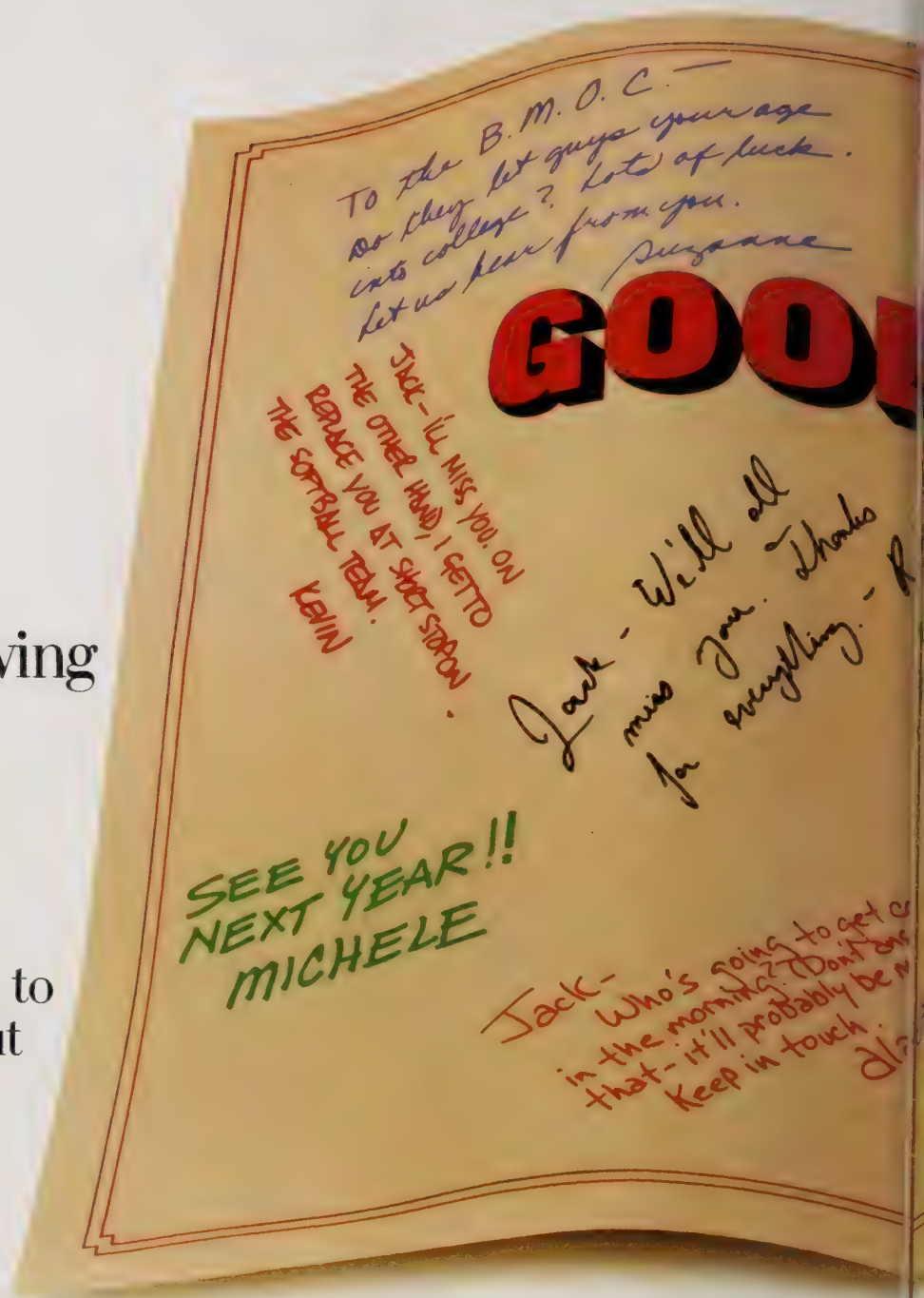
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in nature defined by an absence of characteristics Hennig called paraphyletic.

By calling attention to the paraphyletic traits, Hennig helped revive the rigor taxonomy once prided itself on. Colin Patterson and other transformed cladists have moved on to examine—and call into question—the crucial role that paraphyletic groups and species play in evolutionary theory. In his 1981 talk at the Museum of Natural History, for example, Patterson touched on the subject of invertebrates. Invertebrates make up one of the two general categories of animals. The grouping comprises a huge and often bewildering diversity of animals, from the simplest single-cell protozoan to insects, clams, worms, and crabs. Every school-child learns that what brings this wide array of creatures under one heading is their shared lack of a backbone. Cladists like Patterson have asked: *Why* group them this way? What function does it serve? The problem they have is this: the term *invertebrate* does not serve a scientific function; it is too nebulous, too inexact for that. (It also accurately describes strawberries and chairs.) What the term *invertebrate* does serve, the cladists maintain, is a rhetorical function: it makes possible the claim, found in many textbooks, that “vertebrates evolved from invertebrates.” According to the cladistic reading, the last two words of the four-word statement do not contain any information that is not asserted as factual by the first two words; “vertebrates evolved” simply means that the first vertebrate had parents without backbones. The transformed cladists claim that “vertebrates evolved from invertebrates” is a disguised tautology.

In his museum talk, Patterson said that groups defined only by negative traits have “no existence in nature, and they cannot possibly convey knowledge, though they appear to when you first hear them.” Evolutionary biologists maintain that negatively defined groups make sense and serve a purpose; they tend to accuse the cladists, as one writer recently did in the magazine *Science*, of engaging in “verbal legerdemain.” But Patterson and his colleagues point their fingers back at the evolutionists. Patterson for one has called the paraphyletic groups “voids.”

What evolutionary theory does, the cladists say, is make claims about something that cannot be demonstrated by studying fossils. They say that the “tree of life,” with its paraphyletic branches, is nothing more than a hypothesis, a reasonable guess.

Nor do they believe it will ever be anything more than that. When asked about this in an interview, Patterson said: “I don't think we shall ever have any access to any form of tree

which we can call factual.” He was then asked: “Do you believe it to be, then, no reality?” He replied: “Well, isn't it strange that this is what it comes to, that you have to ask me whether I believe it, as if it mattered whether I believe it or not. Yes, I do believe it. But in saying that, it is obvious it is faith.”

Cladists do not spend their time on the lecture circuit drumming up sentiment against Darwin. Some of them would like it if all the talk about evolution just quietly went away. Evolution is not important to the work they do. That work involves finding the positive and verifiable characteristics of the various species and determining how all these species fit together in the animal kingdom—what patterns exist in nature. Their interest is the here and now, not how it all came to be.

I recently spent some time with two cladists on the staff of the Museum of Natural History. I first met with Gareth Nelson, who in 1982 was named chairman of the department of ichthyology. Nelson graduated from the University of Hawaii in 1966 and he joined the museum staff a year later. The walls of Nelson's office were lined with boxes of articles from scientific journals, and a large table was covered with papers and jars stuffed with small, silvery fish preserved in alcohol: anchovies. Nelson is just about the world's expert on anchovies, although he told me that the number of people studying them (three or four) is much smaller than the number of anchovy species (there are 150 known species, and Nelson believes there are many more). This disparity between the magnitude of the scientific “problem” and the number of people working on it is a commonplace in biology. Most laymen think that the experts have pretty exhaustively studied the earth's biota, when they have barely scratched the surface.

Nelson put the issue of evolution this way: in order to understand what we actually know, we must first look at what it is that the evolutionists claim to know for certain. He said that if you turn to a widely used college text like Alfred Romer's *Vertebrate Paleontology*, published by the University of Chicago Press in 1966 and now in its third edition, you will find such statements as “mammals evolved from reptiles,” and “birds are descended from reptiles.” (Very rarely, at least in the current literature, will you find the claim that a given species evolved from another given species.) The trouble with general statements like “mammals evolved from reptiles,” Nelson said, is that the “ancestral groups are taxonomic artifacts.” These groups “do not have any characters that are unique,” he said. “They do not have defining characters, and therefore they are not real groups.” I asked Nel-

son to name some of these allegedly "unreal" groups. He replied: invertebrates, fishes, reptiles, apes. According to Nelson, this does not by any means exhaust the list of negatively defined groups. Statements imputing ancestry to such groups have no real meaning, he said.

I asked Nelson about the fossil record. Don't we know that evolutionary theory is true from the fossils? Like most people, I thought the natural history museums had pretty well worked out the fossil sequences, much as in an automobile museum you can find the "ancestors" of contemporary cars lined up in sequence: Thunderbird back to Model T.

"Usually with fossils all you find are a few nuts and bolts," Nelson said. "An odd piston ring, maybe, or different pieces of a carburetor that are spread out or piled on top of one another, but not in their correct arrangement."

He maintained that too much importance has been attached to fossils. "And it's easy to understand why," he said. "You put in all this effort studying them, and you get out a little bit. Therefore you are persuaded that that little bit must be very important. I can get ten times more information per unit with recent fishes. So if you put in all that effort on fossils, you are inclined to say that the information you get is worth ten times as much."

Nelson said it was quite common for paleontologists to go to all the trouble of digging up fossils without realizing that the animals in question were still walking about. (Think of spending months hunting for a book in used-book stores without realizing it was still in print.) "Say you dig up a 50-million-year-old beetle," he said. "It looks like it belongs to a certain family, but there may be 30,000 species in the family. What do you do? Go through all 30,000? No, you just give it an appropriate-sounding name, *Eocoleoptera*, say. If it is a species that has been in existence for 50 million years, somebody else will have to find that out, because you don't have enough time. You're out digging in the rocks, not poking through beetle collections in museums."

I asked him about anchovy fossils. How far back do they go? "Well," he said, "Lance Grande, who was a student here recently, studied that, and it turns out that all the fossils previously described as anchovies are not anchovies at all." (Grande is now an assistant curator in the department of geology at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.) "In other words," Nelson said, "the people who described them did not do a very good job. So the fossil record of anchovies was reduced to zero. However, there was something in the British Museum that I think Colin Patterson told Grande about, something from the Mio-

cene in Cyprus; maybe 10 million years old. And it turned out to be an anchovy—the only known fossil. It has not yet been described in detail, but there is information suggesting it is the same kind of animal we find inhabiting the Mediterranean today."

A week or two after I met with Nelson I spoke to Norman Platnick, a curator in the museum's entomology department and an expert on spiders. On my way to see him on the fifth floor, I was joined in the elevator by a couple of lab assistants who were wheeling on a cart what looked like a dinosaur head. (I was reminded that for a long time the museum had the wrong head on its brontosaurus. One of the few bits of conventional wisdom about paleontology is that entire animals can be reconstructed from scraps of bone. Paleontologists now repudiate the idea, first enunciated by the French anatomist Baron Cuvier in the early 1800s. Steve Farris, a professor in the department of ecology and evolution at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and the president of the Hennig Society, told me that Cuvier erected a monument to his own error in the form of a cement statue of an iguanodon, now at the Crystal Palace outside London. "The animal that Cuvier imagined was four-footed and resembled a rhinoceros," Farris said. "The complete skeleton of the iguanodon is now known—the animal was bipedal, with a long tail." As for the idea that the relationship of early animals to present-day ones is well established, Farris said: "When they are writing for a general audience, a lot of paleontologists do try to give that impression.")

Not far from the elevator I found Platnick's orderly office: spiders (dead) inside little labeled bottles; book-filled shelves; journal articles neatly stacked. It would seem that professional biologists spend at least as much time studying each other's work as they do the world around them.

Platnick, who is rather square-shaped and bearded, told me that when he was an undergraduate at a small Appalachian college, he would go along with his wife when she collected millipedes. "But I was a wretched millipede collector," he said. "When we arrived home, all I would have in my jars would be spiders." So he started to study them. Today he has a Ph.D. from Harvard, and he and Nelson are co-authors of a book recently published by Columbia University Press entitled *Systematics and Biogeography: Cladistics and Vicariance*.

Spiders, which go back to the Devonian period, 400 million years ago, belong to the class Arachnida and the phylum Arthropoda. They are among the "invertebrates," in other words, and are not well preserved in the fossil record.

'Usually with fossils all you find are a few nuts and bolts—different pieces spread out or piled on top of one another, but not in their correct arrangement'

'I don't know of one case in the modern literature where it's claimed that one spider is the ancestor of another'

About 35,000 species of spiders have been identified, Platnick said, "but there may be three times that many in the world." He thought there were perhaps four full-time systematists examining spiders in the United States, "and perhaps another dozen who teach at small colleges and do some research." There is an American Arachnological Society, with 475 members worldwide, some of them amateurs. They meet once a year and discuss scorpions and daddy-longlegs, as well as spiders.

"Most of the spiders I look at may have been looked at by two or three people in history," Platnick said, adding that he would most likely be dead before anyone looked at them again.

I asked Platnick what was known about spider phylogeny, or ancestry.

"Very little," he said. "We still don't know a hill of beans about that." We certainly don't know, he said, what species the animal belonged to that was the ancestor of the very first spider. All we know of such an animal is that it was not a spider. We don't even know of any links in the (presumed) 400-million-year chain of spider ancestry.

"I do not ever say that this spider is ancestral to that one," Platnick said firmly.

"Does anyone?"

"I don't know of a single case in the modern literature where it's claimed that one spider is the ancestor of another."

Some spiders have been well preserved in amber. Even so, Platnick said, "very few spider fossils have been so well preserved that you can put a species name on them." After a pause he added: "You don't learn much from fossils."

In view of Platnick's comments about our knowledge of spider ancestry, I was curious to know what he thought of the following passage from a well-known high school biology text, *Life: An Introduction to Biology*, by George Simpson and William S. Beck, first published in 1957 by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and still in print.

An animal is not classified as an arachnid because it has four or five pairs of legs rather than three. It is classified in the Arachnida because it has the same ancestry as other arachnids, and a different ancestry from insects over some hundreds of millions of years, as attested by all the varying characteristics of the two groups and by large numbers of fossil representatives of both.

At that he threw himself back in his chair, and burst out laughing.

In this passage, Simpson and Beck were practicing the verbal sleight of hand that has been common in evolutionary biology since the 1940s. All we know for sure is that there is a group of organisms (in this case spiders) that are identifiable as a group because they have cer-

tain unique characteristics. They have spinnerets for spinning silk, for instance, and thus we can say that all organisms with spinnerets are spiders. (They share other unique features, too.)

If we want to explain why thousands of members of a group have features uniquely in common, that is another matter entirely. We can, if we like, posit a theoretical common ancestor in the ur-spider, which transmitted spider traits to all its descendants. That is precisely what Darwin did in *On the Origin of Species*. But Simpson and Beck do something very different. They say that the composition of the class Arachnida was determined by examining not the features of spiders but their *ancestral lines*. But no such pedigrees are known to science—not just with respect to spiders but with respect to *all* groups of organisms.

The point stressed by the cladists is this: unless we know the taxonomic relationships of organisms—what makes each unique and different from the other—we cannot possibly guess at the ancestral relationships. Things in nature here and now must be ranked according to their taxonomic relationship before they can be placed in a family tree. Thus the speculations of evolutionists ("Do X and Y have a common ancestor?") must be subordinate to the findings of taxonomists ("X and Y have features not shared by anything else"). If fossils came with pedigrees attached, this laborious method of comparison would not be necessary; but of course they don't.

"Stephen Jay Gould does his work without bothering about cladistics, I assure you," Platnick said, citing a recent paper by Niels Bonde, a paleontologist at the University of Copenhagen. Platnick went on to say that "the literature is replete with such statements as 'fossil X is the ancestor of some other taxon,' when it has not even been shown that fossil X is the closest relative of that taxon." (By "closest relative" he means that the two taxa form a group having unique characteristics.) "This is seen most commonly in accounts of human paleontology, but it is by no means restricted to it," Platnick said.

One reason why many laymen readily accept evolution as fact is that they have seen the famous "horse sequence" reproduced in textbooks. The sequence, which shows a gradual increase in the size of the horse with time, is dear to the hearts of textbook writers, in large part because it is on display at the American Museum of Natural History. For obvious reasons, the museum staff are uncomfortable going on record about the horse sequence, but when Niles Eldredge, a curator in the department of invertebrates at the museum and co-author, with Stephen Jay Gould, of the "punctuated

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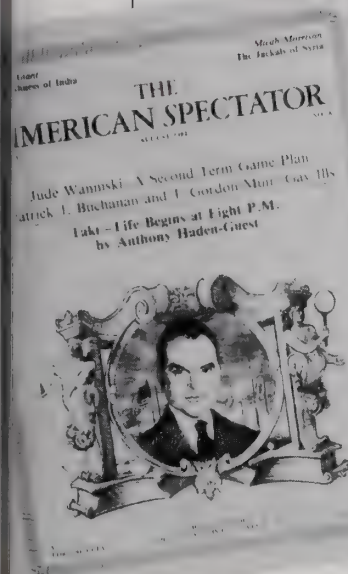
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equilibria" theory of evolution (organisms stay the same for millions of years, then change quickly rather than gradually, as Darwin believed), was asked about it once, he said:

There have been an awful lot of stories, some more imaginative than others, about what the nature of that history [of life] really is. The most famous example, still on exhibit downstairs, is the exhibit on horse evolution prepared perhaps fifty years ago. That has been presented as the literal truth in textbook after textbook. Now I think that that is lamentable, particularly when the people who propose those kinds of stories may themselves be aware of the speculative nature of some of that stuff.

When I brought the subject up with Platnick, he said he thought horse fossils had not yet been properly classified, or even exhaustively studied. I wanted to know whether Platnick believed that evolution has occurred. He said he did, and that the evidence was to be found in the existing hierarchical structure of nature. All organisms can, as it were, be placed within an internested set of "boxes." The box labeled "gazelles" fits in the larger box labeled "ungulates" (animals with hoofs), which fits inside the "mammals" box, which fits inside "tetrapods" (four-footed animals), which fits inside "vertebrates." The grand task of taxonomy, Platnick said, is to describe this hierarchical pattern precisely, and in particular to define the traits that delineate the boundaries of each "box."

Whether taxonomy will ever fill in all the blanks in the pattern is a question Platnick cannot answer. One problem, he said, is the shortage of taxonomists. "Systematics," he said, "doesn't have the glamour to attract research funds." Research grants have increasingly gone to molecular and biochemical studies; the result is that support for taxonomy at many institutions has, he said, "withered away." This bothered Platnick. "I am fully prepared to stand up to any biologist who says evolutionary theory is more important, or more basic. Without the results of systematics there is nothing to be explained."

I wanted to find out what those on the other side—the evolutionary biologists and paleontologists—had to say about what the cladists are saying. First I went to the bookshelf. In his 1969 book *The Triumph of the Darwinian Method* (recently reprinted by the University of Chicago Press), Michael T. Ghiselin, one of Darwin's greatest admirers, seems to be taking on the cladists (or trying to) when he writes:

Instead of finding patterns in nature and deciding that because of their conspicuousness they seem important, we discover the underlying mechanisms that impose order on natural phenomena,

whether we see that order or not, and then derive the structure of our classification system from this understanding.

I next looked in *Hen's Teeth and Horse's Toes*, Stephen Jay Gould's volume of essays on natural history. "No debate in evolutionary biology has been more intense during the past decade than the challenges raised by cladistics against traditional schemes of classification," Gould writes. He is not sympathetic to cladistics ("its leading exponents in America are among the most contentious scientists I have ever encountered"), but in his essay "What, If Anything, Is a Zebra?" he admits that "behind the names and the nastiness lies an important set of principles." These he enunciates, only to repudiate. He acknowledges that a strict taxonomy would eliminate groups like apes and fishes. But when cladists go this far, "many biologists rebel, and rightly, I think." Like his Harvard colleague Edward O. Wilson, the Frank B. Baird Professor of Science, Gould opts for the "admittedly vague and qualitative, but not therefore unimportant notion of overall similarity" of form.

I decided it would be a good idea to talk with a scientist who believes strongly in evolutionary theory. Last May, I traveled to Boston to meet with Richard C. Lewontin, a geneticist, a one-time president of the Society for the Study of Evolution, a well-known writer on science, and currently Agassiz Professor of Zoology at Harvard. I had seen a quote from Lewontin used as a chapter head in a book titled *Science on Trial*, by Douglas Futuyma. The quote, as edited, read: "Evolution is fact, not theory. . . . Birds evolve from nonbirds, humans evolve from nonhumans."

Lewontin was uncharacteristically attired in a scientist's regulation white lab coat when I first saw him (instead of his usual blue work shirt). We talked a bit about his stand against biological determinism. Finally it was time to get around to the point of my visit. What about these claims: evolution is fact; birds evolve from nonbirds, humans from nonhumans? The cladists disapproved, I said.

He paused for a split second and said: "Those are very weak statements, I agree." Then he made one of the clearest statements about evolution I have heard. He said: "Those statements flow simply from the assertion that all organisms have parents. It is an empirical claim, I think, that all living organisms have living or organisms as parents. The second empirical claim is that there was a time on earth when there were no mammals. Now, if you allow me those two claims as empirical, then the claim that mammals arose from non-mammals is simply a conclusion. It's the deduction from two empiri-

cal claims. But that's all I want to claim for it. You can't make the direct empirical statement that mammals arose from non-mammals."

Lewontin had made what seemed to me to be a deduction—a materialist's deduction. "The only problem is that it appears to be based on evidence derived from fossils," I said. "But the cladists say they don't really have that kind of information."

"Of course they don't," Lewontin said. "In fact, the stuff I've written on creationism, which isn't much, has always made that point. There is a vast weight of empirical evidence about the universe which says that unless you invoke supernatural causes, the birds could not have arisen from muck by any natural processes. Well, if the birds couldn't have arisen from muck by any natural processes, then they had to arise from non-birds. The only alternative is to say that they did arise from muck—because God's finger went out and touched that muck. That is to say, there was a non-natural process. And that's really where the action is. Either you think that complex organisms arose by non-natural phenomena, or you think that they arose by natural phenomena. If they arose by natural phenomena, they had to evolve. And that's all there is to it. And that's the only claim I'm making."

He reached for a copy of his 1982 book *Human Diversity*, and said: "Look, I'm a person who says in this book that we don't know anything about the ancestors of the human species." (He writes on page 163: "Despite the excited and optimistic claims that have been made by some paleontologists, no fossil hominid species can be established as our direct ancestor. . .") "All the fossils which have been dug up and are claimed to be ancestors—we haven't the faintest idea whether they are ancestors. Because all you've got, and the cladists are right. . ." He got up and began to do his famous rat-a-tat-tat with a piece of chalk on the blackboard. "All you've got is *Homo sapiens* there, you've got *that* fossil there, you've got another fossil *there* . . . this is time here . . . and it's up to you to draw the lines. Because there *are* no lines. I don't think any one of them is likely to be the direct ancestor of the human species. But how would you know it's *that* [pat] one?"

"The only way you can know that some fossil is the direct ancestor is that it's so human that it is human. There is a contradiction there. If it is different enough from humans to be interesting,

then you don't know whether it's an ancestor or not. And if it's similar enough to be human, then it's not interesting."

He returned to his chair and looked out at the slanting rain. "So," he said. "Look, we're not ever going to know what the direct ancestor is."

What struck me about Lewontin's argument was how much it depended on his premise that all organisms have parents. In a sense, his argument includes the assertion that evolutionary theory is true. Lewontin maintains that his premise is "empirical," but this is so only in the (admittedly important) sense that it has never to our knowledge been falsified. No one has ever found an organism that is known not to have parents, or a parent. This is the strongest evidence on behalf of evolution.

Our belief, or "faith," that, as Patterson says, "all organisms have parents" ultimately derives from our acceptance of the philosophy of materialism. It is hard for us to understand (so long has materialism been the natural habitat of Western thought) that this philosophy was not always accepted. In one of his essays on natural history reprinted in *Ever Since Darwin*, Stephen Jay Gould suggests that Darwin delayed publishing his theory of evolution by natural selection because he was, perhaps unconsciously, waiting for the climate of materialism to become more firmly established. In his 1838 *M Notebook* Darwin wrote: "To avoid stating how far, I believe, in Materialism, say only that emotions, instincts, degrees of talent, which are hereditary are so because brain of child resembles parent stock." Darwin realized that the climate *had* changed—that evolution was "in the air"—in 1858 when he was jolted by Alfred Russel Wallace's paper outlining a theory of the mechanism of evolution very similar to his own.

The theory of evolution has never been falsified. On the other hand, it is also surely true that the positive evidence for evolution is very much weaker than most laymen imagine, and than many scientists want us to imagine. Perhaps, as Patterson says, that positive evidence is missing entirely. The human mind, alas, seems on the whole to find such uncertainty intolerable. Most people want certainty in one form (Darwin) or another (the Bible). Only evolutionary agnostics like Patterson and Nelson and the other cladists seem willing to live with doubt. And that, surely, is the only truly scientific outlook. ■

'There is a vast weight of evidence about the universe that says unless you invoke supernatural causes, the birds could not have arisen from muck'

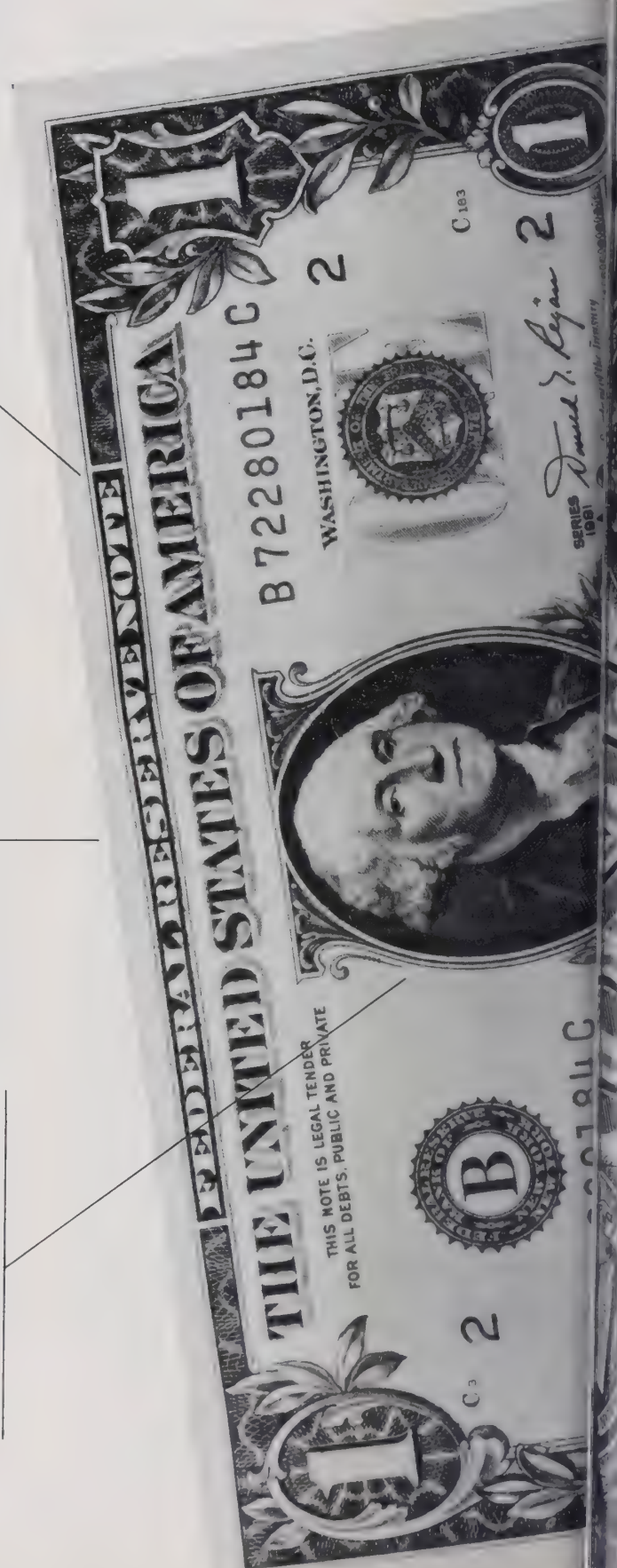
THE U.S. DOLLAR'S D

What counterfeiting h

Counterfeiting a Federal Reserve note is a fine art and a felony. Title 18, Section 504, of the federal criminal statutes actually forbids newspapers and magazines from reproducing images of dollar bills unless they accompany a "news-worthy" story. What is news just now is that the illegal printing of paper money is on the rise, and officials fear that this renaissance of counterfeiting has yet to reach full flower. The Secret Service, chartered in 1865 specifically to combat counterfeiting, uncovered 115 printing operations in 1983, the most ever, and 34 percent more than in 1982. Agents seized \$63,959,780 in phony bills (mostly \$20s and \$50s) before they could be passed along. About \$8 million worth of forged money is believed to be in circulation. A bit of perspective: though counterfeiting is increasing, the problem is nothing compared with what it was in 1865, when money was printed by banks, not the government. The portion of money then in circulation thought to be counterfeit was one third.

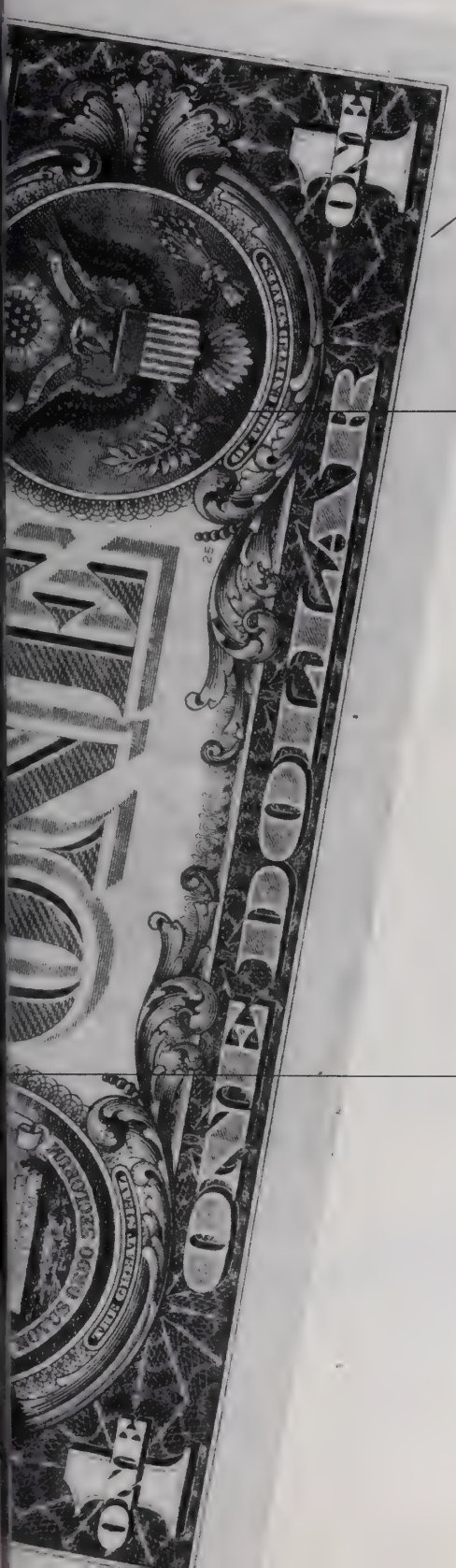
More and more counterfeiting of American dollars is done overseas—Colombia is the largest foreign "manufacturer." The Secret Service suspects that there are links between counterfeiting and drug trafficking. Another explanation for the increase in overseas counterfeiting might be the lack of raw materials here: it is illegal in the United States to make paper similar to that used by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The bureau will not disclose the formula for the paper, nor will the paper's manufacturer, Crane and Company, of Dalton, Massachusetts. Currency was once 100 percent linen; now it is a cotton-linen blend. The red and blue fibers, once silk, are now nylon.

Experts say that one of the toughest things to forge is the engraved portrait of George Washington. G. F. C. Smillie did the engraving, and it has been on the dollar bill since 1918. Smillie copied his work from Gilbert Stuart's "Athenaeum" portrait of 1796, now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Stuart had sought a more animated expression from Washington, but could not get him to talk: he had just had a set of false teeth inserted. But it is not the tight lips that counterfeiters botch; it is Washington's soft, somewhat melancholy stare.



DLING CURRENCY

by William Poundstone



The Treasury denies that the artwork on American currency is anything more than decorative. But the Bureau of Engraving and Printing periodically receives calls from people who have “discovered” secret signs and codes. Most famous, perhaps, is the three-millimeter “spider” that *appears* to appear here, on the border on the back of the bill. See it? The roundish body and four crablike legs?

Forming the backdrop to the Great Seal is a pattern of fine parallel lines, crosshatched at the top and bottom of the circle to create a chiaroscuro effect. The lines and crosshatching are executed with a parallel-ruling machine capable of microscopic exactitude. Such minute detail has long been the main line of defense against counterfeiting. But a new era is in the offing. Battelle Laboratories recently studied the forgery problem for the Federal Reserve. Information turned up by this study has led officials to fear that there will be a surge of “amateur” counterfeiting by the end of the decade. The cause of this panic is the development of a new-technology color copier; it may soon be sophisticated enough to quickly, easily, and cheaply reproduce currency engraving. Researchers think that there will be 1,000 to 2,000 color copiers in private hands by 1990—and that not all those hands will be clean.

The black ink used on the front of dollar bills is slightly magnetic—just enough for bill changing machines to detect photocopy phonies. To thwart the color-copy counterfeiters, the Treasury is likely to announce before the end of the year major changes in currency. It is considering tinting the front margins of bills with a difficult-to-reproduce mix of pastel colors; inserting in currency a “security thread” visible only when a bill is held up to a light; or replacing certain images on bills with holograms (which look 3-D). Introduction of the new bills could begin as soon as next year. By the end of the decade, standard greenbacks, like the coins they replaced, will be history.

William Poundstone is the author of *Big Secrets: The Uncensored Truth About All Sorts of Stuff You Are Never Supposed to Know*.

TV's Unfulfilled Promise

The following are excerpts from a speech given by Harry J. Gray, chairman and chief executive officer of United Technologies, at a conference on science and the media, sponsored by the Annenberg School of Communications. For a copy of the entire speech, please write: Op-Ed, United Technologies Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

TV is a tremendous medium. It can teach us to look at ideas on their merits. Or it can build on our prejudices. It can substitute comfortable illusion for harsh reality. Or it can demand that we look at ourselves the way we really are.

What is the responsibility of the media to tell us about the hard, unyielding realities of our society?

A battle for the future is being waged in the classrooms of the world—and America is losing. Science and math, once the backbone of American education, have become its soft underbelly.

A generation of Americans is growing up lacking the education to participate in the modern world. At a time when technology is shaping our future, American education is producing students with inadequate technological knowledge.

People want to learn more about science, about scientists, and about the latest developments in high technology. A wide assortment of science-related

magazines have proved commercially successful. Newspapers are devoting more column inches to science-for-the-layman than ever before.

If people are exposed to science on television—if the image they receive is a positive one—they will respond. Sociologists contend that every year a single individual influences approximately 500 people—either for good or ill. Imagine what television does every single night.

When people are exposed to something by mass communication, they are affected. Witness what happened at the '84 Summer Olympics. The performance of the American gymnasts fired the imagination of young people. School children across the country registered for gymnastic instruction at an unheard of rate.

The media have an opportunity to inspire our young people to an Olympics of the mind.

The media have an opportunity to increase the public's understanding and appreciation of science.

The media should seize the opportunity and respond to the public's interest in improving education. And much more than science is involved when we talk about schooling. We also need to improve reading and writing because our students need to articulate what they learn. And literature and history are needed because they need to place it all in perspective.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

BAD NEWS FROM BRITAIN

Dangerous chemicals, awful silence

By Marilynne Robinson

On the coast of Cumbria, in the English Lake District, there is a nuclear reprocessing plant called Sellafield, formerly Windscale, that daily pumps up to a million gallons of radioactive waste down a mile and a half of pipeline, into the Irish Sea. It has done this for thirty-five years. The waste contains cesium and ruthenium and strontium, and uranium, and plutonium. Estimates published in the *London Times* and in the *Sunday Observer* are that a quarter of a ton of plutonium has passed into the sea through this pipeline—enough, in theory, according to the *Times*, to kill 250 million people; much more than enough, in theory, according to the *Observer*, to destroy the population of the world. The plant was designed on the assumption that radioactive wastes would lie harmlessly on the sea floor. That assumption proved false, but the plant has continued to operate in the hope that radioactive contamination may not be so very harmful, after all. If this hope is misguided, too, then Britain, in a time of peace, has silently, needlessly, passionlessly, visited upon us all a calamity equal to the worst we fear.

Everything factual that I will relate in this article I learned from reading the British press or watching British television. But it would not be accurate to say that I know, more or less, what a reasonably informed Briton knows about these things, because there is a passivity and a credulousness in informed British opinion that neutralizes the power of facts to astonish.

To understand what I will tell you, you must imagine a country where, though the carcinogenic properties of radioactivity in general and of plutonium in particular are gravely conceded, it is considered reasonable, in the best sense, to permit the release of both of these into the environment until the precise nature of their effect is understood. This notion of reasonableness is, I think, extremely local, but the consequences of such thinking are felt in many places. The Danes object to plutonium on their beaches, as do the Dutch. And of course the Irish, a volatile people at the best of times, are now very much exercised by elevated rates of childhood cancer and Down's syndrome along their eastern coast. They have leaped to the very conclusion the British find too hasty—that the contamination of the environment by known carcinogens is detrimental to the public health.

Marilynne Robinson is the author of the novel Housekeeping.

For thirty-five
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radiation

No one disputes that the contamination of these coasts is surely and exclusively owing to British reasonableness, since the Irish have not developed nuclear energy—nor have the Danes, who consider it unsafe—and since the only other fuel reprocessing plant known to release wastes into the sea, at Cap de la Hague in France, releases only one percent of the radioactivity that enters the sea from Sellafield.

When I realized what I was reading, I began to clip out articles every day and save them, and I have brought them home, knowing that my uncorroborated word could not be credited. Travelers to unknown regions must bring back proof of the marvels they have seen. Perhaps the most incredible part of this story is that it has fallen to me to tell it. American scholars and scientists go to Britain in platoons. Many live there. Probably all of them look at the *Guardian* now and then, or the *Times*. Perhaps most of them are more competent to understand what they read there than I am, better schooled in such matters as the particular virulence of plutonium, or the special fragility of the sea. No one had ever hinted to me that for thirty-five years Britain has knowingly befouled itself and its neighbors with radiation, and nothing I had heard or read had prepared me to discover a historical and political context for which the one vivid instance of Sellafield could well serve as an emblem. Yet Sellafield does not depart from, but in fact epitomizes, British environmental practice. This is only to say, read on. This is a tale of wonders.

In November of 1983 a family was walking along the beach near Sellafield—it is a major tourist and recreational area—when a scientist who worked at the plant stopped to tell them that they should not let their children play there. They were shocked, of course, and raised questions, and sent a letter to their MP. The scientist was fired, amid official mutterings about his having committed an impropriety in disclosing this information. No doubt he had violated the Official Secrets Act, though so far as I know the matter was not couched in those terms. British workers in significant nationalized industries—for example, British Aerospace, the postal system, and the nuclear industry—are obliged to sign the act, which imposes on them fines and imprisonment if they reveal without authorization information acquired in the course of their work. Only death can release them from this contract. Employees of private industries are in the same position, for all intents and purposes, since the unauthorized use of privately held information is prosecuted as theft. In the democratic kingdom, the exercise of judgment and conscience is the exclusive prerogative of the great.

But I digress. Though the renegade employee was dismissed, the issue of the safety of the beaches was called to public attention, with a series of consequences. A woman who lived in a village near Sellafield sent a bag of dust from her vacuum cleaner to a professor in Pittsburgh, who found that it contained plutonium. Divers from British Greenpeace tried to close the pipeline but were unable to do so because the shape of its mouth had been altered. They discovered an oily scum on the water that sent the needles of their Geiger counters off the scales. The divers and their boat had to be decontaminated. The radioactive slick was said to be the consequence of an error at the plant that had disgorged a radioactive solvent into the sea—an accident that, unlike the normal functioning of the plant, raised questions of competence and culpability. That is to say, this matter was put into the hands of the Director of Public Prosecutions, and quite appropriately. However, it is a curious feature of British law and practice that silence descends around any issue that is about to become the subject of legal action. A judge may remove this restriction in particular cases; murder trials, for example, are reported in lascivious detail. But a newspaper that publishes anything relating to matters prohibited as sub judice is subject to catastrophic fines. The manufacturers of thalidomide, the sedative that caused many British children to be born without limbs, kept the question



of their liability before the courts for seventeen years, and therefore unresolved and out of public awareness, until the *Sunday Times* defied the law and broke the story. The newspaper took its case to the European Court of Human Rights, and won, but this has had no effect on British law or practice. British justice, which is cousin to British reasonableness, grows squeamish at the thought that the legal process should be adulterated by publicity.

As a third consequence of the attention drawn to Sellafield, Yorkshire Television sent a team there to look into worker safety. The team discovered that children in the villages surrounding the plant suffered leukemia at a rate ten times the national average. This revelation fueled public anxiety to such an extent that the government was obliged to appoint a commission to investigate. It recently published its conclusions in the so-called Black report, named for Sir Douglas Black, president of the British Medical Association and the commission's head and spokesman. Dr. Black startled some by assuring a television interviewer that people fear radioactivity now just as they feared electricity one hundred years ago.

The report offers "a qualified reassurance" to those concerned about a possible health hazard in the area. The *Guardian* said: "Recognising that radiation is the only established environmental cause of leukemia in children, 'within the limits of present knowledge,' the Black team calls for new studies to provide additional potential insights." Again according to the *Guardian*, "Despite the high rates of cancer close to Sellafield, the report stresses: 'An observed association between two factors does not prove a causal relationship.'" This is certainly true. And this is the darling verity of the British government. Souls less doughty than these might feel that exposure to radiation around Sellafield, together with an elevated cancer rate, testifies to a causal relationship between these two factors, but we're not dealing with a bunch of patsies here. In environmental issues, a standard of proof is demanded that makes the Flat Earth Society look easy.

What do we have here? The better college sophomore has learned that this world does not yield what we call "proof" of anything. That so weighty an edifice as public policy should be reared upon an epistemological abyss is truly among the world's marvels. Are these decision makers, known to wags as the Good and the Great, cynical connivers, imposing upon what can only be a frighteningly naive and credulous public? Or are they themselves also frighteningly naive? I cannot think of a third possibility. Whatever the cause of their behavior, its effect, like the effect of the Official Secrets Act and the contempt laws, is to shield government and public and private industries from suspicions of error or wrongdoing, and to blur, judge, and frustrate questions of responsibility and liability.

You will note that the laws and practices and attitudes I describe here have existed over decades, and have persisted while governments rose and fell. For example, in 1974 the government passed the Control of Pollution Act. To have a proper understanding of "pollution" in this context it is essential to realize that in Britain, no legal control is exerted over agricultural chemicals or sprays. DDT is still in general use, as are aldrin and lindane. I know of no reason to imagine that policies toward industrial pollutants are any less indulgent in effect. Inspectors politely inform manufacturers of their intention to visit, so control of effluents can hardly be stringent. And we are not speaking here of soapsuds. In any case, part two of this Control of Pollution Act is now to be implemented, reports the *Guardian*. The article goes on to say, "The new measures are expected to have a big impact on the problems of Britain's dirty beaches." This seems to me a remarkably cheerful thought, considering that, to quote again, the measures only apply to new sewage or trade effluent discharges, however. Existing discharges will continue, but 'consents' already granted will be subject to public scrutiny." Well, this looks to me like an act designed to confer legality on the very sources of pollution that already dirty Britain's beaches. However, the act must have a fang, if only a small one,

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because for ten years it was not implemented. Why? The article offers an explanation from William Waldegrave, Under-Secretary for the Environment, who "said that one of the factors that had held back successive governments was the fear of increasing costs to industry."

How is one to understand the degradation of the sea and earth and air of the British homeland by people who use the word *British* the way others of us use the words *good*, and *just*, and *proud*, and *precious*, and *lovely*, and *clement*, and *humane*? No matter that these associations reflect and reinforce the complacency that allows the spoliation to go unchecked; still, surely they bespeak self-love, which should be some small corrective. I

think ignorance must be a great part of the explanation—though ignorance so obdurate could be preserved only through an act of will.

The issue of Sellafield is complicated by the great skill the government has shown in turning accidents to good account. You will remember that the Greenpeace divers surfaced through highly radioactive slime. If they had not had Geiger counters with them, no one would have known that an accident had taken place. Ergo, one cannot know that *other* accidents have *not* taken place. From which it follows that these accidents, and not the normal functioning of the plant, might be responsible for the cancers and other difficulties and embarrassments. As the *Guardian* said, in its sober and respectful paraphrase of this startling document, the Black report, "The possibility of unplanned and undetected discharges having delivered significant doses of radiations to humans via an unsuspected route could not be entirely excluded."³ The implication of all this is that the plant can be repaired, improved, and monitored, and then the hazards will go away. Number eight on the list of ten recommendations by the Black inquiry team suggests that "attention [be] paid to upper authorized limits of radioactive discharges over short periods of time; to removal of solvents from discharges and adequacy of filter systems"—in other words, if occasional splurges are avoided, the level of radioactivity will remain safe and constant. That might well be true, if the substances put in the sea decayed. But as the *Observer* has noted, plutonium remains toxic for at least 100,000 years.

Another accident that has had great effect on the way this affair has been managed is the fact that Yorkshire Television focused its attention on leukemia among local children. This is understandable, since the deaths of children are particularly vivid and painful to consider. But the limiting of the discussion to childhood cancer in the Black report is clearly arbitrary and possibly opportunistic. Seascale, the village nearest the plant, where seven children have died of leukemia in a period of ten years, has a population of 2,000. Children living there are said to have one chance in sixty of developing leukemia, but the sample is considered too small to be reliable—coincidence might account for the high incidence of the disease.

But why are we talking only about leukemia? I noted with interest, and added to my collection, a brief report about an inquest into the death of Sellafield worker from bone cancer. An environmental group (not named) had pointed out that Dr. Geoffrey Schofield, the plant's chief medical officer, "did not mention the three most recent deaths from bone cancer at Sellafield." The article continues, "Dr. Schofield, quoting a 1981 report on mortality rates among British Nuclear Fuels workers at Sellafield, referred to four cases of myeloma, a bone cancer. These figures over the period 1948 to 1980 were comparable with national figures. Since that report three more workers have died from myeloma and a fourth appears to have contracted the disease." How do these cancer deaths relate to the cancer deaths among children in the area? Doesn't the concentration on the young actually focus attention on that portion of the population least likely to have developed cancer?

But officially preferred hypotheses are invoked to preclude lines of in

quiry that might produce data that would discredit them. What harm could there be in checking for lung cancer deaths in areas downwind of Windscale?* These would certainly be equally relevant to the question of public safety, the real issue here.

The conclusion reached by James Cutler, the Yorkshire Television producer who first made public the high incidence of leukemia in Seascale, and the great fear of the chairman of British Nuclear Fuels Limited, who really is named Con Allday, is that anxiety among the public signals a defeat for proponents of nuclear power. Now, I think nuclear power has proved to be a terrible idea, but I do not think the practices associated with Sellafield should ever be spoken of as if they were characteristic and inevitable aspects of its development. To do so would be to obscure the special questions of competence, of morality—of sanity, one might say—that Sellafield so vividly poses. But as I said earlier, I do not wish to imply that what has been done at Sellafield departs radically from the British nuclear establishment's behavior. Ninety percent of the nuclear material that has been dumped in the sea worldwide has been dumped by the British. They have deposited it off the coasts of Spain and France and, of course, Ireland, and elsewhere—in containers, supposedly, though their methods of disposal at Sellafield do not encourage me to imagine that their methods elsewhere should be assumed to be particularly cautious.

I suppose the British make lots of money cleaning spent fuel rods from all over the world, and from their own facilities. To be a source of a substance so prized as plutonium must bring wealth, and influence too. It is certain that they do not do it for their health. Exactly contrary to the universally held view, Britain is an island of unevolved laissez-faire plutocracy characterized by unregulated (my translation of the British "self-regulated") commerce and industry. So far from being lumbered with the costs of runaway socialist largesse, Britain ranks near the bottom in Europe not only in health spending but also in spending for education. In workers' wages and benefits, it has never approached the levels achieved by West Germany, Sweden, or the Netherlands. The British seem rather fond of their poverty, which I think is a social and economic strategy rather than the mysterious, intractable affliction it is presented as being. It effectively excuses the state from responsibility for the conditions of life of the poor, and for the quality of life of ordinary people. While lowering public expectations, this "poverty" justifies the astonishing recklessness of British industries, public and private, and makes it entirely acceptable for government and industry to be in cahoots to a degree that boggles the American mind.

Avoiding costs to industry is treated as an unquestioned good—Britain being so poor, after all. That very little trickles down from these coddled industries is a fact blamed squarely on the British worker, of all people, who, if he is lucky, toils for bad pay in a decaying factory and hopes that his children's lives will not be worse. Only consider: Britain is the world's

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*A striking feature in all this is the seeming difficulty of obtaining and interpreting information. One would think that a country with a national health service would enjoy centralized and continuous monitoring of health data. One would expect it to encourage preventive practices on both the public and the individual levels, if only on grounds of economy. But the British government has actually suppressed reports on alcoholism and on the relation of cardiovascular disease to diet—the second of these was leaked to the Lancet; the first, though joked about in the press, has been dubbed an Official Secret, and its findings may not be published. The British government saves money in the most direct way: by refusing to spend it. In the European Community only Greece spends a smaller share of its wealth on health care. Yet the British are proud of their health system. Margaret Thatcher is fond of saying they get "good value for money," and one often sees statements to the effect that indicators of general health show the British system outperforming the big spenders. If this is true—if, with poverty and unemployment and all the problems that attend them; if, with rampant abuse of alcohol and heroin, a polluted environment, and immunization policies so casual that Britain still has rubella epidemics; if, with a slow rate of decline in cigarette smoking and rates of breast and lung cancer at or near the top of the charts—if Britain still does better than countries that devote more generous portions of larger resources to populations whose conditions of life are distinctly more consistent with well-being, then the National Health Service begs any praise.

*All the talk of
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urgently necessary*



fourth-largest arms dealer, a major exporter of petroleum, a major exporter of drugs and chemicals, a major center of banking and insurance, a major center of tourism. And it has access to the vast literatures of research and technology produced in the United States, the application of which in other countries is slowed and complicated by the problems of translation. This seems to me to be the basis for a presentable economy. But no, Britain is "poor"—because its workers are sullen and Luddite, or because its governing classes are too haplessly genteel and fair-minded to cope in the hurly-burly of the marketplace, or because the national character has grown idle in the embrace of the Welfare State, or because the great forces of entropy and decline have at last overtaken this noble civilization. Or because neither law nor custom encourages the sharing of wealth. Consider: University students are almost entirely subsidized. But only 5 to 7 percent of secondary-school students are admitted to universities. Since nothing is done to correct for the advantages children of privileged backgrounds bring to examinations and interviews—compensatory education is expensive, and Britain, after all, is poor—the subsidies go to the children of the prosperous. The cost per student of the university system to the state justifies its being kept very small—and this magnifies the value and the prestige that attach to university degrees. That is British socialism.

My point is simply that all the talk of decline, along with the continuous experience of austerity, creates an atmosphere in which the granting of enormous latitude to corporations, whether private or public, seems urgently necessary, and the encumbering of them with codes and restrictions a luxury embattled Britain can scarcely afford. Economic considerations have an importance and a pervasiveness that startle. The *Sunday Times*, in reporting the critical study of the British diet that had been suppressed, laid the blame to government fear of a negative impact on the food industry, and also to an awareness on the part of the government that old people are expensive: "Civil servants representing the social services . . . point out that healthy and long-lived citizens will increase the number of old-age pensions." Britain, you must always remember, is poor.

What a thoroughly miserable business. What arrogance to save a few quid by allowing Sellafield to spew and hemorrhage, again and again, on and on. According to the *Sunday Times*, a spokesman for British Nuclear Fuels agreed that it was "in everybody's interests to get discharges down as low as possible" but argued that the cost was "prohibitive." He said, "We would have to pass the cost on to our customers, which would mean higher electricity prices. We are already spending £500 million on reducing our discharges. We have reduced them considerably over the past ten years." Reduced them from what, to what? Note how "everybody's interests" are put in the scales against cost, and with what result. Why should expense at a fuel reprocessing plant raise the price of electricity, rather than of plutonium? And why should the cost of recycling spent fuel for Japan—to pick a name out of the air—be subsidized by consumers in Britain? The idea is preposterous. We are hearing the same old song: *Shackle us with restrictions and you will pay dearly for it.*

Con Allday, chairman of BNF and, as one may glimpse him through the dark glass of British newspaper journalism, a man of views as emphatic as they are liable to be consequential, and who was quoted in the *Guardian* as saying that "there is little point in spending additional money simply to be safer than safe," is well deserving of some attention, while we are on the subject of thrift. This gentleman, according to the *Guardian*, "announce a new feasibility study into how the company can reduce radioactive discharges into the Irish Sea to 'as near zero as possible.'" I am quoting this so that you can share my admiration of the language. "He said: 'Public acceptability of nuclear power is so important and the time-scale needed for a swing-round of public opinion is so long that we must be realistic and accept that our discharges must be reduced to very much lower levels than hitherto planned.' This was 'even though there is no rational, cost-effective

...tive basis for doing so on risk assessment grounds.' " Weighing cost against risk again. That really is an interesting exercise, quite theological, I think. Considering that the expense involved in running a nuclear plant safely is truly vast, is it possible to say that the value of a given number of lives is exceeded in cash terms by the expenditure that would be required to prevent their loss? Clearly for these purposes the answer is yes, a fact all the more disturbing since the question is gravely skewed by the association of this slovenly enterprise with "nuclear power" and by the insistence—based on what?—that anyone, least of all an island of coal in a sea of oil, needs nuclear power in any case. Note Allday's impatience with the idea that discharge levels lower than Sellafield's should be achieved. Does this give us insight into the environmental standards maintained at other facilities?

Even Dr. Black, whose report found that the connection between radiation and leukemia at Sellafield was "by no means proven," was quoted by the *Guardian* as having said that "the risks of living near Sellafield were no greater than many of the risks everyone faced in their daily lives. He compared the increased risk to that of someone who used a private car rather than public transport." This unctuous little simile translates into an admission that there is some measurable risk involved in living near Sellafield.

(Risk of what? Leukemia, surely, among other things. Then is not the presence of leukemia this very risk actualized? By no means proven!)

How has this happened? I can only speculate that within a tiny community of specialists, where esteem, advancement, and influence travel through a very narrow channel, and where over the life of a discipline the views of a very few people are reflected in policies of great magnitude and consequence, dissent would have little practical or emotional reward. Choices have been made, by scientists, industrialists, and politicians, that have reflected their willingness to accept human deaths at a certain rate, to put a part of the earth at risk, and the sea, contaminating them irreversibly. They have presumed so far on the basis of notions about the hazards involved that they admit to be conjectural. This is an appalling presumption, truly unpardonable if their notions prove wrong. It ought to be expected, therefore, that their standards of proof would be exceptionally rigorous.

Certainly the development of these policies has been very much affected by the dangers, political and diplomatic, of the issues involved. The British would know the effects of radioactivity if they had monitored the Australians who lived in the path of fallout from the huge, misbegotten hydrogen-bomb test at Monte Bello; or the aborigines who drifted across Maralinga, in South Australia, where radioactive detritus was left behind after British weapons testing; or the populations affected by the fire and the radioactive cloud that drifted southeast and west from Sellafield in 1957. They have given themselves many opportunities to look into this question and availed themselves of none of them, no doubt because to do so would undermine their claims that nothing serious has really happened.

There is, as I have said, the continuing threat of economic erosion to keep the public mind focused on the short-term and the local; and there is the image of the government battling to recoup Britain's losses and restore her scanted dignity; and there is the educational system, which trains very few people and these very narrowly, greatly enhancing the authority of specialists while diminishing the content and forcefulness of public debate and the numbers involved in it. And there is the secretiveness that permeates British life, which allows the Foreign Office to impound the records having to do with Argentina's claims to the Falklands; which prohibits journalists from reporting what they see in prisons; which conceals the identity of those on the committees that choose Britain's magistrates (the magistrates have no legal training—they simply suit some anonymous notion of worthiness); which leads the governing bodies of cities and counties to con-

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the earth at risk,
and the sea*

That crude, capitalist
America should
enforce higher
standards of public
conduct than
humane, socialist
Europe is not to be
imagined

duct their business behind closed doors. The Official Secrets Act is simply the most conspicuous manifestation of all this. Granting that it is used as the basis of prosecutions, and assuming that the *Guardian* is accurate in its accounts of mail openings, wiretappings, and housebreakings practiced by MI5 and MI6, the British secret police, against groups such as Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth, and the National Union of Mineworkers—nevertheless, it seems to me that the English, at least, have the government they deserve, that they prefer not to know, and that they have very little capacity for exerting power and influence. I think they feel—deeply feel—that their moral rectitude is preserved intact by this means. The Greenham Common women will never encircle Sellafield, though Britain could desist unilaterally from its war against the sea, which is not a terrifying threat, but a terrifying fact.

Then there is the absence of American reaction to consider—especially puzzling since both Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth have been involved with Sellafield. British Greenpeace was given a heavy fine—paid by public donations—for tampering with the pipeline and was induced to intervene to prevent Danish and Dutch Greenpeace ships from sending divers down by the threat that all its resources would be sequestered by the court if they did. Why Greenpeace has chosen not to galvanize public opinion outside the range of such restrictions, I cannot imagine. Perhaps regional patriotism has stood in the way of global matriotism. Or perhaps British environmentalists, like many Europeans of advanced views, believe that American public opinion is too brutish to be enlisted in any good cause. It is a treasured faith among Europeans of the right and the left that we are a nation of B-movie villains laying waste to the continent and to one another by any means that come to hand, in a sort of frenzy of capitalist rapacity.

Europeans on the left enjoy the opinion that they are very advanced thinkers. In fact they are simply intellectual cargo-cultists, to whom accident now and then delivers an elaborated policy, a sophisticated idea, or half of one. That crude, capitalist America should enforce higher standards of public conduct than humane, socialist Europe is not to be imagined. So our example in environmental matters is almost never consulted, and our research and experience are almost never invoked.

We are greatly at fault in this. There is a streak of pure yokel that reaches straight to the top of American intellectual life, widening as it goes, and it is deference toward all things "English." We cannot believe that the English could be stupid or corrupt. We think of them as our better selves, and the source of our most precious institutions—a slander on the dark and the ethnic and a disparagement of the noisy public dramas of advocates and adversaries that provide us with the legal and ethical capacity for discrimination and judgment. We are capable of outrage and we are capable of shame, like a living soul. If we are fortunate in one thing it is in the knowledge that we *can* do evil, and we *can* do injury. A country incapable of scandal is like a mind incapable of guilt or a body incapable of pain.

On the twenty-fourth of July, the *Guardian* concluded its editorial on the Black report, titled "Lingering Particles of Unease," with a call for "one group of inter-disciplinary experts who do nothing else but shadow it round the clock." In the editorialist's affable view, "life with [Sellafield] is a tumultuous and ongoing affair." On the thirtieth of July, the *Guardian* wrote that Charles Haughey, the former Irish prime minister, had called the report a whitewash. He said: "If there is a high incidence of leukemia in an area where a nuclear plant is situated, surely to God the obvious interpretation is that the plant was responsible for it. These figures alone would in my view justify closing down the plant immediately for further investigation, and certainly putting a lot of people in gaol who have clearly been telling us lies over the past four or five years about this matter." The words we have longed to hear, but from the wrong side of the Irish Sea. May we still hope for decency, at long last?

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

Indianapolis Anti-Pornography Ordinance is worth fighting for because the framers of our Constitution did not intend the First Amendment to be a shield for dehumanizing pornography.

William H. Hudnut III
Indianapolis, Ind.

If only I'd known about the Forum, I would have hitchhiked down in my boiler suit and made like one of the janitors. Then, when things looked grim, Lewis Lapham could have said: "We have been looking so far at pornography from the perspective of well-meaning citizens who have a lot of ideas about it, but who would never touch the stuff except in a spirit of analytical inquiry or—in the case of Al Goldstein—to make lucre. Absent from our discussion is a representative of the millions who use pornography, if I may borrow a locution from the temperance movement. Ah—here is a great, hairy, horny-handed fellow in a boiler suit, who no doubt lives in a squalid basement apartment whose cracking walls are papered over with pictures of naked women with staple holes in their tummies. Let's see what he has to say about it."

JANITOR: Well, it seems to me that, um, pornography is not a Platonic entity, as it were. Nor, according to our usage, "a graphic depiction of whores." Degradation and objectification are popular buzzwords, but they're both slippery buggers. Being in the army is degrading and anti-human, and I doubt anyone would do it if they didn't get paid for it. As for objectification: what is Wayne Gretzky in Lees, or Edwin Moses in Nikes?

When we sort through the static, the actual definition of pornography we arrive at is: any presentation touching on sex, and more particularly nudity or coitus, that one finds offensive. Some people find *Playboy* offensive. Most people find *Hustler* offensive. Jehovah's Witnesses find

virtually everything in life offensive. Further, we could say that pornography is anything that makes us aware of the sexual existence of people inferior to ourselves. "Erotica" is the pornography of our peer group. *Playboy* is on the line between the two, being for college types, but materialists rather than aesthetes. *Hustler* is pornography since it makes us dismayingly aware of the brutish drives and sensibilities of men in boiler suits. Truly, erotica is different from pornography in that it is not concerned with masturbation. Rather, it is a way of pulling one's pants down in public (this being a sexual pastime popular among intellectuals). Pornography lurks in drawers; erotica asserts itself on coffee tables: it's all a matter of how you get your kicks.

LAPHAM: Get on with it.

JANITOR: OK, OK. I'd like to offer one more definition of pornography, one that appeals to me personally: pornography is the stuff that happens in our minds when we let them go limp—fantasies of power, bitchy conversations, urges to murder, gratuitous sex, visions of the apocalypse, thrilling gunfights, he-man rescues of captive maidens, grotesque wealth. All the crap we pick up from cowboy movies, our responses to fear, our defenses against the slings and arrows of outrageous obscenity, pettiness, unfairness; all that stuff we involuntarily cough up from our synapses in the course of bumping through a not always secure, pleasant, or beautiful world, the stuff that swirls about at the bottoms of our brains, on its way down a drain that sometimes backs up on us.

If the cesspools of our minds were projected as holograms, the air would be thick with pornography. Not all of it would be sexual. A lot of it would be *Kojak*, and those movies about brutal small-town Southern policemen, and Harlequin romances/*Love Boats*. There would be luxury yachts, race riots, superbly cruel put-downs, and an awful lot of the puerile and uniform orderliness dreamed of by Hitler and Jerry Falwell.

What it comes down to, at this level of fantasy, is a dreamy wish that life would be pig-easy for a change.

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Perhaps it's a reaction to the common conception of life as a moral gymnasium. It's good for you to work for what you get, to suffer, or suffer boredom and unfulfillment: it's more reassuring to believe this than to think of it all as an unfortunately necessary pure waste of time. But wouldn't it be nice if one didn't have to build character all the time...

Pardon me, I seem to be wandering. At any rate, I'm sure it would be nice if we all were dedicated to discovering our own personhoods, if we all wanted to help each other express our imaginations and ambitions to the limit, if we all could be authors and scientists and professors of the humanities and producers of television documentaries, if we were all loved for ourselves and not for our titties or our money. But I have trouble believing that glossy photos of naked ladies are all that stands between us and the raising of our souls and consciousness.

LAPHAM: So you've got nothing against the dissemination of visions of women in chains, being whipped?

JANITOR: On the contrary. I find them offensive, and wouldn't raise so much as a squeak of protest if they were banned and burned into oblivion. I'd stoke the fires. But I'd do it because I found them offensive to me, not because of my duty to the children or because I thought they might provoke the vulgar masses to even more brutish and antisocial behavior. Pornography is that which offends or frightens people as individuals. When we start saying, "I am hip, personally, but I am concerned about the Fabric of Society, about Sociological Implications," etc., etc., we create a large and smelly red herring that can be pushed around polished tables forever. The offensiveness of pornography is what's wrong with it.

All the garbage of the mind is unpleasing, if you stop and think about it. Often it is also attractive. We tend to enjoy imagining ourselves in the part of our favorite character in fiction. Attractive pornography, to a certain class of American male, is an endless discussion of politics, money, and national will. It's really about image or persona—it has very little

appeal for those who cannot trade on magnificent male rumblings for the accretion of money or "respect."

Playboy has a similar appeal. Let's pretend you've got material, rather than intellectual, male status. You've got the right stereo, the right car, the right clothes, and the right woman. Sex doesn't come into it, except as something else that you've got—that is, the right performance in bed. But the sexual act itself is absent. The status woman is up there in the bedroom in high heels and nothing else, the same way the Mercedes is in the garage. *Playboy* is an advertisement for a lifestyle. As is *Cosmo*. As are most cookbooks. People don't prepare the dishes shown in the glossy photographs; they just flip through the books and feel a nostalgia for pretentious living. *Cosmo* readers are not the "Cosmo woman," taking on teenage lovers and showing cleavage to the pubis. And men who read *Playboy* are not much different from men who read *Mechanix Illustrated*. Nobody builds the project of the month ("Build Your Own Ultralight Helicopter for \$1,400!").

It is impossible to be honestly disgusted by *Playboy*. One must be doctrinally disgusted. Offended by one's own inferences. The women in the pictures are very—pink. They may be sad, or silly, like little dogs in the circus made to wear hats and vests and push tiny baby buggies. But they are not viscerally revolting. Mr. Hefner is careful about that. He has an "aesthetic." Doctrinally, one may become frenzied by the "implied attitude toward women," but I think we must wait to censor *Playboy* until after they've raised the consciousness of game-show hosts.

Hustler is another story. Sleazy pornography is for those who do not even dream of material success. They're cut off, for reasons a Marxist would find congenial, from aspiring to Porsche Turbos and long-limbed, lusty, but essentially pure college girls. Fantastic sex is not the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It's practically the only major pleasure they're going to get in life, apart from a new pickup truck. And it's not fantastic. It's just sex.

"Just sex" isn't much to look for-

ward to. A truck driver who says, "I may not be a big shot lawyer, but I've laid more women than most guys" isn't saying much. Sex, outside of the context of even a moderately meaningful relationship, discrete from dreams of romantic or material attainment, means about the same to the body and the imagination as the other "bodily functions." It's not much of a peg to hang your life on, though it's hyped as the Big Thing, the great equalizer. What All Guys Want. Even presidents just want a string of bimbos rotating through the sack, right? Just look at Kennedy, right?

But the experiential truth steals away even this illusion. This is the cold and greasy truth that sleazy pornography plays to—or against. The pornographic gourmet, the pretentious wine-taster, is replaced by the pornographic gourmand. Instead of fantastic sex, there is sexual overkill, sexual suffocation. You don't fart around with little hors d'oeuvres and seductive table talk; you have a contest to see who can eat the most hard-boiled eggs in an hour.

LAPHAM: I think you've given us a feel for your sense of the "viscerally revolting." Is there any conclusion you'd like to draw, or any way of tying it up into a discernible thesis?

JANITOR: When I think about all this, I have difficulty seeing "pornography" as something distinct from forms of "communication" so wholly accepted as to be invisible. If you cared to study the objectification of women, you'd be fiddling around in a backwater if you stuck to "pornography." *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, *Redbook*, and so on are the real mother lode. If "brutally insidious" is not too intolerably oxymoronic I would offer it as an accurate description of this genre. And if we speak of pushing the image of Sexy Girl into the innocent subconscious of The People without turning our thoughts to the advertising industry, we might as well speak of trees without mentioning forests.

I find the elitism of most discussions of pornography hard to swallow. Here is an example of a "elitist" distortion. We have been

speaking almost entirely about visual pornography. Yet one of the most offensive pornographies I have been exposed to is "literary"—the TV Guide-size pulp magazines that are purely non-pictorial. A typical one is *Sensuous Letters*. It is made up of letters, as one would expect, but I doubt that many of them are actually sent to the magazine. About seven in ten directly advocate—by the insidious device of "real experience"—the use of aggression or violent force in the attainment of sex that is invariably fantastic. The woman who has been coerced or raped invariably begins to respond with exaggerated pleasure about three measures into the main theme, and invariably "begs for more." Many of the letters are written by the "women" themselves. The unmistakable message is that women seldom consciously want intercourse, but *always* respond ecstatically when it is forced on them.

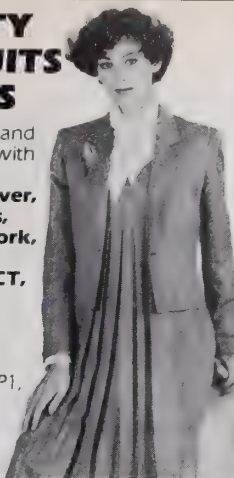
It is not difficult to deduce from the letters that the readers of these magazines are not the meat-and-potatoes men of sex. Rather, the readers of *Sensuous Letters* are the sexually disenfranchised—tortured obsessives, teenagers, and misfits. And this pathetic audience is reassured over and over and over again by a persuasively "realistic" body of testimony, by a community of enthusiastically satisfied customers, so to speak, that rape is a guaranteed road to satisfaction: "I am a banker who threatened to foreclose on a woman if she didn't fuck me right there in my office. At first tearful, she was soon thrusting her hips at me and begging for more"; "I raped a stuck-up girl who thought she was too good to date me, and we've lived in a state of near-perpetual orgasm ever since."

On the basis of a single copy of *Sensuous Letters*, I would be content to see everything remotely pornographic, or even "exploitative," including the Coppertone ads and the ritual art-novel sex scenes, sent to the shredders. And yet here we are, at 41,000 feet, authors and professors and magazine wallahs all, talking about naughty pictures. Is there a hidden bias here? An unconscious assumption that pictures are more dangerous than words? True or not, it's

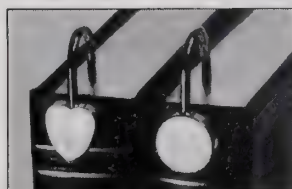
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SOLUTION TO JANUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 25): One of the grave maladies of our time is the way sophistication seems to be valued above common sense. Words cease to have the plain meaning assigned to them and become wildly elastic. The manipulation of the idea seems to be more important than its integrity.

—Norman Cousins: *Human Options*

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the sort of thing that needs keeping an eye on.

If we're going to clean up pornography, let's get on with it. But let's do it because it disgusts or frightens us as individuals, the way a man who smashed his food to the floor and licked it up would disgust us; or the way a creep in an alley who whispered to gullible borderliners that they should drag women in to him at knifepoint, assuring them that their victims would love it in the end, would frighten us.

But I'm not satisfied with that as a conclusion. What I really feel is that there are too many answers and not enough questions where pornography is concerned. And the questions there are too often are "What should we do about it?" and not often enough "What is it?" Pornography is a pejorative. To most people it means nothing more precise than "Something Bad... mumble mumble... Sex." And so it tends to become freighted with all sorts of associative cargo. I would like to see more time spent off-loading that cargo and less time spent at a Higher Level of Abstraction. More time spent in women's washrooms, pondering the relevance to pornography of the exceptionally crude graffiti to be found there (who are we protecting here? from what?), and less time spent wanking to nuances in the word (ideal? fetish?) "freedom."

Most people who look at filthy pictures from a purely personal and subjective point of view probably think something like this: "Gracious, it must be awful living with such heavy breasts!" Or they simply recoil, as they would from a particularly sordid glimpse of life in the stairwell of a slum. But then they try to get their heads around the idea that what they are seeing is attractive to Some Men, that Some Men use these pictures to induce a sort of erotic trance, and then... But my goodness! Isn't there some way of Putting a Stop to It? I mean, men will be men, and one supposes... one is led to believe that they... well, that they have Drives. But... not for... not to... this! Theoretical knowledge just isn't the same. Knowing that one's husband has a mistress, know-

ing that Uncle Eugene is homosexual, is quite different from turning on the bedroom lights and being surprised by two naked primates in *flagrante delicto*. Lewis Lapham once wrote about a lady who rushed from her beach house in East Hampton armed with garden shears, which she used to cut the nets of a group of fishermen who were dragging their catch in through the surf. He speculated that she would have no difficulty eating her smoked salmon, but was moved to militance upon seeing how it was brought to her table. I confess that my own reaction to deer-hunting is much the same. Keeping this in mind, I don't hunt; but neither do I crusade against those who do. But every time I see the head of a deer dangling over the gate of a pickup truck, I want to convince myself that there is something objectively immoral, something dangerous to the fabric of society, in hunting wild animals. I have to qualify it like that—wild animals—because then I go home and take cow slices out of the fridge.

Now, opening up a pornographic magazine or seeing a blue movie makes us party, with sudden, intimate immediacy, to something we find peculiar or offensive. And there is, there must be, an impulse to get out our garden shears and head for the beach, convincing ourselves as we go that we are on a crusade on behalf of the fabric of society. It's OK to be a sexual being in a sexual and often violent society, to feel the pull of sexual tides, to be enthralled by television plots about capture, bondage, and fear, to make *The World According to Garp*, for heaven's sake, a best seller (because the message is semi-art and there are no pictures of the rape, mutilation, or murder). But it's not at all OK to be overt and focused about our attraction to what is contained in—to what *sells*—all of this. We can hide from the knowledge that books with good sex scenes sell, or at least remove ourselves from immediate intimacy with the implications. It's Uncle Eugene's well-known homosexuality. But "pornography" pulls us right into the present tense of someone else's sexuality. There he or she is, buns up and kneeling, and not an arty pretense in

sight to hide the awareness of some man with an ugly soul and his hand in his pants on the other side of the looking glass.

Robert Wright
Brooklyn, Nova Scotia

Correction

Because of a printer's error, part of a sentence in Abba Eban's essay in the December Forum, "Prophets of the Holy Land," was dropped. The sentence should have read, "They conclude that the issue is already won for coercive integration of the territories and that Israel as a strictly Jewish democracy is a thing of the past." We apologize to Mr. Eban and to our readers for the error.

February Index Sources

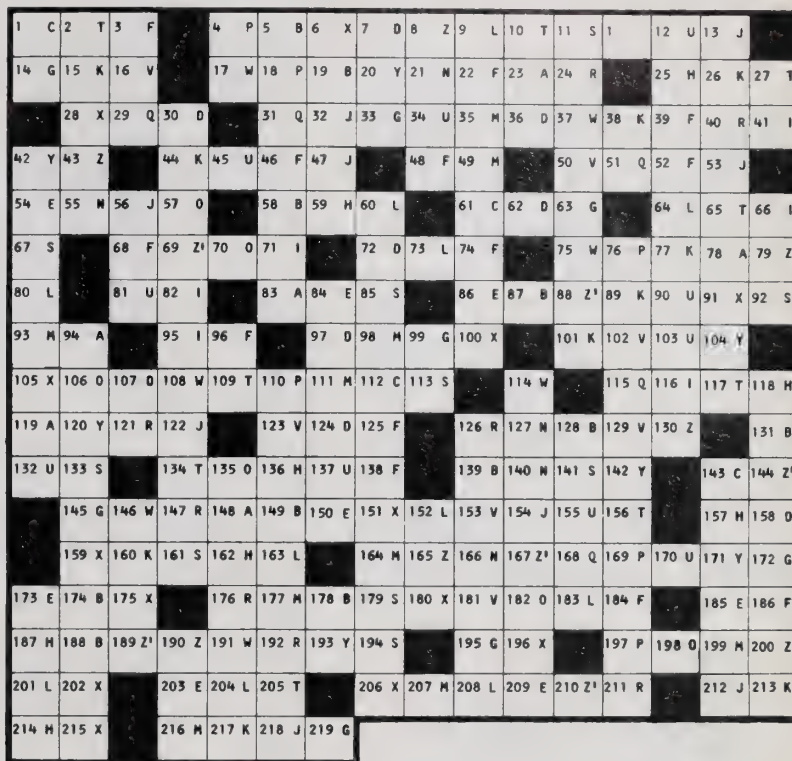
1 National Council for Geographic Education (Macomb, Ill.) and Association of American Geographers (Washington D.C.); 2 *Illiterate America*, by Jonathan Kozol (Doubleday); 3 Stanford University; 4, 5, 6 U.S. Department of Defense; 7, 8 *The Advocate* (Los Angeles); 9 U.S. Naval Institute (Annapolis, Md.); 10 Amnesty International (New York City); 11 *Detroit Free Press*; 12 *Detroit Free Press*/WDIV-TV (Detroit); 13 *USA Today* (Arlington, Va.); 14 Price Waterhouse (Houston); 15 U.S. Department of Commerce; 16 Professor Robert Reich (Harvard University); 17 *Foresight in Science: Picking the Winners*, by John Irvine and Ben Martin (Frances Pinter, London); 18 Agriculture Ministry (London); 19 Department of Transport (London); 20 Gallup Organization (New York City); 21 National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (Washington D.C.); 22 Office of the Secretary of State (Springfield, Ill.); 23 California State Department of Motor Vehicles (Sacramento); 24 Volvo of America (Rockleigh, N.J.); 25, 26 Society for the Scientific Study of Sex (Philadelphia); 27, 28 *Pest Resistance to Pesticides*, by George P. Georgehiou and Tetsuo Saito (Plenum Publishing, New York City); 29 U.S. Department of Agriculture; 30 United Nations World Food Council (New York City); 31, 32 *Le Nouvel Economiste* (Paris); 33 *Kitchen and Bath Business* magazine (New York City); 34, 35, 36 Roper Organization (New York City); 37 *Kal Kan Report* (Vernon, Calif.); 38 Abraham Lincoln Association (Springfield, Ill.); 39 Calvin Coolidge Memorial Foundation (Plymouth, Vt.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 26

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES

WORDS

A. Tangled in a mass

94 119 78 83 23 148

B. Unfair, unjust

188 174 5 149 178 128 131 58
139 87 19

C. Sensitivity; poise; diplomacy

61 143 112 1

D. Hits it off with (2 wds.)

7 97 36 30 62 107 158 72
124

E. Chopped; butchered (2 wds.)

84 203 86 54 173 209 150 185

F. Long on looks (4 wds.)

52 186 46 184 48 39 68 22
125 74 138 3 96

G. Split, blow, make tracks (2 wds.)

99 195 172 145 219 63 33 14

H. Rise, soar

59 136 187 157 118 25 214 162

I. Heed

66 95 41 71 116 82

J. Talent, gift

154 218 32 56 212 53 122 13
47

K. 1925 Sinclair Lewis novel

217 160 26 38 101 89 44 213
77 15

L. Hell (2 wds. after the)

204 9 183 73 80 152 64 201
208 60 163

M. Breach

164 111 49 199 35 216 177 207
93 98

N. For sure; you bet

55 140 166 21 127

O. Knight of the Round Table, nephew of Arthur

106 198 57 70 182 135

P. Roman emperor, 98-117

4 18 110 197 76 169

Q. Sorcerous religion of the West Indies, southern U.S., etc.

29 115 31 168 51

R. Capstan

126 40 192 211 121 147 176 24

S. Gr. philosopher (c.495-c.435 B.C.) who taught that everything was fire, earth, air, and water

85 161 179 113 194 92 141 67
133 11

T. Practiced

109 134 2 65 117 10 156 27
205

U. Habit of ignoring and refusing to face unpleasant facts

45 170 103 155 12 34 13 81
90 137

V. Moved about lightly

123 129 102 153 50 16 181

W. Region of anc. Greece, site of Thebes

75 191 146 10 17 37 114

X. One with no beliefs in particular

151 102 100 175 215 105 28 206
6 91 180 159 196

Y. Call to mind, recollect; consider

120 193 42 104 171 20 142

Z. The English call this "side"

13 165 200 79 190 43 8

Z1. Sweat; soap

189 88 144 69 210 167

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PUZZLE

Three-Way Theme & Variations

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Enter all answers from left to right—diagonally up, across, or diagonally down. Eighteen entries are unclued. They consist of six different variations (three each) on a single theme, which will become clear when the diagram is filled in. There are four proper names among the clue answers, and several among the variations. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution. The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.

Diagonally Up

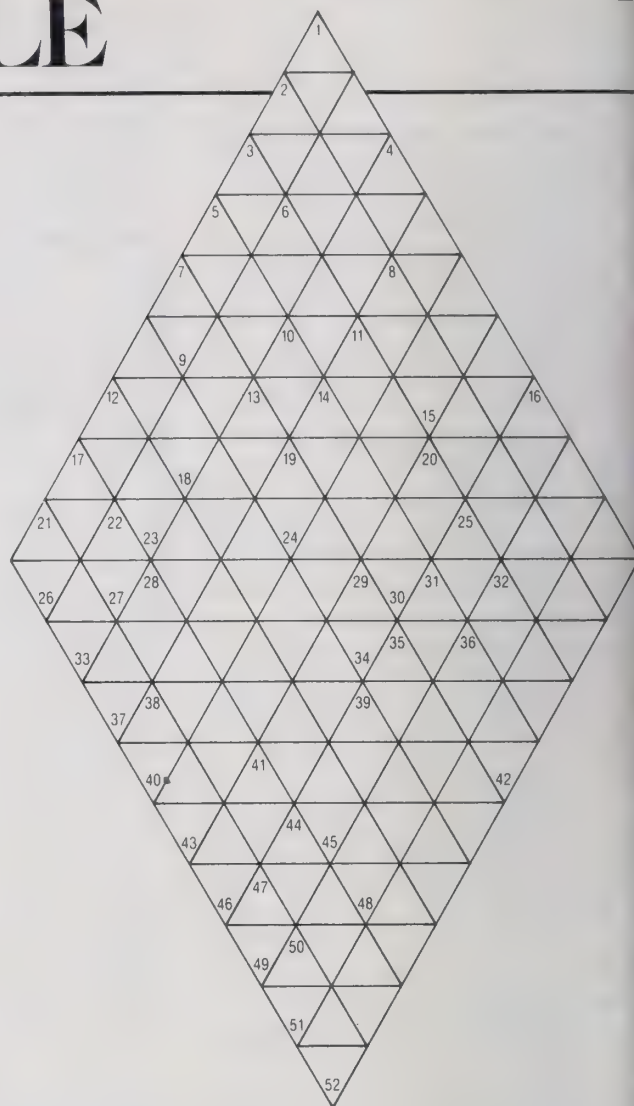
5. Variation A (7, *hyphenated*)
6. Keeps out short dogs (5)
9. Drop second sign (4)
13. One stands behind hat trees (9)
21. Variation B (7)
23. Run off energy changing paces (6)
25. Dirt confines Parthian capital ruin (5)
28. Part of seed money abroad given back (4)
29. Disturbance noted—it's pronounced (5)
32. Variation B (4)
37. Armenia has no folk song (4)
42. Variation C (7)
43. Club member bungled most of narration (8)
46. Superman entrapped in stable? Just the opposite! (9)
48. Archer is said to be steady (4)
49. Transit leader daring riffraff (5)
51. Variation D (5)
52. Put right one in carton—it's cleaner (5)

Across

3. Raise, part of which I kept (4)
5. Knock out a large quantity in Russian capital? (6)
7. Give and take can't tire bum (8)
9. Variation E (5)
11. Either of us could be cruel here! (5)
12. Blue plate quickly gotten up (5)
14. Bashful about returning brassiere—it holds a lot (6)
17. Is copper, during brief period, a cracker (7)
19. Variation D (9)
21. Take gold away from Alaskan city for thirty days (4)
22. Variation E (4)
25. Variation F (5)
26. Being generous, I'm leaving (9)
31. Supported the Spanish in university doctorate (6)
33. Variation C (9)
34. Sampler of treats! (6)
38. A sender's upset by the high cost (8)
41. Variation C (8)
45. Variation F (5)
47. Take a walk, even when losing head! (6)
50. It's deceptive greeting a "ten" (4)

Diagonally Down

1. Came up from ranks, one hears (4)
2. Goddess returns in Greek incarnation (4)
3. Variation A (4)
4. On edge? Short? Try kite flying (8)
8. Variation F (4)
10. Initially muddle camera shot—it's a hobby (7)
11. This entry is work, of a sort. Complain (4)
13. Heading back through cornbelt, I tarried (5)
15. Fellow from box office carrying little weight inside (4)
16. Diddle, diddle, with a top (6)
18. Variation A (8)
20. He preens foolishly to get in a ball (8)
21. Variation B (8, *two words*)
24. Variation E (4)
27. Heartless April kicked the bucket (4)
30. Swore at 'em out loud from habit (6)
35. In stasis. Out of stasis. Help (6)
36. Leaders of the OTC market expanded volume (4)
39. Variation D (6)
40. You're disheartened? That's a long time ago (4)
44. Pacific island located between Assam and Oahu (5)
49. Beat and cook broth (5)



Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Three-Way Theme & Variations," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of the December puzzle, "Jump Starts," are Marcia Hearst, New York, New York; Nathan Mattor, Austin, Texas; and Roald K. Wangness, Tucson, Arizona.

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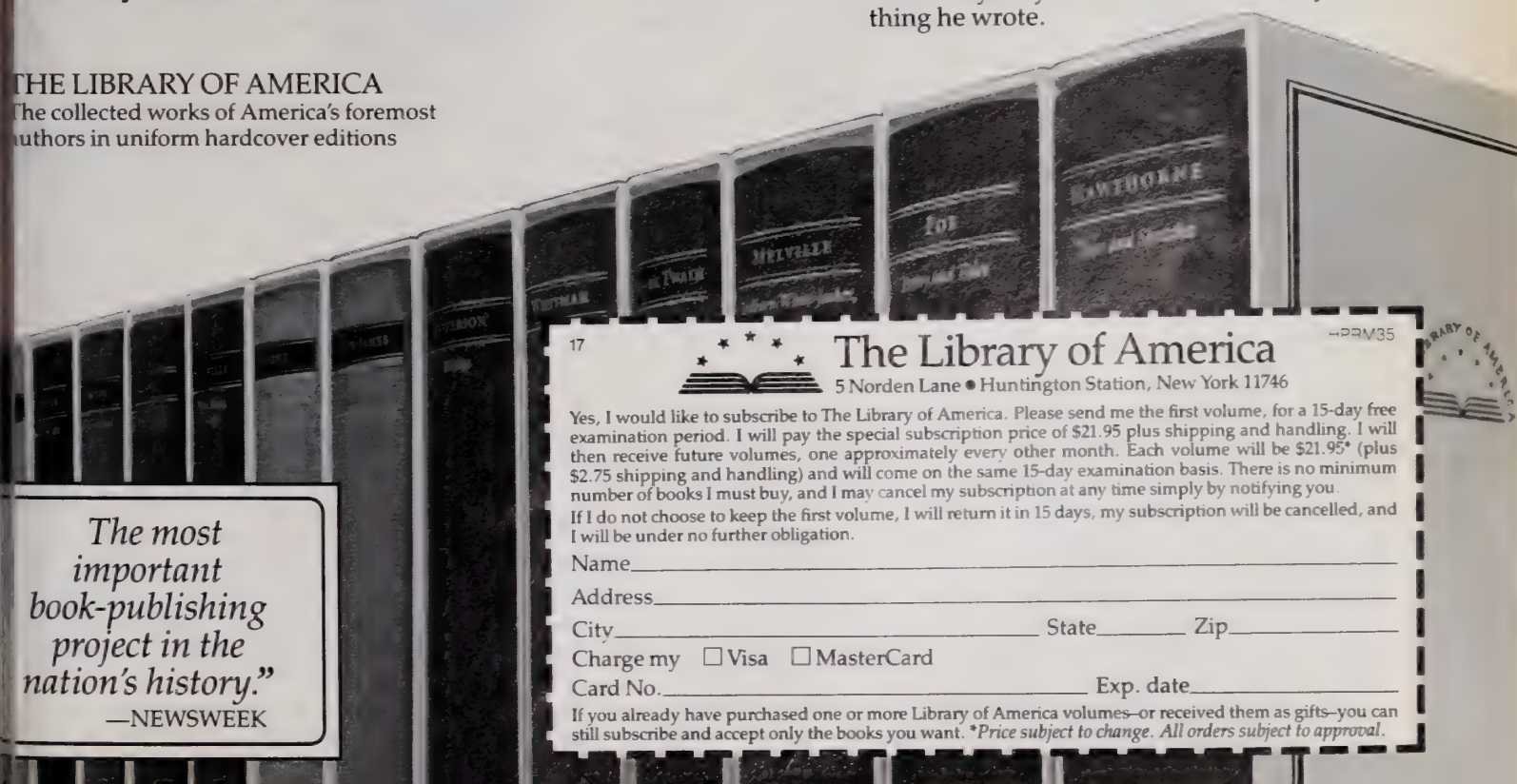
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HARPER'S

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MARCH 1985

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LETTERS

With the current issue *Harper's* magazine begins the second year of its reconstitution in a new form. So far, the changes in structure and design have proved successful. All the leading indicators—renewal rate, paid circulation, newsstand sales, advertising revenue—show steadily rising gains in each of the last twelve months, and the letters from readers reflect attitudes of delight and approval. Further improvements still need to be made, but it appears that the magazine has made a fine beginning.

Beyond Modernism, What?

After finishing Frederick Turner's essay "Escape from Modernism" [*Harper's*, November 1984] I picked up an anthology containing George A. Miller's classic paper "What Is Information Measurement?" I quote Professor Miller:

In the first blush of enthusiasm for this new toy, it is easy to overstate the case. When Newton's mechanics was flowering, the claim was made that animals are nothing but machines, similar to but more complicated than a good clock. Later, during the development of thermodynamics, it was claimed that animals are nothing but complicated heat engines. With the development of information theory we can expect to hear that animals are nothing but communication systems. If we profit from history, we can mistrust the "nothing but" in this claim.

Turner has failed to profit from history. Of course he is not the first thinker in the past thirty years to fulfill Professor Miller's prophecy. But in his gushing overstatement of his case Turner makes a number of errors and offers several misinterpretations.

Most egregious among them is the statement that "whereas matter and energy decay according to the laws of entropy . . . information is . . . immor-

tal . . ." One need not have devoted years of postgraduate study to information theory to see that this is not so. One only need consider that information must be encoded in matter or in energy. In any frame of reference where matter and energy degrade, information does also. To say that "the universe itself is made of information—matter and energy are only simple forms of it" wrongly implies the existence of disembodied information.

It is explicit in information theory that a communication must have mechanisms for encoding, transmission, and decoding, as well as a "prior agreement" between the sender and the recipient concerning the meanings of possible messages. The nature of such prior agreements is often assumed away in the scientific literature, so it is not surprising that Turner overinterprets the communication aspect of photoengraved integrated circuits and digital recordings. He is bemused by both technologies, finding the representations more "real" than the originals. In part he is attributing to the message a characteristic of the decoding mechanism (a "medium is the message" fallacy); a computer not only can play back a digital recording but can process and alter it rather more easily than it could an analog recording. In part, again, he is ignoring history. Artists have always created images that seem sharper than reality and seem to con-

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

dense reality. And in part he is confused about which is the original and which the image. An integrated circuit is the photographic image of a circuit diagram. What does it mean to say that "photographs can now . . . do what they are pictures of"? A circuit can in fact do far more and far less than a diagram. It can conduct electricity, for example, but it would make a poor template for photographically producing more circuits.

An architect makes a drawing that is the prior image of the building that is constructed from it. A tourist takes a snapshot of the building, which later evokes the building for him "almost like being there." We humans have made prior agreements about how to interpret photographs and architectural specs, and about how to design machines to play back recordings. So what's new?

I admire Turner's ambition to synthesize. But I found his article empty of substantiation and excitement, and too willing to overlook our flesh and blood in favor of our putative informational essence. I recommend Nobel laureate Ilya Prigogine's book *Order Out of Chaos* for a similarly overarching but much more solidly based account of recent scientific advances pointing to the connectedness and self-organizing nature of physical reality.

A few questions, in closing, for Turner. I have never been truly hungry, but I have often been without food for long enough that I would have preferred eating it to talking about it. Do you seriously believe that "what food represents has long been more important than the 2,000 calories a day required for survival"? And if we naturally get an endorphin high from good hard work, why have so many societies had to institutionalize work as a formal virtue? Why are so many others noted for their ceremonial use of hallucinogenic drugs? And if art took almost 300 years to catch up to Sir Isaac Newton and become modern, how long will it take to catch up to Prigogine, Shannon, and you?

Fred Young Phillips
Institute for Constructive Capitalism
University of Texas at Austin
Austin, Tex.

although there is much to agree with—and to applaud—in frederick turner's "escape from modernism," i must respond to one point.

there is a line in the development of american poetry that has, for most of this century, committed itself to writing that is "full of stories, ideas, moral energy, scientific speculation, theology, drama, history." william carlos williams, charles reznikoff, george oppen, louis zukofsky, charles olson, hayden carruth, robert duncan, and many of my own generation who learned from these masters have given time and energy in this pursuit.

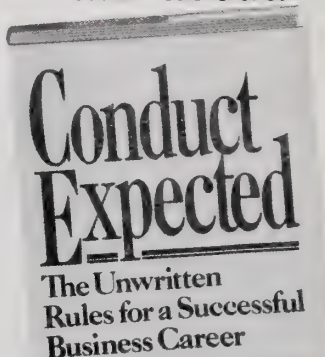
the poetry produced by these people has, by and large, been rejected or ignored by the modernists. it has been called anti-poetic or accused of being too concerned with the real world. when, despite the critics and the academics, it has managed to reach a general public, that public has been moved, but also bewildered. for they have been presented with a poetry that speaks to them and to their world, and they have been educated to believe that such a poetry is not "lit-tra-choor."

these poets have rejected a verse that relies on rich meter and rhetoric, preferring to look for and develop a "measure," and a non-rhetorical use of metaphor. the dependence on meter and rhetoric has historically, and perhaps inevitably, carried with it a reliance on symbols that are indeed "plastered onto the outside of reality." this dependence too often leads to a substitution of craft for art, wit for insight.

these poets have been crying out that facts *are* significant, at least insofar as their consequences. they have, in fact, been crying out for those consequences to be recognized. williams's red wheelbarrow (so much depends/upon . . .) is but one of those cries.

this attempt to write real, not literary, poems continues. poets are the antennae of the race, as pound said, but i suppose it depends on which poets you read. the aridity of what passes for excellence in contemporary poetry, at least as indicated by prizes and publicity, proves turner's case; the poetry that has flourished despite its neglect by the official arbi-

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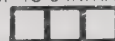
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ters, that has found an audience, no matter how small, is proof that the future he speaks of is already with us.

in other words, there are poets who have struggled to express joy, who, if you will, have allowed the endorphins to form and flow. the capacity for making real poems is still with us. it is sometimes—most of the time—as underground as the great old religions that fostered it so well. but then, the great mother has been hidden (and abused) a long time, too, and still works her magic.

joel oppenheimer
rochester, n.y.

What's being sold in Frederick Turner's celebration of the demise of materialism is materialism repackaged: technological paradise. Such a paradise is now possible because we have come to see ourselves, in Turner's words, as "machines for the production of spirit, soul, value." His is the creed of the machine, as is all materialist philosophy; but this is a new, dazzling, all-inclusive machine. At least old-fashioned materialism had the virtue of acknowledging its limits. It rightly considered that spirit and soul were not within its purview.

The god of Turner's technological paradise is—you guessed it—information. He writes: "... the universe

itself is made of information—matter and energy are only simple forms of it. And whereas matter and energy decay according to the laws of entropy... information is both immortal and self-propagating." Turner does not question one of the underlying assumptions of materialist philosophy, the law of entropy. Presumably we must cling to information as the life raft that will save us from the headlong rush into entropy.

Information is something that can be put into a computer. It is not wisdom. The way to keep things from falling apart, in one's life, in one's world, is to have *understanding*: to try to think clearly, conscientiously, and carefully, with one's whole soul. The result may not provide much self-satisfaction; it is more likely to be humbling. But it serves as a reminder of the vast difference between wisdom and information.

I have no doubt that overcoming materialism is the challenge of our time. But this cause is not served by exercises in fantasy. Materialism is not built out of stones; it is built into our souls. Its great gift to human development is clear thinking, and it is this gift that must be saved if we are to extend our thinking beyond materialist ruts. No "solid future of the species" can be built by rushing ahead pell-mell, grabbing at slogans. We will advance into the future by filling our hearts with understanding.

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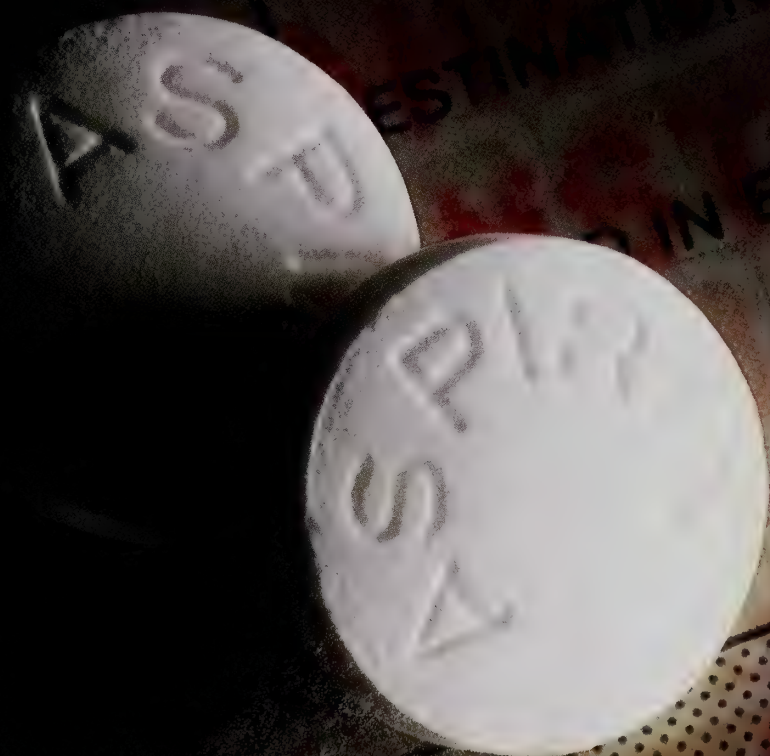
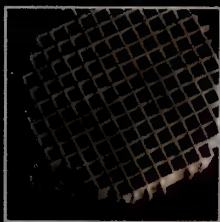
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Caryl Johnston
Chapel Hill, N.C.

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Kant, I believe, concluded that space and time are two categories which are beyond human comprehension. He was a smart man, too.

Ivey Allen Jr.
Alamogordo, N.M.

Frederick Turner's enthusiasm for the postmodern is indeed contagious. But in his joy of synthesizing he makes some large errors (such as lumping together fascism and materi-

alism) and holds out an interpretation of modernism that deserves to be questioned.

Turner's characterization of modernism as a religion of materialism fails to do it justice. Just as with medieval Catholicism, modernism has allowed for variation within its creed. If the basis for materialism were the belief in atomism, as Turner would have it, then Descartes would be excluded from the materialist canon of saints, for he rejected atomism. The scientists who accepted atoms did so not because they were material but because they were measurable, countable, and capable of serving as terms of mathematical equations and laws. The purpose of science was, and is, to find regular *relations* between entities, not simply to describe those entities. On this, Descartes and the atomists—and Darwin and Heisenberg—would have agreed. Viewed from this perspective, there is much less of a break between con-

temporary physics and the physics of the past than Turner sees.

Turner is certainly right in stressing that quantum physics has engendered an upheaval in our notions of causality and an end to the dualism of subject and object. But he lets this idea go to his head, and his overestimation of the power of the subject leads him to make claims that are manifestly false: "our new laws—of morality, aesthetics, government, and games—have taken their appointed place next to . . . the laws of biology, chemistry, physics, and mathematics." At another point in the essay he unwittingly tells us why this is false by noting the religious nature of present-day political conflicts, which admit of no adjudication. Or does Turner seriously believe that if the Poles, the Iranians, the Palestinians, and the rest were to vanquish their "materialist" adversaries, they would sit down and work out a common law of morality and government?

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There is a crucial factor missing from both Turner's metaphysics and his ethics: an awareness of complexity in nature and in humanity and a respect for the plurality of perspectives that springs from it. Not all cultures or individuals will agree on a common list of values.

David Lindenfeld
Department of History
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, La.

The strong hand of the corporation and the still stronger hand of the state . . . are losing their hold. Quite soon a family with its own solar generator and its own computer will have the kind of practical sovereignty once possessed only by nations.

In a world where much of the population is illiterate and malnourished, Frederick Turner's comments about personal sovereignty seem culture-bound, if not naive. In fact, the

forces he brilliantly describes will serve only to tighten the grip of the state and corporation upon society as a whole. While the possibilities for greater individuality may widen for an elite that understands the "magic," they are narrowing for everyone else. In his picture of a microchip Middle Ages characterized by moral harmony, Turner leaves out the plague and the serfs in the field; he is heralding an evolution in consciousness restricted to castle and monastery.

Paul Genova
Portland, Me.

Frederick Turner's essay contains a serious flaw. Turner draws a distinction between materialism, with its limited ability to express the "poetry" of life, and religion, which he claims allows for that poetry. But he neglects to point out that each system has both advantages and disadvantages. While materialism may not di-

rectly account for many of the finer things in life, those things will always be created by people marching to their own drummers. At the same time, materialism has been responsible for clear, rational thinking, and for much of human progress.

On the other hand, while religion does make possible the easy expression of the lyrical in life, its hostility to rationality not only stifles progress, learning, and thought but also leads to intolerance and fanaticism. Turner points out the advantage in war that religiously motivated soldiers have. But that fanaticism has also led to many wars and much persecution.

The dichotomy is not as distinct as Turner suggests. A materialist system can still allow room for poetry and joy. This should tell us that religion-based systems do not have any real advantages.

Gordon Stein
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NOTEBOOK

Citizen Goetz By Lewis H. Lapham

The longing to be primitive is a disease of culture; it is archaism in morals. To be so preoccupied with vitality is a symptom of anemia. —George Santayana

Every now and then the fantastic wishes seen in the movies bear so striking a resemblance to the dreams of power loose in the streets that it seems as if they had been produced in the same studio, with the same lighting effects and the same delight in barbarism. One of these baleful conjunctions occurred during the first week of the new year, when the discovery of Bernhard Goetz, known variously as the Death Wish gunman or the Subway Shane, coincided with the box office success of *Beverly Hills Cop*, an anarchic comedy starring Eddie Murphy.

Goetz made his entrance onto the stage of the news in the role of an honest and God-fearing citizen too long made to suffer the cruel indifference of the state. Some years earlier he had been assaulted by three black youths who attempted to rob him in the subway. The police failed to deal with the incident in a manner of which Goetz approved. Not only did they fail to punish his tormentors but they also subjected him to the indignity of callow and prolonged questioning. Bearing in mind his injury and humiliation, Goetz bought a gun.

A few days before Christmas he was again molested in the subway, this time by four black youths who made threatening gestures and asked him for \$5. Goetz promptly shot each

of them in turn, apologized to one or two other passengers for any inconvenience he might have caused, and calmly left the train. Nobody knew where he went, and for the next several days agents of the *New York Post*, like the Trojan women grieving for the lost Hector, searched the city for a glimpse of their "anonymous vigilante."

A week later in New Hampshire Goetz surrendered to the police and was returned, mostly in triumph, to New York. The *Post* welcomed him as a hero. So did a depressing number of his fellow townsmen. They took up a public subscription to pay Goetz's bail, posted handbills praising him for "a job well done," wrote letters to editors commending him for his good citizenship and resolve. Joan Rivers sent best wishes from California, and George Clark, chairman of the New York State Republican Party, pledged \$1,000 to Goetz's defense fund.

"Here at last," so ran the tenor of the newspaper encomiums, "stands a man who knows that the courts cannot be trusted, that the police don't care a dime for justice, that the law is a joke."

Beverly Hills Cop, which has been playing to sellout crowds since early December, makes precisely the same points. Eddie Murphy appears as a Detroit police detective whose best friend, a small-time thug, makes the foolish mistake of stealing \$50,000 from big-time thugs. The friend gets murdered for his impertinence, and Murphy decides to present the bill of retribution. The big-time thugs hap-

pen to live in Beverly Hills, and so Murphy takes a leave of absence and goes to California as a self-appointed government. Contemptuous of the local police and with no authority other than his own grievance, Murphy conducts an antic investigation, gathers enough evidence against the big-time thugs to assure himself of their guilt, and summarily executes them for their crimes against his finer feelings.

Throughout the movie Murphy takes every occasion to ridicule the puppets of the white establishment (all fops, wimps, and sodomites) and prey upon their fear of blacks. He advances behind a shield of insolent jive probably not too dissimilar from the manner of the black youths whom Goetz found so frightening and offensive on the subway train. The movie audiences respond with laughter and the loud stomping of feet.

"Here at last," so runs the tenor of their applause, "stands a man who knows that the courts cannot be trusted, that the police don't care a dime for justice, that the law is a joke."

These sentiments express the fondest passions of the American soul. Despite our obligatory mumbling about "a government of laws," few of us take much pleasure in the tiresome chore of justice. Given a choice in the matter, how many of us wouldn't prefer the romance of crime? The villainous heroes and heroic villains celebrated in the tabloid press and on prime-time television—whether cast in the personae of J. R. Ewing, Richard Nixon, Alexis Carrington Colby

Dexter, or the A-Team—stand in the long and glorious history of criminal prowess that begins with the fur traders of the early nineteenth century and descends, with mounting degrees of subtlety and firepower, through the chronicles of the cattle and railroad barons, the wildcat oil-well operators, the Harding Administration and Teapot Dome, Al Capone and the Chicago syndicate, Joseph Kennedy and Huey Long, the Kefauver committee hearings, Lyndon Johnson, Charles Manson, George Steinbrenner, and a host of others too numerous to mention. The fiction on the best-seller lists, like the soap operas awarded the highest Nielsen ratings, continues the telling of the hunter's tale. The wandering hero finds solace in violence, and his story always ends with a killing. It's the only plot he knows.

Were Capone still alive he probably could count on more or less steady employment as a guest on the Carson or Griffin show. The society admires the successful criminal, and Capone could play the part of elder statesman—talking about the old days in Chicago, remarking on the ways in which the rackets have changed over the last sixty years, offering his opinion on the most sensational crime of the week. Imagine a garrulous old man, comfortably smoking a cigar and astonishing the audience with his cynicism and depravity. Soon he would be on the lecture circuit, commanding fees of \$15,000 to address the Young Republicans at Princeton and Yale.

A society that presumes a norm of violence and celebrates aggression, whether in the subway, on the football field, or in the conduct of its business, cannot help but make celebrities of the people who would destroy it. The best-selling entertainments require the presence of a grand predator—the Godfather, Xaviera Hollander, James Bond, a great white shark—anybody or anything that takes what it wants and shows an appropriate contempt for an abstraction as bloodless and chicken-hearted as the due process of law.

Newsweek made Eddie Murphy's comic genius the subject of its first cover story of 1985. In support of their

admiring adjectives, the magazine's critics offered the conclusive proof that *Beverly Hills Cop* had grossed \$64 million in the first three weeks of its release. Fittingly enough, in the same issue of the magazine George Will, the reactionary columnist and author of a treatise on government entitled *Statecraft as Soulcraft*, congratulated Citizen Goetz for his "healthy anger." On a good day Will can supply the reason for shooting just about anybody, but on behalf of Goetz he got to say that without the pleasures of revenge life wouldn't be worth living. He compared the courageous Goetz to Clint Eastwood's inspirational characterization of "Dirty Harry" and somehow managed to cite Shakespeare as an authority who recommended the medicinal uses of "virtuous vengeance."

Like the radical apologists for the 1960s counterculture, who justified their disregard for the law by reason of their allegiance to what they called "the higher consciousness," Will presents himself as a civilized friend of anarchy. He assumes that he can make distinctions between the forms of terrorism as if he were a connoisseur choosing between bottles of wine.

Apparently it never occurs to Will that another heroic citizen, unsympathetic to his politics but blessed with a "healthy anger" equal to that of Bernhard Goetz, might take it into his head to eliminate Caspar Weinberger. At his first press conference the "Pentagon vigilante" could say that he acted in self-defense, that Weinberger's militaristic policies were frightening and offensive and demanded of him a good deal more than \$5. Hugs and kisses presumably would arrive by telegram from California, if not from Joan Rivers then possibly from Jane Fonda; a committee in favor of disarmament undoubtedly would post the hero's bail and nominate him for the Nobel Peace Prize.

That's the trouble with dreams of power. The dreamers come to imagine that the laws of men should embody the law of God. By their delight in bloodletting they confess their own anemia, and they forget that terrorism is a proof not of virility but of impotence. ■



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Tue.

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Wed.

Newsweek

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Newsweek

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Mon.

Tue.

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The week we had to write in a day.

Some weeks, it takes less than a week to write Newsweek.

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The Marine massacre in Beirut was one of those weeks.

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Minutes after the shockwaves had subsided, Newsweek assigned a team of reporters to the scene. Back at the magazine, we stopped the presses on our issue due on the newsstands the following day.

As the details of the tragedy became clear, we scrapped our cover story and wrote the one we wished we never had to write.

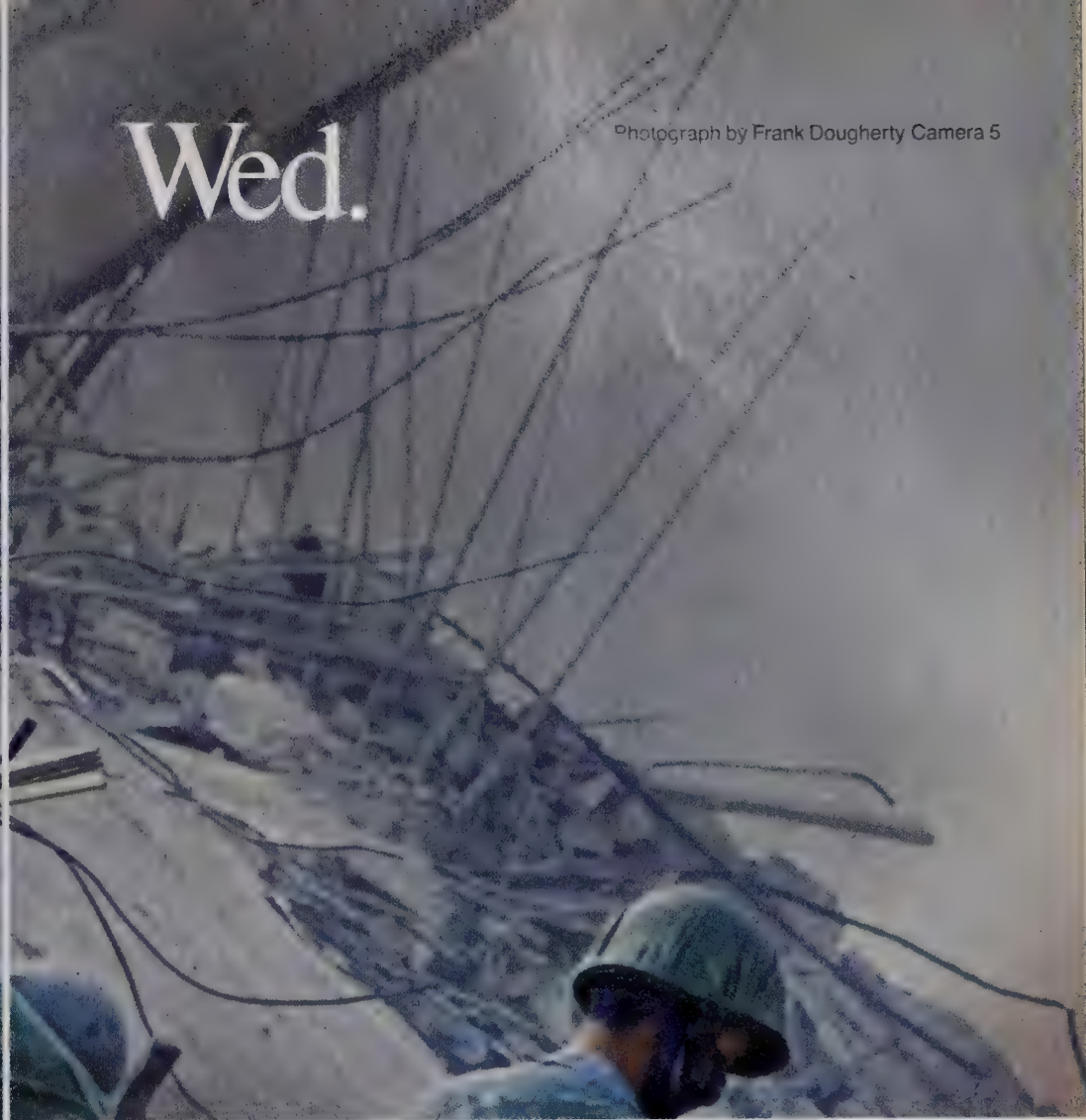
We were the only news weekly to bring you that on the very next day.

It was Newsweek at it



Wed.

Photograph by Frank Dougherty Camera 5



Sat.



magazine with the depth of a newsweekly, yet capable of the speed of newspapers or TV.

Recently, that issue was honored by the White House Correspondents Association for excellence under deadline pressure. (An award normally given to a newspaper.)

It marks the first time in history that a news magazine has won this award.

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sacre in Beirut took only a day to write, it was a story a lot of people could never forget.

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Mon.

Tue.

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For over 50 years,

Newsweek had covered the people making the news. This time, we decided to take a look at the people who had actually lived that news.

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by the news.

We selected a typical American town, Springfield, Ohio. There, we chose five American families. And sent a team of reporters to unearth the last 50 years of their lives.

The resulting saga took more than a year to research and write.



Wed.

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Sat.

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It was Newsweek at its best: in-depth, insightful, in perspective.

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HARPER'S INDEX

Amount spent annually in the United States on private security forces : \$21,700,000,000

On public police forces : \$13,800,000,000

Number of the 35 executions in the United States since 1977 that occurred outside the South : 2

Percentage of household burglaries in the United States that are solved : 9

Percentage of those burglaries that are committed by a relative or acquaintance of the victim : 36

Percentage of married women in the United States who say they have been raped by their husbands : 14

States in which marital rape is not a crime : 27

Rank of sterilization among methods of birth control used in the United States : 1

Percentage of American parents who say they spank their children : 83

Percentage of those who say they consider spanking to be seldom, if ever, effective : 40

Percentage increase since 1975 in births by Caesarian section in the United States : 121

Percentage of all coronary-artery bypasses in the United States that are performed on whites : 97

Life expectancy of a Soviet male born in 1966 (in years) : 66

In 1979 : 62

Average number of newspapers and magazines to which a Soviet family subscribes : 6

To which an American family subscribes : 3.3

Number of book publishers in the United States in 1972 : 1,205

In 1982 : 2,001

Number of new products introduced in the United States in 1984 : 9,895

Rate of return on an investment in Old Master paintings in 1984 : 16.3

In gold : -18.6

Portion of world's population that cooks and heats with wood or charcoal : $\frac{1}{2}$

Percentage of all water used by humans that is used for irrigation : 80

Pounds of food consumed by the average American each year : 1,417

Pounds of chemical additives : 9

Average number of maggots the U.S. Food and Drug Administration permits per 100 grams of canned mushrooms : 20

Percentage of the annual U.S. potato crop that is french fried : 22

Gross national home-gardening product in 1984 : \$12,000,000,000

Rank of *Hill Street Blues*, *Dallas*, and *Dynasty* among prime-time programs most frequently taped at home : 1,2,3

Number of trench coats owned by Morley Safer : 5

Percentage of American Jews who say *All in the Family* is the best sitcom ever made : 15

Percentage of Protestants who say that : 3

Percentage decrease in church attendance by American Catholics since 1958 : 23

By Protestants : 5

Percentage of Americans who believe the Russians are our enemies because they are atheists : 37

Chances that an adult in the San Francisco Bay Area has completed est training : 1 in 69

Rank, among situations that make adults anxious, of being at a party with strangers : 1

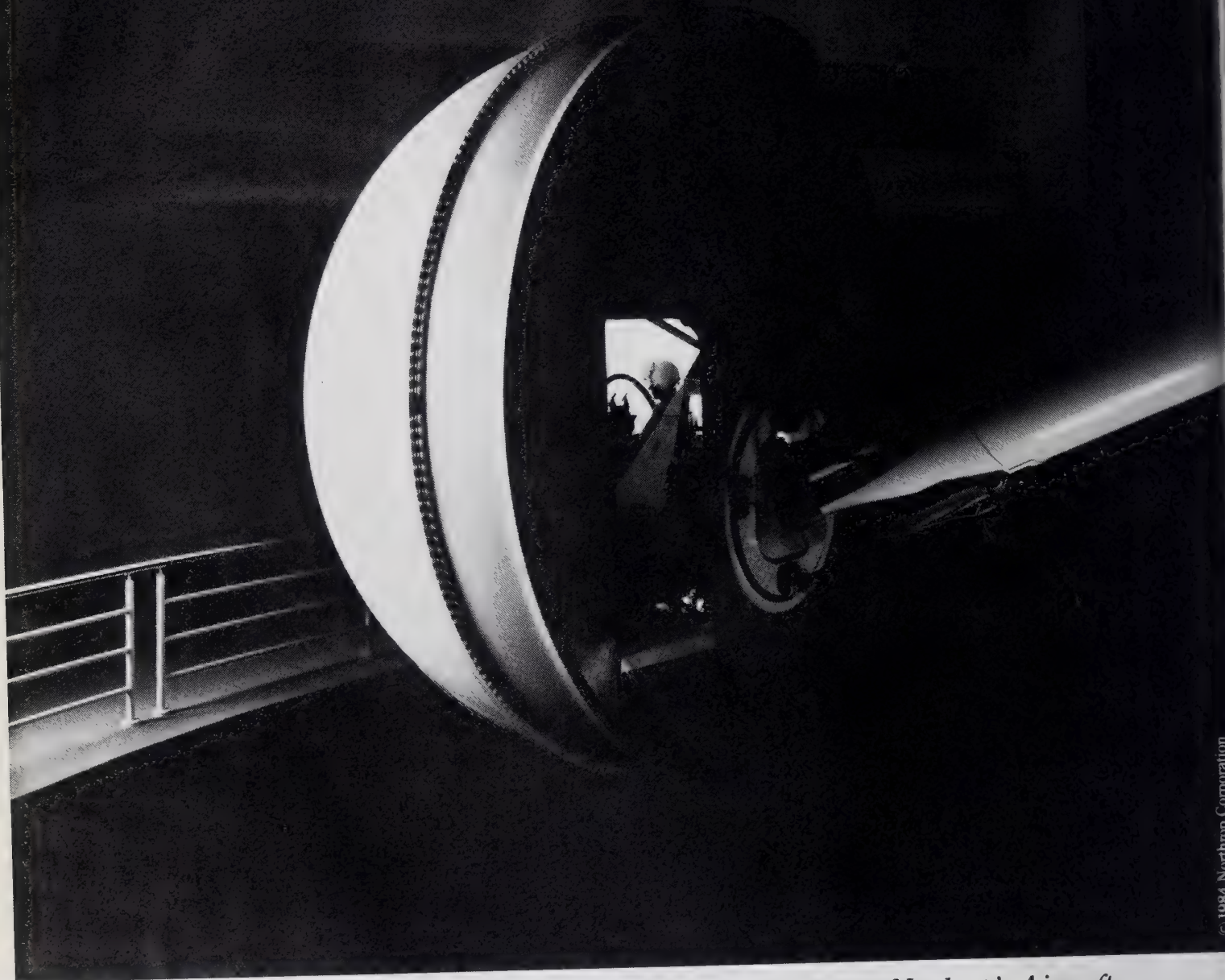
Garbage produced daily at the Oceanside Holiday Inn in Ft. Lauderdale in March (in Dumpsters) : 78

During the rest of the year : 3

Alligator farms in the United States : 23

Four-leaf clover farms : 1

Figures cited are the latest available as of January 1985. Sources are listed on page 6.



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READINGS

[Essay]

THE FREEZE: CRUSADE OF THE LEISURE CLASS

From "The Doomsayers: Class Politics and the Nuclear Freeze," by Robert Coles, in the November issue of the *Boston Observer*. Coles is a professor of psychiatry at Harvard University and author of the five-volume study *Children of Crisis*.

Millions of us all over the world would like to see an immediate, verifiable nuclear freeze. We would like to see every nuclear bomb on this planet dismantled. I admire my many friends in the freeze movement for their continuing moral witness, their necessary political activity.

But in recent years, as part of my work visiting so-called ordinary working-class people, I have heard increasing skepticism about the nuclear freeze movement, its tactics, and its rhetoric—to the point that, with some discomfort, I feel it best to look candidly at what has been happening to that important political movement.

In May of 1980 Helen Caldicott gave the graduation speech at Salem State College. Her talk was similar to many she had given before and many she would give after. But this one stirred an angry response in the audience, many of whose members took the unprecedented step of protesting to the college. I had been working with a number of families north of Boston—families of factory workers, blue-collar service workers, white-collar office workers—and was eager to be at the college on this occasion, when the children of these families, some of whom I'd known for a decade, were graduating. After the speech I went to the home of one family and heard a torrent of outrage, some of which I tape-recorded. Edited down, it went like this:

"We come there to see our son get a college

degree—the first person in our family to get one—and she's there telling us the world is sick, sick. She said it's 'terminal,' I remember. And she said we're sticking our heads in the sand—she didn't say that, she said something that meant that, that we're all numbed out, I remember. Everyone but her and her friends! How does she know? What gives her the right to think every single person in the hall isn't as worried as she is about a nuclear war? She talks down to you! She's telling us we should be like her in our ideas and what we do, or she'll call us 'sick,' and the whole earth dying. Then she talked about these kids who think the world is coming to an end soon, because of a nuclear war, and how that's mighty good and smart of them, and if we aren't thinking the same way, we're a bunch of saps! And if we had the god-damned gall to want some other kind of message on the day our kid was getting his diploma, and getting ready to have the first office job of anyone in this family, I'll tell you, then tough luck for us—and aren't we the dopes and the blind fools to expect that, when any day now the nukes will go off and that'll be the end, and here we are, whistling Dixie!"

This man's rage was not that of someone whose complacency had been abruptly undermined. He kept reminding me what I certainly remembered—that he knew quite well what was happening in the world. He prided himself always on the careful attention he gave to the daily newspaper and to the *CBS Evening News*. What he resented was Dr. Caldicott's notion that he and others he knew were in the thrall of "psychic numbing," a phrase she uses in almost every one of her speeches. He wanted her evidence. How many Americans such as himself had she gotten to know? On what basis did she make her large-scale psychological (and, not so implicitly, moral) generalizations about the people at Salem State?

It was a year later that I heard Dr. Caldicott give the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, where there was much less disgruntlement from

an audience rather different, socioeconomically, from the one in Salem. Again she talked about a "terminally ill" planet. Again she explained things in essentially psychiatric terms: "We practice psychic numbing. We block it out. We push it into our subconscious because we don't like to think about it." Then she added this interesting piece of information: "A recent study done by Harvard psychiatrists of a thousand adolescents in Boston shows that one of the main reasons the children are taking drugs and drinking alcohol is that most of them have a profound fear of the future and a feeling that they probably won't grow up, that they will probably never survive to have children." Later she said: "If we continue practicing psychic numbing, they will not grow up. And as we practice psychic numbing, we are passively suicidal." She added, "It is inappropriate for any person on this planet to be psychologically comfortable in this day and age."

Later, in another Harvard address, this physician, avowedly sensitive to the worries and fears of the American people, would make this unequivocal statement: "If Ronald Reagan is re-elected, accidental nuclear war becomes a mathematical certainty."

Needless to say, there is in these statements the forceful, exaggerated rhetoric of the polemicist. Few of us who have heard Dr. Caldicott would want to part company with her on the essential matter of nuclear disarmament. But here is the man I quoted earlier, having his say on that score: "Will you tell me who in hell is in favor of those goddamned bombs? If we could get rid of every single one of them tomorrow, if every nation got rid of its store of them and we could all be sure none would be built afterward, that's what we'd all want. Only a nut would want those bombs if he was told there was a way to be rid of all of them, and that would be that. The argument, the way I see it, is that a lot of people don't trust the Russian government—no, not the Russian people, the government: it has murdered millions of its own people. Does that Dr. Caldicott think of *them*? Is she 'numb' to what happened to them and what's still going on there, to the concentration camps? I remember when the Russian tanks went into Hungary. Look at Poland and Afghanistan. If we're going to get rid of these nuclear bombs, we have to strike a bunch of deals with a murderous dictatorship, and be damn sure they keep their side of the agreement!" These are not the thoughts of a numb mind.

Take a closer look at what some fine and honorable and idealistic and ethically passionate freeze leaders have been saying, and at how their remarks are heard by many. That phrase

"psychic numbing," for instance, the psychological heart of Dr. Caldicott's description of millions of people—who has interviewed whom to ascertain the presence or degree of this "numbing"? Preaching is no substitute for the accumulation of information, as Dr. Caldicott, a physician, well knows.

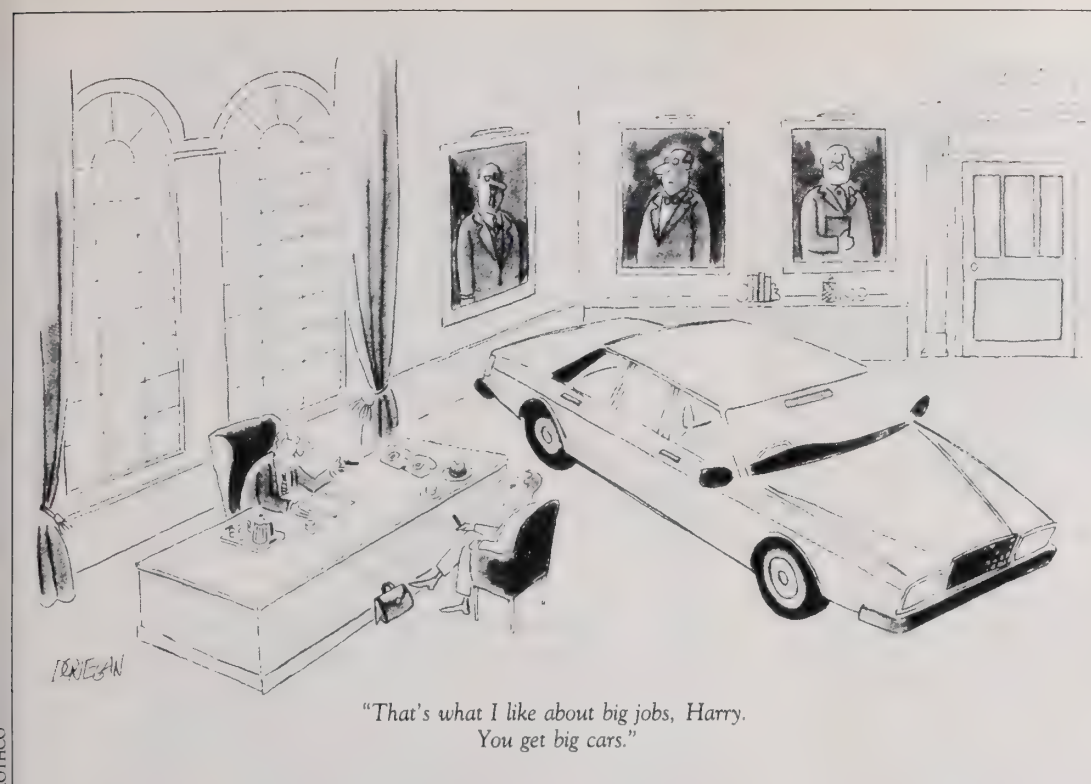
Psychoanalysis tells us we *all* "deny," including those of us who use such words to describe others. Dr. Caldicott, for example, reminds us that "two-thirds of the world's children are malnourished and starving." But how often do many of us who worry about a nuclear war think of those children, and what are we doing to better their lot? Giving half of our fat physicians' fees to Oxfam? Giving up our second homes, our BMWs, our ski vacations? Are we, living pleasant lives, thereby "numb" to the manifest death of thousands of children—an enormous tragedy unfolding every day, never mind the speculative one of nuclear war? The man I quoted earlier worries all the time that he won't be able to pay his bills. He lives at the edge of things in ways some of us well-to-do liberals never stop to consider. Are we "numb" to him and millions like him?

Do physicians further their aims by telling people that it is "inappropriate" for them to be "psychologically comfortable"? Simply being psychologically uncomfortable, after all, won't bring us nearer to a nuclear freeze.

I wonder, too, about the adolescents—the ones who, Dr. Caldicott tells us without the slightest qualification, are so frightened they will not grow up that they turn to drugs and alcohol. Who has talked with how many of them for how long? The literature on children's fears of nuclear war is largely based on one-time questionnaires filled out in thirty minutes or an hour. But it is important to know which children, from what family backgrounds, living where. Which fears? How significantly do those fears exert themselves? What, if any, are the everyday, practical consequences of those fears?

In years of work with children and youth all over this country, in ghettos and in working-class neighborhoods and even in many politically conservative homes in well-to-do neighborhoods, I have not met the children Dr. Caldicott and others have described. The research on this subject is not at all adequate, and I fear it has been used in a thoroughly political way. In the long run, this may cause real harm to the freeze movement. To be blunt, parents are no fools: they know when and if their teenagers are behaving as Dr. Caldicott and others say they are, or if the truth is otherwise.

For what it is worth, I earnestly believe that the issue of class haunts America today, as those clever old Marxists Richard Nixon and Ronald



From Punch, the English weekly.

Reagan have known all along. The people I hear responding angrily to Dr. Caldicott and others see the freeze movement as an upper-middle-class crusade. And they are not far from the truth.

Recent news from Providence, Rhode Island, is that the predominantly privileged students at Brown have demanded that the university health service stock cyanide pills so that they might quickly end their lives in the event of nuclear war. For the freeze movement this was seen as another victory. For the ordinary citizen it was yet another example of the painful gulf between the classes, between ordinary people and the intelligentsia. I suppose it is asking too much of students these days to suggest that they channel their energies more constructively by walking down the hill to Providence's working-class neighborhoods in search of converts to the struggle for a nuclear-free world. Not for them "Solidarity Forever." Predictably, some freeze proponents commented piously on the "despair" of these students. There was not a word about the class-laden implications of their strange idea.

One wonders what will happen after Ronald Reagan has completed his second term and the "mathematical certainty" turns out to be not so certain—after the cyanide pills have lost their potency, after all those well-to-do young women and men who said they dread the prospect of nuclear war have nevertheless managed to do

"right well," as they say in the South. What we'll still have is the terrible presence of nuclear bombs. And what we'll need then—as now—is a tough, shrewd, credible political effort, worldwide in nature, drawing on people of all backgrounds, to constrain the generals and the politicians, here and in the Soviet Union. Maybe by then glib psychological jargon and doom-saying prophecy will have yielded to the hard effort—one that forges alliances from the bottom up rather than from the top down.

American workers understand that the manufacturers of arms have been the bulwark of the capitalist system in the United States, as well as of the communist Soviet Union. In their bones these workers sense that what financial security they have—little enough—is tied to the billions of dollars invested in the arms race. Where would America's "free enterprise" be without that ongoing safety net? Some of us—the more privileged—can afford not to wonder. But most cannot. It wouldn't hurt the peace movement if we found a better way to reach out to this less affluent majority, if we coupled our opposition to nuclear weapons with a clear and compelling program for economic reform.

It is a near "mathematical certainty" that the freeze movement will never succeed so long as we, its supporters, fail to make common cause with working men and women—people for whom survival will still be an issue even after the last bomb has been dismantled.

[Resolution]

HOW TO CO-OPT A PEACE MOVEMENT

From a resolution of the Political Committee of the Hungarian Socialist Workers Party. This internal document, which was published last year in Hungary in samizdat form, was drafted in March 1983 in response to the rise of several independent peace groups. The leading group, Dialogue, disbanded shortly after this resolution was adopted, reportedly because of a split between moderates and radicals over how to respond to mounting government pressure. The National Peace Council, referred to in the text, is the government-sanctioned peace group. The resolution, along with a government report on the Hungarian peace movement, appears in the Winter issue of Peace & Democracy News, the bulletin of the Campaign for Peace and Democracy/East and West.

The chief task of the Hungarian peace movement remains unchanged: to popularize and support the peace efforts of our country and of the socialist peace community. When different peace groups (clubs, debating forums, youth committees) come into being, the official social organizations and movements should help and take care of them, and ensure that they become connected to the united movement directed by the National Peace Council.

The leaders and activists of the party, the state, and the social organizations and movements should isolate and expose in open debate those who seek to use the peace movement as a pretext for questioning the peace policies of our party and government, our commitments to our allies, and the peace initiatives of the Soviet Union and the socialist community. If the activities of any group come into conflict with the law, if they violate the fundamental principles of our state, then administrative methods should be used. The peace movement cannot be allowed to become a forum for external and internal opposition. The Hungarian peace movement must be kept united under the direction of the National Peace Council. Movements standing outside the Peace Council cannot be legalized.

The Political Committee recommends that the National Peace Council support and seek out more lively, colorful, and attractive forms for the movement, all the while keeping to clear and fundamental political principles. It should broaden its social base and, by expanding its activities, it should create the conditions whereby the different social groups—among them the youth—can find forms of expression for their desires for peace. The Political Com-

mittee favors the organization of demonstrations, peace gatherings, marches, and debating forums appropriate to political needs and also of initiatives that contribute to public support for the foreign policy decisions of our government. It agrees with the idea of establishing a youth and student committee alongside the National Peace Council. And it considers it necessary that the Peace Council, acting together with the KISZ [Communist Youth League], provide the buttons, placards, and other symbols favored by youth for individual peace actions.

[Q & A]

AN UNGLOVED FIST

From the December issue of the Gannetteer, the Gannett Company's in-house magazine. This exchange took place on November 25 during a question and answer session held by Gannett Chairman Al Neuharth with a group of local Gannett newspaper editors at the convention of the Associated Press Managing Editors in Miami.

LOCAL EDITOR: Local autonomy has always been one of the sources of strength of the Gannett Company and I think a source of pride for Gannett editors and publishers. This summer, prior to the conventions, word came down to some newspapers that we were to run a particular story about how Gannett, particularly USA TODAY, was handling the conventions. I'd like to think that this was a mistake or misunderstanding, not a change in policy.

AL NEUHARTH: I've got to differ with you a bit when you say that local autonomy has *always* been a source of pride in the Gannett Company. Usually, yes, but it has also often been a source of disappointment. You see, local autonomy carries with it the responsibility to do the thing right. And to use good judgment. In this company it cuts both ways. Often a great source of pride; sometimes a source of disappointment, when people make bad decisions based on their own personal prejudices or preferences. I think it's unfortunate that any editor would be unhappy about using two or three inches of space to promote what the Gannett News Service and the Gannett Company and USA TODAY were doing at the conventions. Ordering you to do it was a mistake, because you should have been smart enough in your infinite and autonomous wisdom to run the story. So it cuts both ways. Don't hide behind local autonomy and say this is a source of great pride unless you are willing to accept the fact that if you screw it up, it becomes a source of great disappointment.

[Lecture]

THE MEDIA'S RUSSIA

Adapted from a lecture delivered last fall by Stephen F. Cohen at a conference for journalists sponsored by Harvard's Russian Research Center. Cohen, a professor of Soviet politics at Princeton, writes a column on Soviet affairs for the Nation and is the author of Rethinking the Soviet Experience, recently published by Oxford University Press.

In recent years, American newspaper and television coverage of the Soviet Union has been as bad as I can remember. Too much of it is one-dimensional, distorted, silly, and factually wrong. Consider the image of the Soviet Union that now prevails in the American media: a crisis-ridden nation with a stagnant, inefficient economy; a corrupt bureaucratic elite; a cynical and restive populace; and an aged, inept political leadership. There are, of course, elements of truth in this picture. But for the most part it is a crude caricature, lacking context, complexity, and balance. It is reminiscent of all those depictions of American life in the Soviet press, which consist largely of accounts of unemployment, drug addiction, street crime, and political corruption.

All media everywhere tend to focus on political leaders, but the commentary in the American media on Soviet leadership has been almost relentlessly intense since the death of Leonid Brezhnev in 1982. And it has been very bad commentary indeed—uninformed and wildly speculative.

Most American commentators, for example, predicted that Konstantin Chernenko would succeed Brezhnev, since he controlled the allegedly all-powerful Communist Party apparatus. When Brezhnev's successor turned out to be Yuri Andropov, the media explained that the military and the KGB, in search of a "strongman," had joined to defeat a weak, corrupt party apparatus.

Then, despite clear signs that Andropov was gravely ill, the media, which falsely assume that every Soviet leader is a dictator, saw every development as evidence of his growing power and the beginning of an "Andropov era."

The commentators therefore were badly surprised again when the aged Chernenko was named as Andropov's successor. Most had predicted another "strongman." But the media have been quick to develop a new theory: the Soviet Union has no real leader. It is said that Chernenko is "weak" and that power is held by officials such as Foreign Minister Gromyko.

These analyses are, of course, contradictory.

[List]

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE, 1940–1982

From the Presidential Biblical Scoreboard, a magazine published during the campaign by the Biblical News Service. The magazine was intended to help readers "vote conscientiously for godly rule" by publicizing candidates' stands on "the crucial biblical-family-moral issues." The following list shows the top seven discipline problems in public schools in 1940 and the top seventeen in 1982.

1940	1982
1. Talking	1. Rape
2. Chewing gum	2. Robbery
3. Making noise	3. Assault
4. Running in the halls	4. Burglary
5. Getting out of turn in line	5. Arson
6. Wearing improper clothing	6. Bombings
7. Not putting paper in wastebaskets	7. Murder
	8. Suicide
	9. Absenteeism
	10. Vandalism
	11. Extortion
	12. Drug abuse
	13. Alcohol abuse
	14. Gang warfare
	15. Pregnancy
	16. Abortion
	17. Venereal disease

Whatever happened to the KGB? The military's demand for a strong leader? The weakness of the party apparatus? My point is not that the media made bad guesses; so did professional Sovietologists. It is that the coverage lacked any understanding of the Soviet leadership system, a complex one of balances and checks on personal power.

American coverage of Soviet domestic and foreign policy, and policy making, has not been much better. Virtually all commentary on the possibility of change in Soviet policy is based on speculation about the personality of this or that Soviet leader. You will recall the media's brief fixation on Andropov's closet Westernism and liberalism. Today, Chernenko is portrayed as a "dullard" incapable of new ideas, and the state of Soviet-American relations is attributed largely to Gromyko's personal resentments and generally sour disposition.

I would be the last to discount the role of per-

sonality in political leadership, but the American media have utterly trivialized the way Soviet policy is made. They fail to understand that a real policy-making process exists in the Soviet system. In recent years, that process has come to involve hundreds and perhaps thousands of high Soviet officials, a policy elite to whom even the supreme leadership, the Politburo, is beholden. And within that elite there are many powerful interests and contending perspectives.

Finally, there is the larger subject of the relationship between the Soviet state and its own citizens. American myths about the Soviet Union come and go every twenty years or so. The current myth is that the Soviet system is crisis ridden, and thus unstable. But in fact that is far from the case, which means that our media are ignoring or obscuring the most interesting question: Why is a system with so many serious problems as stable as it is?

Every long-lived, stable system, no matter how repressive, rests upon some social contract between the rulers and the ruled. But our media imply that no such contract exists in the Soviet Union because the government has "failed in its promises" to the Soviet people. That judgment, in my opinion, is fundamentally wrong.

What have been the promises of Soviet communism to the Soviet people? In recent times they have not been the millennial promises of early Marxism but rather five more earthly pledges: national security; popular state nationalism; domestic law and order; cradle-to-grave welfare; and improvements in each succeeding generation's material life.

On balance, in its own clumsy way, the government has made good on most of those promises. That achievement, largely ignored by the American media, is essential to an understanding of Soviet stability.

What are the reasons for the inadequacy of American coverage of the Soviet Union? The secrecy of the Soviet system is one abiding reason, of course. Yet the Soviet Union has become somewhat more open about its problems in recent years; as American coverage has grown more extensive, it has focused on revelations of those problems to the exclusion of more mundane Soviet achievements.

There are other reasons as well. The mainstream American media have traditionally assumed the worst about the Soviet Union, perhaps in part because of anxiety about appearing "soft" toward our adversary. Further, the media tend to echo the prevailing tone of American politics, especially as it is set by the White House.

But the real problem, I think, is just plain laziness. Few American journalists bother to read

widely in scholarly literature about the Soviet Union. Perhaps the most serious indictment that can be made is that a vast discrepancy exists between the importance the media attach to the Soviet Union and the lack of effort on the part of journalists to become well informed on the subject. Journalists must educate themselves—if for no other reason than to decide whether we Sovietologists actually know anything.

THE ART OF WAR

In Beirut—From "Terrorism: A Mode of Warfare," by Major Jeffrey W. Wright, in the October issue of *Military Review*. Wright is assigned to the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Combat Developments at the headquarters of the U.S. Army Training and Doctrine Command, at Fort Monroe, Virginia. *Military Review* is published by the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College.

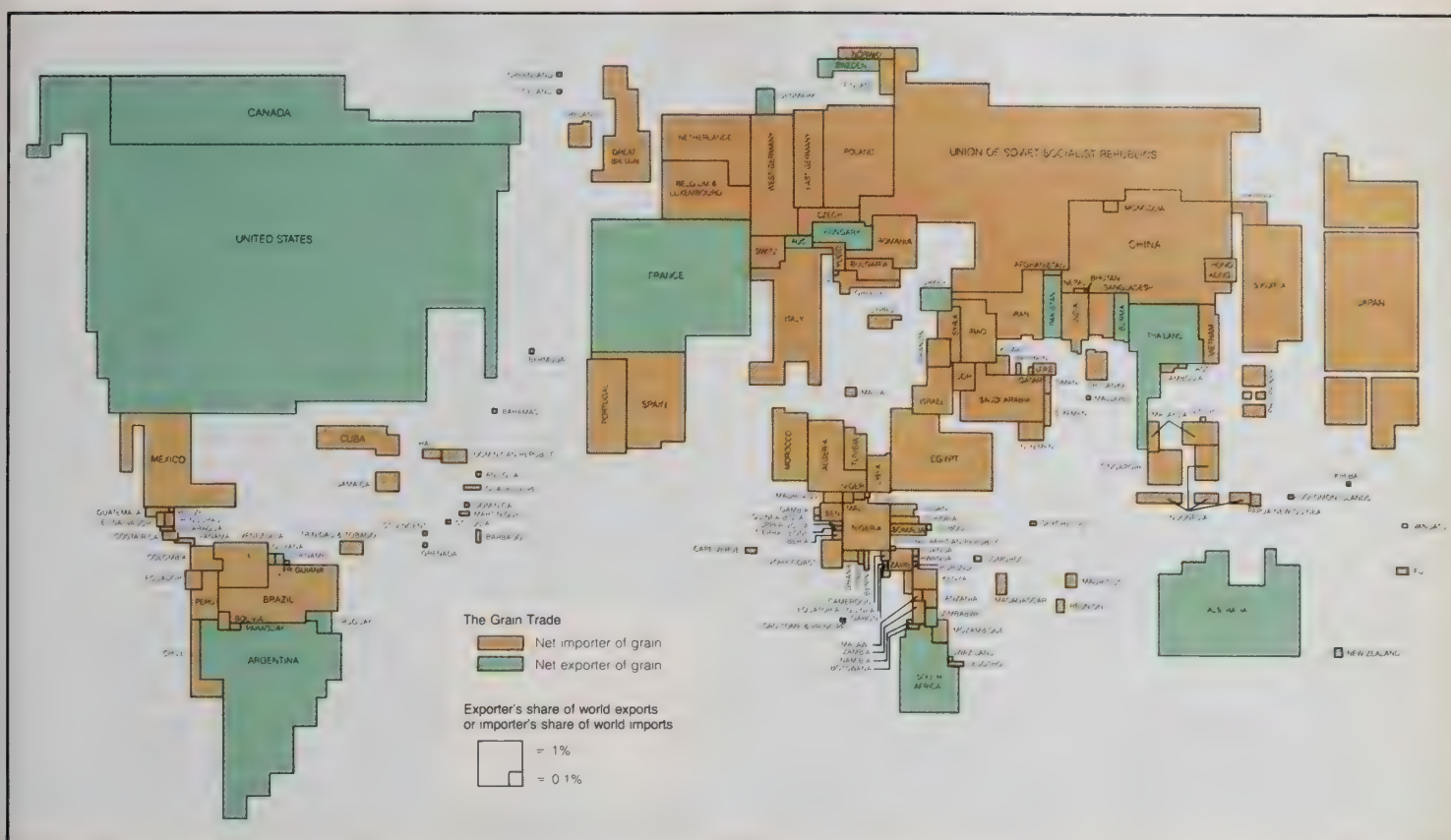
The October 1983 bombing of the U.S. Marine headquarters in Beirut was a watershed event in military history. For the bombing and its aftermath—the withdrawal of American troops from Lebanon—demonstrated that terrorism is now an established and remarkably effective mode of warfare.

This becomes clear when the bombing is examined in light of the principles of war as embodied in Army doctrine—specifically, in *Field Manual 100-1*. Such an examination shows why terrorism is an attractive instrument of power to a growing number of nations, and why military strategists must place as much emphasis on its study and prevention as they do on other forms of warfare.

□ *Choice of Objective*: "Every military operation should be directed toward a clearly defined, decisive, and obtainable objective." The terrorists' major objective was to get the multinational peacekeeping force out of Lebanon. They wanted to send a message to the United States that would cause a reconsideration of this country's role in the peacekeeping force and its policy in the Middle East.

□ *Taking the Offensive*: "Seize, retain, and exploit the initiative." Attacks and numerous threats of attack caused the peacekeeping force to react rather than act. The terrorists were thus able to impose their will on the United States, set the terms for their chosen form of warfare, and select the place of confrontation: The Marines' ill-defined mission, their static defenses,

[Map]
THE GEOGRAPHY OF FOOD



From *The New State of the World Atlas*, by Michael Kidron and Ronald Segal, published by Simon & Schuster. The size of each country reflects its share of world grain exports, if the country is shown in green, or imports, if shown in brown.

and the fact that they were concentrated in one place allowed the terrorists to decide when and where they would strike.

□ **Massing of Forces:** "Concentrate combat power at the decisive place and time." The 12,000-pound bomb that was driven into the lobby of the headquarters building achieved the necessary mass. "The massing of forces, together with the proper application of the other principles of war, may enable numerically inferior forces to achieve decisive battle outcome." In this instance, the terrorists achieved both strategic and tactical results.

□ **Economy of Force:** "Allocate minimum essential combat power to secondary efforts." If, as is believed to be the case, the bombing was an act of state-sponsored terrorism, the use of surrogates allowed Iran and/or Syria to achieve their strategic ends without using their conventional forces, expending significant resources, or putting their population or territory at risk. Symbolically, the terrorists defeated the military force of a superpower at the cost of only the driver of the yellow Mercedes-Benz truck.

□ **Effectiveness of Maneuver:** "Place the enemy in a position of disadvantage through the flexible application of combat power." At first glance, this principle of war was not a significant factor in the Beirut bombing, but further study shows that it is applicable. The terrorists showed that they could maneuver within the theater of operations and strike at the weakest point of U.S. defenses to gain a strategic advantage. The agents of Iran and/or Syria were able to move across considerable distances and political boundaries to strike at their preselected target. In essence, state-sponsored terrorism gives a government an inexpensive and highly maneuverable way to attack targets of strategic, political, or symbolic importance.

□ **Surprise:** "Strike the enemy at a time and/or place and in a manner for which he is unprepared." The Beirut attack achieved total tactical and strategic surprise.

□ **Simplicity:** "Prepare clear, uncomplicated plans and clear, concise orders to insure thorough understanding." The terrorists' plan was simple in both planning and execution. Minimal forces

and resources were needed. The plan did not require extensive synchronization of forces. The materials needed to build the massive truck bomb were readily available in Lebanon. A driver for the suicide mission was available.

Unquestionably, the Beirut bombing was an outstanding application of the principles of war. States willing to use terror as an instrument of national policy will come to the same conclusion.

In Grenada—From The Pentagon and the Art of War, by Edward N. Luttwak, published last month by Simon & Schuster. Luttwak is a senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University.

Vast sums of money, and the dedication of many, have gone into the creation and upkeep of American military power since World War II, only to yield persistent failure in the conduct of war. The postwar period has seen the uncontrolled growth of a military bureaucracy that distorts strategy and operational art, suppresses tactical ingenuity outright, and displaces the traditional insights and rules of military craft in favor of bureaucratic preference, administrative convenience, and abstract notions of efficiency derived from the world of business. These structural defects, evident in Vietnam, the Iran rescue mission, and the tragedy in Beirut, surfaced most recently in Grenada, denying the United States the swift and straightforward military victory that should have been assured.

Operation "Urgent Fury," which began at 5:36 A.M. on October 25, could not fail. A Marine amphibious unit of 1,250 heavily armed men and two Ranger battalions, backed up by the fighter-bombers of the aircraft carrier *Independence* and Air Force gunships, could scarcely be defeated by 679 Cubans and those few Grenadians willing to fight. In fact, 636 of the Cubans were construction workers with no more than conscript military training; not more than forty-three were professional soldiers, including twenty-two officers. Nor was Grenada protected by an air defense system, something increasingly common even in the smaller Third World countries; there was not a single combat aircraft or anti-aircraft missile on the island. The Cubans, commonly described in official reports as "heavily armed," did not have a single tank or any artillery. In fact, they had nothing greater than a few armored cars and some light anti-aircraft machine guns.

Nevertheless, the initial invasion forces had to be reinforced on the second day, October 26, by two battalions of the 82nd Airborne Divi-

sion. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General John Vessey, was quoted as saying: "We got a lot more resistance than we expected." The extra troops did not suffice, however, and by October 28 more paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne were sent in.

It was obvious by then that the invasion had degenerated into a series of drawn-out slogging fights. One result was that 224 of the students to be rescued, those at the Grand Anse campus of St. George's Medical College, were not reached by American troops until late in the afternoon of the second day of the invasion. By then they had spent nearly two days at the mercy of the Cubans and their Grenadian allies. Had the Cubans so desired, they could have taken those students hostage or killed them.

The invasion began with Marine and Ranger landings at opposite ends of the island. But because the vital targets of "Urgent Fury" were in the central part of the island, near St. George's, the capital, it was necessary to dispatch commando teams to deal with each of those targets separately. One team was sent to guard the political prisoners believed to be in Richmond Hill prison. Another was responsible for shutting down the island's radio station. A third team, composed of SEALs, the Navy's elite troops, was given the most important mission: rescuing Governor-General Sir Paul Scoon, the queen's representative.

Once they reached Sir Paul's residence, however, and before they could evacuate him, the twenty-two SEALs were pinned down by Grenadian soldiers and three Cuban-manned armored cars, a force the SEALs might easily have overcome had they had any weapons besides the small arms they customarily carry. All but one of the Americans were wounded, and Sir Paul was not rescued until the main Marine force reached his house twenty-four hours after the SEALs had arrived. The commandos sent to Richmond Hill also failed in their mission. The force suffered unlisted casualties and it, too, had to be rescued by the Marines.

Nor were the larger actions at all elegant in execution. With American elite forces—Rangers, paratroopers, and Marines—fighting a few Cubans and poorly trained Grenadians, each engagement should have been swiftly victorious. None of them were. By the end, eighteen American servicemen had been killed and 116 wounded, several helicopters had been destroyed and more damaged, and the liberal use of A-7 Navy fighter-bombers, AC-130 gunship aircraft, and armed helicopters had inflicted much damage on Grenada and the Grenadians. There were also many accidents: four SEALs drowned in an overturned boat, several Rangers were killed when two helicopters collided, four-

teen soldiers were wounded by an errant air strike, and twenty-one Grenadians were killed by a bombing error.

In spite of all that had gone wrong, the military chiefs and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger presented the outcome as a military triumph; the commander of the operation, Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf, was quoted as saying, "We blew them away." Insofar as any problem at all was acknowledged, Metcalf's superior, Admiral Wesley L. McDonald, complained that the opposition had been underestimated as a result of poor intelligence. The more general excuse was that "Urgent Fury" had been planned so hurriedly that there was no time for proper intelligence collection or planning.

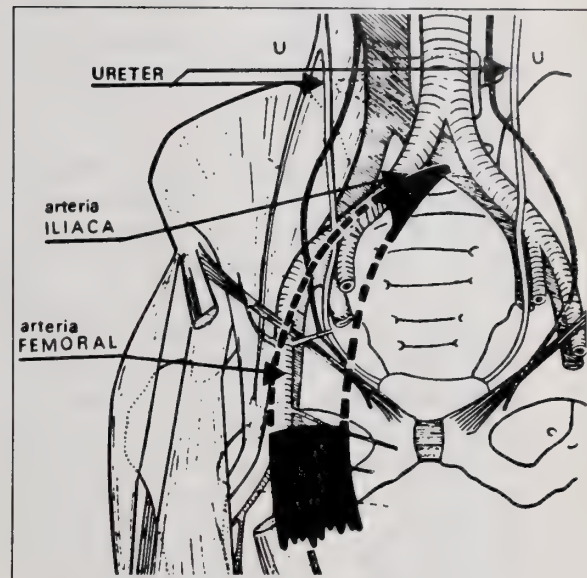
There is merit in that excuse, and it is also clear that the Rangers fought with great courage and dash. Nevertheless, if "Urgent Fury" is viewed in the perspective of Vietnam, the Iran rescue attempt, or even the Beirut bombing, familiar structural problems begin to emerge. First, although every aspect of "Urgent Fury" involved land combat, the operation was planned and commanded by naval officers, solely because Grenada is located within the boundaries of the Navy-dominated Atlantic Command in Norfolk, Virginia. Its chief, Admiral McDonald, thus served as the "front" commander, while Vice Admiral Metcalf served as operational commander. Two men expert in supervising the stately rotation of aircraft carriers between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean were thus placed in charge of a land operation based on airborne assaults and commando rescues.

The bureaucratic distortion that "navalized" the encounter deformed the entire *concept* of the operation. Because the operational area, the island of Grenada, is only 133 square miles (twice the size of the District of Columbia); because the enemy had no ability to reinforce its troops, which lacked heavy weapons; and because of the very high political costs to the United States of any prolonged fight, "Urgent Fury" should have been planned as a *coup de main*, a sudden attack of overwhelming strength that would begin and end the fighting in one stroke.

In a *coup de main*, forces large enough to suppress opposition quickly are simultaneously placed directly on each target by the appropriate technique: airborne landing, parachuting, amphibious assault, and infiltration. There is no need for tactical movement on the ground or for airlifted vehicles. The enemy is prevented from mounting any serious resistance by the sheer magnitude of the attack and also by the fact that enemy headquarters and commanders are attacked at the very outset.

[Anatomical Drawing]

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON EDITION



From ABC, the Madrid daily, September 28. This drawing accompanied ABC's coverage of the death of matador Francisco ("Paquirri") Rivera. Rivera died on the way to the hospital, after being gored in a bullring near Cordoba. The sketch shows the path of the bull's horn.

Had "Urgent Fury" been planned by Army officers competent in land warfare, their natural tendency would have been to stage a *coup de main*. As it was, Navy and Marine officers naturally opted for a "nibbling" approach, in which bridgeheads were established in the expectation of subsequent advances, in the style of the Normandy landings. The operation as originally planned featured the Ranger and Marine assaults at opposite ends of the island, with the two forces advancing toward each other. In other words, the central part of the island would be reached only at the end of the operation. Since it was in that part of the island that the capital, the Grenadian leftist leaders, the Cuban command post, the radio station, the Governor-General's residence, and the military headquarters were located, the *sequence* of the operation virtually guaranteed prolonged fighting.

In the meantime, the SEALs were sent into action to deal with the critical targets in the central part of the island. It was characteristic of the admirals' coarse-grained understanding of ground warfare that they thought of the SEALs as "commandos," merely because they do a great deal of jogging and some unarmed com-

bat. Commandos do that too, but their training is focused on combat operations, typically assaults, for which they always carry disproportionately heavy weapons to enhance the element of surprise. SEALs, by contrast, are trained for stealth and infiltration; their task is to collect intelligence. To penetrate hostile naval bases and explore invasion beaches they generally act in twos and threes, carrying only the lightest weapons, purely for self-defense. A perfectly good instrument was thus misused by remote headquarters that dealt in bureaucratic categories rather than the specifics of warfare.

The most disheartening aspect of the entire Grenada episode was the ease with which the performance of the armed forces was accepted as satisfactory, even praiseworthy. The Reagan Administration was indeed to be congratulated for its decisive conduct. And of course the outcome was successful. Nevertheless, the quality of the overall planning, the agonizingly slow pace of the operation, and the dismal failure of the "commando" actions against fourth-rate enemies should have prompted a most earnest investigation.

[List]

EXPORTING PRIME TIME

This list of the most popular American TV shows in selected nations appeared in a recent issue of Electronic Media, a weekly trade journal.

Country	Most popular American show
Australia	<i>Knight Rider; Diff'rent Strokes</i>
Brazil	<i>Magnum, P.I.; Hart to Hart</i>
Canada	<i>Magnum, P.I.</i>
England	<i>Dallas</i>
France	<i>Starsky and Hutch</i>
Hong Kong	<i>Dallas</i>
Italy	<i>Dallas</i>
Japan	<i>Little House on the Prairie</i>
Mexico	<i>Matt Houston</i>
The Netherlands	<i>Dynasty</i>
South Africa	<i>The A-Team</i>
South Korea	<i>Scarecrow and Mrs. King</i>
Switzerland	<i>Dallas</i>
Taiwan	<i>Dallas</i>
Thailand	<i>Knight Rider; Dukes of Hazzard</i>
Venezuela	<i>CHiPs</i>
West Germany	<i>Dynasty</i>

[Symposium]

WHALE TALE

From "The Long Goodbye," by David Weinberg, in the January issue of Natural History, a monthly published by the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Why do whales breach? To answer that question, *Natural History* organized a symposium on breaching behavior in humpback whales. To save a lot of time and airfare, we invited no one. Instead, we talked to researchers from disparate parts of the United States; here-with an edited transcript of what was said.

NATURAL HISTORY: Hello. Why do humpback whales hurl themselves headfirst out of the water, then crash down to the surface?

HOWARD WINN (University of Rhode Island): Nobody really knows why they breach. A long time ago people thought they were trying to get rid of parasites such as whale lice.

PETER TYACK (Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute): Well, they do lose a large mass of skin when they breach.

WINN: They may be responding to excitement. Or breaching may serve as an aggressive display, to drive another whale out of a territory.

N.H.: You mean on the breeding ground?

WINN: That would be one instance. They also breach when the sea is rough.

DALE RICE (National Marine Mammal Laboratory, Seattle): The excitement idea corresponds to what I've seen. They breach on the breeding grounds and on the feeding grounds in summer, and it looks to me like they're just having fun. Sometimes they slap a flipper down and you can hear it a mile away.

C. SCOTT BAKER (University of Hawaii): I've seen three types of situations in which breaching occurs. Calves breach all the time, and this is probably just play. When whales are under stress of any kind or are disturbed by humans—say, by research boats—they breach more often. Finally, I've seen it in social encounters. When whales affiliate or disaffiliate, you may see breaching. Don't forget, though, that while a breach is spectacular to us, it's probably lost on every other whale in the vicinity. The main thing is the noise. Sometimes it may be a warning noise that says, "This is how big and excited I am."

N.H.: Mr. Baker, could you elaborate on your reference to affiliation and disaffiliation?

BAKER: Well, sometimes when pods of whales come together, you'll see a few breach. Or if two whales are splitting up, they may both breach as they swim off.

N.H.: Both of them? You mean as if they're saying goodbye?

BAKER: Well, something like that.

[Essay]

INTERROGATOR AND DETAINEE

From The True Confessions of an Albino Terrorist, by Breyten Breytenbach, published last month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Breytenbach, an Afrikaaner poet, served seven years in South African prisons for his antiapartheid activities.

The detainee and the interrogator both know that there is, obscurely, a measure of ritual involved in their relationship, a ritual as old as human intercourse. Perhaps because in a specific kind of power setup people will go through the moves in very similar ways. There are predictable reactions to objective conditions. The needs and the gestures and the effects of the relationship seem to be permanent. There is the struggle for domination—to have the other do what you want him to do. There is the effort to destroy—because the opposing forces are irreconcilable, or because of the pathological human curiosity for killing, for altering permanently, or just “to see.” Or because the ritual has revealed either a brother-I, a mirror image, or only a miserable human pile of flesh and feces, which is unbearable and must be done away with.

And yet this twilight zone of jerking or being jerked according to the specifications of preordained roles, this macabre dance, this fatal game, should not obscure the fact that the situation and the steps and the rules are always personalized and localized and that in no way can the players be exonerated from their responsibilities. Knowing that human congress has always been sullied by this destructive and self-destructive *face-à-face* does not take away from the horror of it.

It must be repeated that the phenomenon is not indigenous only to certain countries or cultures or political systems. Africa knows it; you will encounter it in Chile and Vietnam and Italy and Russia and Northern Ireland—wherever

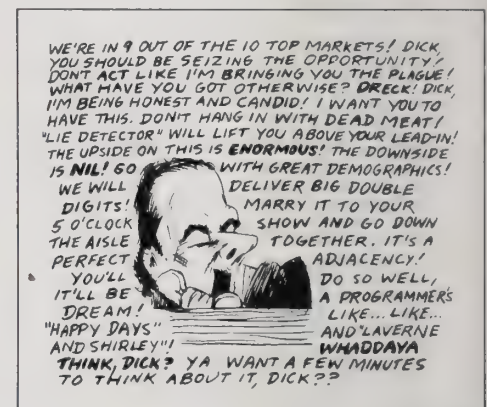
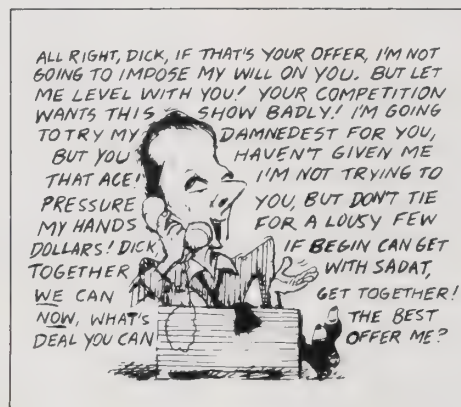
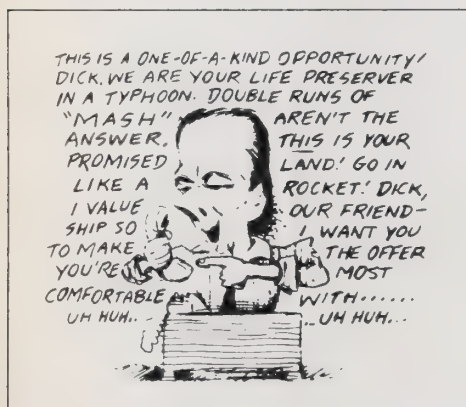
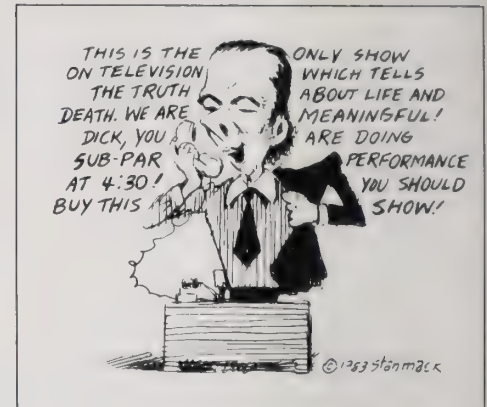
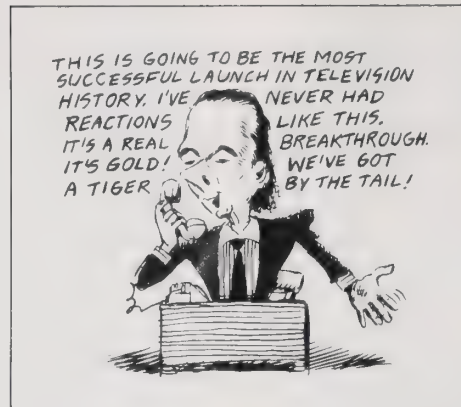
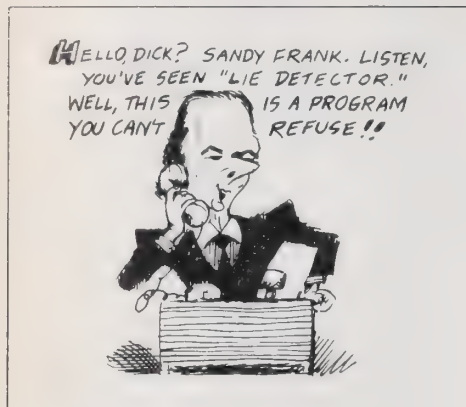
there are political dissidents and “terrorists.” Employed in the name of “security,” the process, which involves the mutual destruction of human dignity, seems to be an integral part of most police and special agency methods. The really powerful reject these gutter ethics with their lips only. It would seem furthermore that there is no religion or structure of public mores strong enough to eradicate, or even to contain, the custom. Its virulence has nothing to do with backwardness or with ignorance; more advanced technologies have merely brought a greater sophistication to the methods employed.

The interrogator will be someone who looks and behaves as if *normal*. He will lead an unremarkable family life. If he is a doctor or a psychologist he will probably also have a mundane practice to look after. He will be Mr. Everyman. These people are not monsters. They have no reason to feel ill at ease in society; on the contrary, they know that they are tolerated and accepted by the powerful. They may even fondly believe that they are implicitly supported by the so-called silent majority. They at most consider theirs to be “a necessary if dirty job.” Obviously they have to *simulate* their normality. What happens in bare rooms where all time has been twisted is not just dirty work—it is the heart-rending flowering of evil, and it will profoundly modify all the actors.

This much you, the detainee, will know in advance: that the interrogator has at his disposal a panoply of powers, which include the “right” and the willingness to kill you (it is signaled clearly: not for nothing have well over seventy South Africans been done to death in cells by the security forces over the last decade); the “right” and the desire to maim you, because you must be destroyed; the “right” to manipulate and to circumscribe your environment—physical and moral—in terms of food, space, isolation from and contact with the world, family pressure, privileges offered or withdrawn; the “right” to mold time—he regulates it, he plays with it, he has an unlimited amount at his disposal. The interrogator’s power is absolute; the fact that the detainee knows it is the interrogator’s most efficacious weapon, but ultimately it rots him utterly.

The prisoner will inevitably end up confessing. There can be no doubt about that. His only leeway is to hold out, desperately, for time. He may have to decide *when* to let go safely, how long he can hold out, how many false confessions he can make before cracking, how to remain *conscious* (if not sane) in the coils of his inventions and his lies and his hallucinations. He will be raped. His problem is to realize it, to handle it, and to know that it is the humanity he shares with the aggressor that is being raped.

LIE DETECTOR



From Stan Mack's Out-takes, a new collection of the cartoonist's nonfiction comic strips published by the Overlook Press in Woodstock, New York. Sandy Frank is a leading television syndicator; Lie Detector was canceled after one season.

He must also realize that the damage done is permanent.

The self-disgust of the prisoner comes from the alienation he has been brought to. That in which he participated—for he is forced to participate in his own undoing—will play havoc with his conception of himself, and it will forever modulate his contact with other people. He will have the leftover knowledge that he was used as a tool, that he was coldly and expertly manipulated, that he was confronted with his own weakness. Worse, far worse, that he ended up looking upon his tormentor as a confessor, as a friend even. This development is so profoundly unnatural that it makes him sick of himself.

The two of you, violator and victim (collaborator! violin!), are linked, forever perhaps, by the obscenity of what has been revealed to you, by the sad knowledge of what people are capable of. We are all guilty.

To reduce a person to a weakness of babbling, to confuse him in private and to parade his humiliation publicly, constitute a sickening spectacle that affects the whole society. It is an abasement that cannot be undone. Humans are

fragile. It is not difficult to bring out the worst in man. Respect and dignity are matters of make-believe. We need to maintain these illusions if we intend to cohabit in a civilized way.

With the struggle for freedom intensifying, as it is bound to, there is not the slightest chance that those in power will want to lay down guidelines to guarantee the dignity of the detainee and the interrogator, and thus to sanitize public life. It is not sure that they could call off their dogs even if they wanted to. And they don't want to. It is therefore incumbent upon all of us who are concerned to arrive at a code of conduct to be followed when faced by the police and the secret agents. It would be another way of fostering the political and class consciousness we still lack. A mistake often made by our South African militants is to assume that we are cleverer than the police, that we can outmaneuver the "hairybacks" and the "rock spiders." Our weakness has always been (apart from the infiltrators among us) the arrogance that makes us blind to the fanatic commitment and the determination and the intelligence of the minority in power and of their executives.

[Diary Entries]

BEING SARTRE

From War Diaries: November 1939–March 1940, by Jean-Paul Sartre, to be published next month by Pantheon Books. Sartre kept these diaries, which were recently discovered, while he was in the military reserve in Alsace. Translated by Quintin Hoare.

November 15

I am stopping for today; I can no longer manage to think of anything because my eyes are hurting too much. I've never felt so clearly that I *think with my eyes*. Today I have a restricted horizon; an inability to focus my thoughts because I'm incapable of focusing on an object; the impression that I have two dark walls to my right and my left, and between these walls a kaleidoscopic dazzle. The impression that my thoughts display their surface alone to me, only to slip away and vanish before I've been able to grasp them. In excellent spirits, though.

November 28

It's true, I'm not authentic. With everything that I feel, before actually feeling it I know that I'm feeling it. And then, bound up as I am with defining and thinking it, I no longer more than half-feel it. My greatest passions are mere nervous impulses. The rest of the time I feel hurriedly, then elaborate in words, press a little here, force a little there, and lo and behold an exemplary feeling has been constructed, good enough to put into a bound volume. All that men feel, I can guess at, explain, put down in black and white. But not feel. I fool people: I look like a sensitive person, but I'm barren. Yet when I consider my destiny, it doesn't seem to me so contemptible: it seems to me I have before me a host of promised lands that I shall never enter. I haven't felt Nausea, I'm not authentic, I have halted on the threshold of the promised lands. But at least I point the way to them, and others can go there. I'm a guide; that's my role. It seems to me that, at this moment, I am grasping myself in my most essential structure: in this kind of desolate greed to see myself feel and suffer, not in order to know myself but in order to know all "natures"—suffering, pleasure, being-in-the-world. It is precisely *me*, this continuous, introspective duplication; this avid haste to put myself to good use; this scrutiny. I know it—and often I'm weary of it. That's the source of the magical attraction dark, drowning women have for me: T., for-

merly O. And then, from time to time, I have certain innocent, pure-hearted pleasures; but these are at once recognized, tracked down, expressed, disseminated in my correspondence. I am nothing but pride and lucidity.

December 1

I don't think I'm being over-schematic if I say that the moral problem that has preoccupied me up till now is basically the one of relations between art and life. I wanted to write—there was no doubt about that and never had been. However, apart from these strictly literary labors there was "the rest"—in other words, everything: love, friendship, politics, relations with oneself, what you will. Whatever one did, one was thrown into the midst of all these questions. What to do? I think I'm respecting the truth if, from this point of view, I distinguish three periods in my life as a young man and as a man.

The first goes from 1921 to 1929 and is a period of optimism, the time when I was "a thousand Socrateses." At this time I think, lightly, that a life is always unsuccessful; and I construct a metaphysical morality of the work of art. At bottom, however, I'm not at all convinced; the truth is, I'm sure it's enough to devote oneself to writing, and life will take care of itself in the meantime. And the life that must do so is already outlined in advance in my head: it's a great writer's life, as it appears in books. There's basically this magical confidence: to have a great writer's life, it's enough just to be a great writer. But to be a great writer, there's only one method: concern oneself exclusively with writing. So fate would owe me that moving, crowded life with its seductive pattern—the life of a Liszt, a Wagner, or a Stendhal—if only I made good books. This optimism came to me assuredly from my childhood, and also from an Aristotelian thought: a great writer has a great writer's life, so I should devote all my efforts to becoming a great writer—the rest would take care of itself.

Now, if I were asked what I most wished for at that time, to make a good book or to have a great man's life, I should be at a loss how to reply. It seems to me that I was full of lust for that marvelous life, but wanted to *deserve* it by good books. Not for moral reasons, but so that it would be truly mine. As for the content of that life, it can be easily imagined: there were solitude and despair, passions, great undertakings, a long period of painful obscurity (though I slyly shortened it in my dreams, in order not to be too old when it ended), and then glory with its retinue of admiration and love. . . . In a word, I'd have liked to be sure of becoming a great

man later on, so as to be able to live my youth as a great man's youth.

Anyway, even though I couldn't be sure, I behaved as if I must become one—and was extremely conscious of being the young Sartre, in the same way that people speak of the young Berlioz or the young Goethe. And from time to time I'd go for a little stroll into the future, for the sole pleasure of looking back from up there at my young present and shaking my head—as I believed I should then do—saying: "I never thought suffering would be so useful to me, etc." As an old man I'd turn back toward my youth and view it with a tenderness filled with esteem. . . .

[In 1929] I left the Ecole Normale and that amorphous, violent world of camaraderie to live alone. There was also my military service, which prompted me to a very great modesty—that I later joyfully abandoned, it must be said. But this modesty finally cleansed all the last dross of superhumanity I still retained. More-

over, I was becoming a teacher. This was a hard blow. For, all of a sudden, I was becoming just one Socrates. Until then I'd been preparing to live. Each moment, each event, had brushed past without aging me: they had always been rehearsals before the play. And then, all at once, I was acting in the play; everything I did from then on was done *with my life*. I couldn't take my moves back; everything was inscribed in that narrow, short existence. Each event would arrive in my life from outside and then, all at once, it would become my life: my life was made out of that. I was like the Chinaman Malraux describes in *Les Conquérants*: I was discovering late that one has only one life.

What I [began to] dimly sense was that one can't take a point of view on one's life while one is living it: it comes on you from behind, and one finds oneself up to one's neck. And yet, if one looks around, one realizes one is responsible for what one has lived—and that it's beyond repair. I felt I was deeply committed to a path that was growing narrower and narrower; I felt that at every step I was losing one of my possibilities, as a person loses his hair.

In short, I took the transition to manhood as badly as possible. At thirty-two, I felt old as the hills. How far away it was, that great man's life I'd promised myself. On top of everything else, I wasn't very happy with what I was writing; at the same time, I really would have liked to be in print. I can appreciate the extent of my disappointment when I recall that at twenty-two I'd noted down in my diary this dictum from Töppfer, which had made my heart beat faster: "Whoever is not famous at twenty-eight must renounce glory forever." A totally absurd dictum, of course, but one which threw me into agonies. Well, at twenty-eight I was unknown. I'd written nothing good, and if I wanted ever to write anything worth reading I had my work cut out.

So one had only one life, and what was being offered me was that doughy, abortive existence—so far, so very far, from the "great man's life" I'd dreamed of. Then began a patient little antlike labor, through which I undertook to persuade myself that *every* life was lost in advance. This was all the easier for me in that I'd always *said* so (but without believing it). There was no shortage of arguments, of course. And if need be, I'd have invented some. It would have been too terrible for me to imagine that this "life of an eminent man" was *possible*—that it had been lived by other men, at other times, in other places—and yet *I*, for my part, should not live it.

[Poem]

ANOTHER DOG'S DEATH

By John Updike. From the January issue of the New England Monthly. "Another Dog's Death" also appears in a new collection of Updike's poetry, *Facing Nature*, published this month by Knopf.

For days the good old bitch had been dying, her back
Pinched down to the spine and arched to ease the pain,
Her kidneys dry, her muzzle gray. At last
I took a shovel into the woods and dug her grave

In preparation for the certain. She came along,
Which I had not expected. Still, the children gone,
Such expeditions were rare, and the dog,
Spayed early, knew no nonhuman word for love.

So she made her stiff legs trot and let her bent tail wag.
We found a spot we liked, where the pines met the field.
The sun warmed her fur as she dozed and I dug;
Carving her a safe place while she guarded me.

I measured her length with the shovel's handle;
She perked in amusement, and sniffed the heaped earth.
Back down at the house, she seemed friskier,
But gagged, eating. We called the vet a few days later.

They were old friends. She held up a paw, and he
Injected a violet fluid. She swooned on the lawn,
And we watched her breathing slowly ebb to naught.
In the wheelbarrow up to the hole, her fur took the sun.

TWO VISIONS OF AMERICA

Light—From Dick Jackman's after-dinner speech at the twenty-seventh annual awards dinner of the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame. The dinner was held at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York City on December 4. Jackman is director of corporate communications for the Sun Company.

Thank you. Sorry I'm so late getting up here. It's about a \$2 cab ride from the back row. All of us back there in the cheap seats admire these young athletes, and some of us remarked that we have underwear older than they are.

I'm pleased to be here to share this moment. I look at the logistics here on the dais—Doug Flutie seated alongside Joe Greene. That's like parking a Volkswagen alongside a school bus. And for those of you sitting under the chandelier, you should be aware that it was installed by the low bidder some time ago.

O.K. A football team seems to do best when it produces a combination of leadership and teamwork, and America seems to do best when it produces that same combination. Teamwork being that special quality that helps us look at life not from the standpoint of what's in it for us but from the standpoint of what we can do to help, and leadership being that special quality that helps an awful lot of people in and out of this room stand up on their tiptoes and look over the horizon and lead people there.

You cannot possibly leave this hotel tonight without a great deal of optimism about the future of not only football but America, because there's so much of it in here, and optimism is not meant to be stored. It's meant to be exported. You export it to other people. You make them determined to do that something extra in life that brings a response from others.

Let me mention the finest illustration I've ever heard of doing something extra. We had a teenage neighbor back home, a nice fellow. One day he got home at midnight. His mother said, "Where have you been?" He said, "I was out with my girl." His mother said, "I ought to give you a whipping for staying out so late, but you're being honest with me. I admire your honesty. Have some cookies and go to bed." The next night, the kid got home at 1:00 A.M. His mother said, "Where were you tonight?" He said, "Same place. Out with my girl." His mother said, "I ought to give you the whipping of your life, but since you're being honest with me, have some more cookies and go to bed." The next night, he came home at 2:00 A.M. His

father was waiting up for him. The kid walked into the house. The father picked up a huge frying pan and turned to face him. The mother leaped to her feet and screamed, "Please don't hit him!" The father said, "Who's going to hit him? I'm going to fry him some eggs. He can't keep this up on cookies." So, good people, if you sometimes have difficulty keeping up the pace and the love and the concern for other people on cookies, then let me encourage you to fry some eggs.

By this time we've all learned that, aerodynamically, the bumblebee shouldn't be able to fly. The body is too large. The wings are too small. Every time it takes off it should plunge back to the earth. But fortunately, the bumblebee does not understand its engineering limitations. And it's a good thing it doesn't, or we'd be living in a world of plastic flowers and putting mustard on our pancakes. It's a good thing that Scott Hamilton, at 5'3" and 115 pounds, did not realize that he could not possibly become the world's greatest ice skater, and that Mary Lou Retton, at 4'10", and Doug Flutie, who is here with us tonight, about a foot taller than that, did not realize that they could not possibly become the best at what they do, and that Shakespeare, whose mother could not read or write, did not realize that he couldn't possibly become the world's most honored writer.

And perhaps it's a great thing that 208 years ago, Betsy Ross took out her needle and thread. She did not realize that she could not possibly be sewing together an emblem that would one day umbrella the greatest experiment in human opportunity ever tried on this planet.

Let us not look at our limitations tomorrow morning. Let us pursue our possibilities.

On our track team at the University of Iowa we had a cross-eyed javelin thrower. He didn't win any medals, but he certainly kept the crowd alert. Perhaps part of our mission tonight and all the nights and days to follow is to keep the crowd in our homes, in our schools, and in our country alert to their possibilities and not their limitations.

That's far enough. Have an exciting life. Good night.

Dark—From an eight-page, single-spaced, mimeographed letter recently handed out to passers-by outside Grand Central Station in New York City.

Upon returning to New York in 1977 I began looking for a place to live. I looked at around ten apartments and called to inquire about several others. Since the secret police had already selected and prepared an apartment

for me, this proved to be a futile endeavor. I signed a two-year lease for an apartment on East Eleventh Street and moved into the building in November. The apartment provides me with a place to live, but it also provides the secret police with an environment they can control. The building where I live, the surrounding buildings, and the neighborhood serve as a theatrical set; the "tenants" of my building, various neighborhood characters, and the intelligence agents stage theatrical productions.

The number of "tenants" seems to change every few months, but approximately fourteen people pretend to live in the building. Sometimes I encounter someone in the halls: a mad-looking bag lady, a sleeping derelict, a sleeping teenage boy, a fifty-year-old woman wearing only white panties, a man waving a knife, one of the "tenants." I believe I am the only person who lives in the building. Among the things the secret police do to make the building seem "real" and inhabited are putting phony mail in the mailboxes, collecting garbage from elsewhere to fill the building's trash cans, and placing people in various apartments to make noises as I pass by.

Since the secret police operations began in 1977 I have been woken up a few hundred times. Sometimes I am allowed to sleep undisturbed for a week; at other times I am woken up once, twice, or three times for several nights in a row. A few times the provocation succeeded in making me sufficiently angry that I could not get back to sleep. During one five-day period I was woken up ten times. Between March 19, 1982, and July 10, 1982, I recorded wake-up incidents on 55 out of 125 nights.

Most of the time I am woken up by loud, argumentative conversations, yelling, or noises coming from apartment twenty-three. Other nighttime noises are hammering; barking dogs; blaring radios and televisions that are repeatedly turned off and on or left on for hours; a tape recording of the blips, bleeps, and wrrroooooips of a video game; sirens; and lead-footed walking on the roof directly over my bed.

The wake-up incidents are designed to generate hostility and to create tension and weariness through sleep deprivation. This serves to increase my vulnerability to the intensive game-playing of the secret police.

When I descend the stairs from my building I usually meet some of the "tenants" trying hard to look as if they lived there, or staging a scene for me to observe. Frequently groups of men are standing or sitting on the stoop, sometimes blocking the steps so that I have to ask them to move. On days when it is felt some special intimidation is needed, a police car will drive by as I go out and again as I come home.

When I go out I almost always head west and walk through the intersection of Eleventh Street and Avenue B. Since I might then head in any of three directions, this is the only place where the secret police can be fairly certain that I will enter into their staged scene. The operations at this intersection are usually more elaborately choreographed than they are elsewhere, and it is likely that there are hidden cameras. As I approach the intersection a signal is given, and people start crossing from every direction: people walking on the sidewalks, boys riding bikes, people driving cars.

Over 200 secret police agents and collaborators have participated in efforts to induce me to use drugs that might have led to psychological or physiological addiction. I believe one of the major reasons the secret police set up an apartment for me on the Lower East Side was that the area is the center of New York's illegal drug trade. The secret police have used their techniques of street theater to make sure I know that drugs are readily available and where they can be purchased. Within the first two months after moving into the neighborhood at least forty people offered to sell me drugs as I walked to and from my apartment.

At 3:24 P.M. on Wednesday, September 9, 1981, a short-circuited transformer in a Con Ed generator at East Fourteenth Street and Avenue C resulted in a power failure in lower Manhattan. I believe the blackout was a result of an act of sabotage committed by individuals employed by American intelligence agents. All of the details I am about to recount could be considered circumstantial evidence, but as I hope the rest of this letter demonstrates, the secret police so thoroughly involve themselves in every detail of my life that what for other people would be a series of unrelated incidents and random coincidences are for me parts of a complex and carefully planned operation.

On Tuesday, September 8, I left my apartment around 3:30, intending to pay my Con Ed bill. As I walked to the Con Ed office at 4 Irving Place I counted sixteen collaborators engaged in street theater. When I got to the office I looked in the window; it was unusually crowded and the bill-paying line was suspiciously long. I was apprehensive about entering a trap, so I decided to come back the next day. I left my apartment around 3:05 P.M. on Wednesday. As I walked across Fourteenth Street, I looked at every newsstand for a copy of the *New York Times*; I wanted to have something to read while waiting on line. Over a two-year period I frequently bought or saw the *Times* late in the afternoon at the various newsstands on Fourteenth Street; it is highly unlikely the paper

[Photograph]
SURREAL CHICAGO



This photo montage, Bus Terminal, by Chicago photographer Scott Mutter, appeared in the January 6 issue of Sunday, the Chicago Tribune's Sunday magazine.


would have been sold out. I believe intelligence agents asked the newsstand dealers to hide the papers so I would have nothing to do while waiting except observe the operation.

Inside the main-floor customer service area, the agents had placed at least twenty-five people, and it seemed as if all the employees had been given some sort of briefing and were participating in the operation. The operation was obvious. Seven young men presented themselves to be looked at, and a man and a woman each walked by me twice, staring holes through me. I believe intelligence agents chose to stage this scene to elicit an angry outburst that could be used as "proof" that, through paranormal powers, I had somehow triggered the transformer malfunction and the resulting blackout. I was in the Con Ed office about ten minutes, from approximately 3:20 to 3:30; the power failure began at 3:24. I believe intelligence agents committed an act of sabotage to coincide with the secret police operation being staged.


The blackout left a large section of Manhattan without power for around five hours.

According to one press account, 3.5 million people were affected.

To most Americans, it probably seems beyond the realm of possibility that men working for an American intelligence agency, acting with the authority and probably the knowledge of the president, would commit such a brazen terrorist act. The standards of sanity and morality by which our society judges individuals are not being applied to the many people who participate in or are responsible for secret police operations. Because these people act with the authority of or in the name of the federal government, they seem to be exempt not only from the nation's laws but from internationally recognized standards of civilized behavior. Three words—"protecting national security"—now have the magical power to transform craziness into sanity, evil into good, and authoritarian and fascist methods of political control into legitimate means of governing a democratic nation. The collective madness of secret police operations has become an official policy of the United States government. ■



Stop.



Even on ice.

In the photographs you see here, two cars were travelling 50 m.p.h. Over a test track slippery as ice.

The only difference was, one car was equipped with a remarkable new anti-lock brake system, developed by Alfred Teves, a subsidiary of ITT.

It, obviously, wasn't the car on top. When that driver applied his brakes, the wheels locked.

The car began to skid—

and the driver lost control.

When the driver in the bottom car applied his brakes, a built-in computer sensed the road beneath the wheels was slippery.

It automatically "pumped" the brakes. Faster than any human driver could.

There was no skidding. No loss of control.

In fact, even if the car were being steered around a curve,

it could be braked without skidding.

This unique ITT Teves brake control system will begin appearing in cars this year.

Meantime, it's a good example of the kinds of business activities that ITT is concentrating on these days.

They're businesses where we can apply new technology in imaginative and promising directions—and at top speed.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. **ITT**

TELEVISION LOOKS AT ITSELF

Disparaging television has long been a favorite national pastime—second in popularity only to watching it. Americans spend more time watching TV than in any other voluntary activity. During those holy hours known as prime time, half the nation may be found, day in, day out, camped in front of the set, consuming the evening's ration of sitcoms, soaps, cop shows, and, most of all, commercials.

Why can't TV offer this vast audience "better quality" programs? As formulated by earnest intellectuals—whom television dismisses as a group too tiny to count much—the debate about quality tends to judge TV shows as a form of literature or cinema, and thus to misconstrue the stern arithmetic of Nielsen. The ratings may doom to failure a program watched by 15 million people—if its competitors draw a few million more. Understanding television demands first of all a grasp of demographics, not aesthetics.

How do the people who make television manage to function in such a system? How are the demands of ratings balanced against those of quality? What do cable and other alternative forms of TV mean for the future of the medium? To consider these questions, *Harper's* invited a network executive and a group of producers, writers, and critics to reflect on the extraordinary medium in which they work.

*The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles.
Les Brown served as moderator.*

LES BROWN

is editor in chief of Channels of Communications, a bimonthly review of electronic media, and was for many years television correspondent for the New York Times. His books include Les Brown's Encyclopedia of Television and Television: The Business Behind the Box.

BUD GRANT

is president of CBS Entertainment Division and senior vice president of entertainment for the CBS/Broadcast Group.

NORMAN LEAR

is an owner of Embassy Communications and founder of People for the American Way. He developed All in the Family; Maude; Sanford and Son; Good Times; The Jeffersons; Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman; and many other programs.

STEVEN BOCHCO

is cocreator and executive producer of Hill Street Blues. He was cocreator and executive producer of Bay City Blues and Paris; executive producer of Richie Brockelman; and a story editor and writer for McMillan and Wife, Columbo, The Name of the Game, and The Invisible Man.

RICK DU BROW

is television editor of the Los Angeles Herald Examiner and former television critic for United Press International.

LEONARD GOLDBERG

is an independent producer whose programs include Paper Dolls, Brian's Song, and Something About Amelia. He was coproducer of Hart to Hart, Starsky and Hutch, Family, Charlie's Angels, and other programs. Goldberg was formerly vice president for programming at ABC.

TODD GITLIN

is associate professor of sociology and director of the mass communications program at the University of California at Berkeley. Among his books are Inside Prime Time and The Whole World Is Watching.

ESTHER SHAPIRO

is a producer and writer who was cocreator of Dynasty, Minstrel Man, Intimate Strangers, and Sarah T. She is a former vice president for miniseries at ABC, where she was in charge of developing Friendly Fire, Roots: The Next Generations, Masada, Ike, East of Eden, and Pearl.

LES BROWN: **L**adies and gentlemen, this is to be an uninhibited discussion of the current state of prime time television as seen from the inside—or, television looking at itself.

You work in the only one of the art forms that doesn't have to generate an audience. Television viewers are always there in predictable—and enormous—numbers, sitting in front of their sets night after night. Your task, then, is not to persuade people to watch television but to attract the largest share of the 80, 90, or 100 million people who will already be watching at nine o'clock on almost any night of the week. Unlike productions in the other arts, all television shows are born to destroy two other shows. When a show fails to destroy the competition—and it can fail while attracting 20 million view-

ers—it is itself destroyed. Those are the simple rules of the TV game.

While it is true that some surprisingly good shows have been produced under these conditions, it seems a terrible climate for creating quality programs. And quality is the issue that I hope will underlie our discussion today. But what exactly is "quality television"? The people making programs, of course, always believe their shows are of good quality. But that's not how American TV programs are usually perceived by television companies around the world, or by American television critics. I hope we can keep the question of quality in mind as we discuss the state of American television in the 1980s. In particular, how have we ended up with the television we have? And what can we

expect from television in the future?

Bud Grant, as a network executive who puts these shows on the air, how do you evaluate the system and this season?

BUD GRANT: Well, I believe television today is quite different from what it was in the 1970s and the 1960s. The biggest reason for these changes is the enormous growth in the number of competitors to network television. The TV audience today can choose from among so many different outlets for entertainment, news, information, sports, and music; this increased competition has to have an effect on what you see on network television. That's why I believe television today is better than it was ten years ago. Frankly, I believe the golden age of television is now, and that ten years from now television will be even better. TV today is dealing seriously with contemporary issues, not only in weekly series but also in movies and miniseries. And the execution is extraordinary. Given the time restrictions, the money restrictions, and the restrictions on format, it is astonishing to me that the wonderfully talented people working in television are able to deliver the sheer quality of today's product.

BROWN: In a sense, network television has had two phases—television before *All in the Family* and television since. And the creator of that show, Norman Lear, with his remarkable string of hits in the 1970s, was probably the first *auteur* television ever had. Norman, how do you think television has changed in the last ten years?

NORMAN LEAR: Well, I believe too many programs today begin with people asking themselves, "What do the networks need this season?" And too few begin with someone saying, "I love this idea, I have a crying need to do this program." Too many of the networks' efforts begin with executives saying, "What will rate? How can we win the ratings game very, very quickly?" All of us here know that we work in a business where orders are shorter now than they were ten years ago, and that they were shorter ten years ago than they were ten years before that. In other words, the networks buy fewer episodes of a series at a time than they used to, so they can cancel the program more easily if it isn't an instant success. That means the need to *win* in the ratings is increasingly the only motivating force for writers and studios and producers. Everyone is desperate for a hit, so a successful show like *Dallas* immediately begets—name them—six quick children.

BROWN: Well, it's certainly true that the kind of program you championed in the seventies—

shows concerned with social issues and human problems, like *All in the Family* and *Maude* and *Mary Hartman*—seem to have vanished from the top ten or twenty programs.

LEAR: That in itself may not be a bad thing. Television should be more open to other styles. But hearing you use the word *auteur*, I have to say that you can count on the fingers of one hand the number of writers and producers in the last ten years who have had the freedom to follow their own creative impulses I have had. I wonder what television would be like if more people were able to work freely, to follow their own instincts. That new Paddy Chayefsky who might be waiting out there ready to make brilliant TV programs, that new Rod Serling—I wonder whether any opportunity really exists for them.

STEVEN BOCHCO: I think the *opportunity* always exists. But there are a lot of talented people who for one reason or another don't want to go into television. At any given time, a limited number of genuinely talented writers, producers, and directors are at work in a medium that devours their products at an ever greater rate.

BROWN: Steven, you created the breakthrough show of the 1980s, as Norman did that of the 1970s. Most people know by now that *All in the Family* got on the air against the odds; it was turned down by ABC and was accepted at CBS only because that network was courting younger, urban viewers. How did you achieve a breakthrough show like *Hill Street Blues*?

BOCHCO: Accidentally. By that I mean that *Hill Street* can be held up as an example of a breakthrough show only because it survived its initially terrible ratings long enough to be recognized. If we had been canceled when, according to the rules, we probably should have been canceled, *Hill Street* would never have been more than an interesting, quirky thirteen-show fade-out.

But Michael Kozoll, the other creator of the show, and I were blessed by circumstances. First, we were asked to do the pilot by NBC, which was then ranked number three and was in desperate need of pilot material. Since we were asked to do the show on very short notice, Michael and I were able to exact from NBC a much greater degree of creative autonomy than is usually forthcoming from the networks. And since the two of us had worked on so many cop shows over the years and were so genuinely bored by the genre, we decided the only way we were going to do another one would be if we could do something fresh and different. For instance, we didn't want a tightly limited number

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of characters. But we quickly discovered that to do justice to a lot of characters you have to extend the normal boundaries of the form—loosen the plots a little, develop themes from week to week instead of resolving everything within a single episode, and so on. It wouldn't have been possible to include that many characters in the traditional cop-show form.

BROWN: Would any but a third-place network have been able to air a show that was so different?

BOCHCO: I don't think so. As a matter of fact, Bud, I recall you were quoted as saying you wouldn't have bought a show like *Hill Street*.

GRANT: Well, I take it back.

BOCHCO: But your attitude was understandable. Given the ratings, executives at a stronger network with more product in the bullpen would have said, "Well, that show was a noble little experiment. Let's move on to a more traditional show that's guaranteed to score higher." But it

was an extraordinarily dismal year for NBC. Its shows had awful ratings and terrible reviews. And here we were, getting highly favorable press despite our low ratings. I think the strong approval from the critics really saved our bacon.

Of course, NBC also quickly realized that the particular audience that was watching *Hill Street*, though not vast by TV standards—10 to 12 million people—was predominantly young, urban, and relatively affluent. This small audience represented a potent force in terms of buying power, and was thus very desirable to advertisers. Toward the end of *Hill Street*'s first year our advertising rates were inordinately high for a show that rated eighty-three out of ninety-seven prime time series that year. We've gone up since then, of course. We now fluctuate week to week in the ratings from, say, fifteenth to as low as twenty-ninth, and our audience has roughly doubled.

RICK DU BROW: The survival of *Hill Street*, I think, is an example of audiences talking back to television. As Bud said, people have more and more alternatives to network TV, and the net-

Network Television's Bottom Line

Nielsen NATIONAL TV AUDIENCE ESTIMATES														EVE. THU. DEC. 13, 1984											
TIME		7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45								
W	TOTAL AUDIENCE (Households (000) & %)													18,590 21.9	ABC THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE THE NIGHT THEY SAVED CHRISTMAS (60)			16,050 18.9	20/20						
	ABC TV																								
	AVERAGE AUDIENCE (Households (000) & %)													12,060 14.2	12.3*	14.2*	15.2*	15.3*	11,970 14.1	14.4*	13.8*				
	SHARE OF AUDIENCE %													22	20*	22*	23*	23*	23	23*	23*				
	AVG. AUD. BY ¼ HR. %													12.0	12.6	14.0	14.3	15.2	15.3	15.2	14.8	14.1	13.8	13.8	
E	TOTAL AUDIENCE (Households (000) & %)													20,380 24.0	MAGNUM, P.I. (30)			21,730 25.6	SIBON & SIBON (30)		20,380 24.0	KNOTS LANDING			
	CBS TV																								
	AVERAGE AUDIENCE (Households (000) & %)													15,620 18.4	17.8*	19.0*	17,490 20.6	20.0*	21.2*	20.3	20.3*	20.3*			
	SHARE OF AUDIENCE %													29	28*	30*	31	30*	32*	33	33*	34*			
	AVG. AUD. BY ¼ HR. %													17.5	18.2	19.0	19.1	20.0	20.0	21.1	21.4	20.0	20.6	20.7	20.0
I	TOTAL AUDIENCE (Households (000) & %)													20,890 24.6	BILL COSBY SHOW			18,760 22.1	FAMILY TIES (30)		17,230 20.3	16,050 18.9	17,830 21.0	HILL STREET BLUES	
	NBC TV																								
	AVERAGE AUDIENCE (Households (000) & %)													18,080 21.3	19.9	16,900 19.9	15,960 18.8	14,520 17.1	14,690 17.3	17.0*	17.7*	17.7*			
	SHARE OF AUDIENCE %													34	31	31	29	26	27*	27*	30*	30*			
	AVG. AUD. BY ¼ HR. %													20.2	22.3	19.9	20.0	18.7	18.9	17.4	16.8	16.7	17.3	17.7	17.6
TV HOUSEHOLDS USING TV WK. 1		58.4	59.1	59.6	60.2	62.1	63.7	63.5	64.0	65.5	65.9	65.7	65.1	62.5	61.7	60.6	58.8								
U.S. TV Households: 84,900,000																									

The Nielsen Television Index provides the industry with definitive information on how many people are watching network TV programs, and when. During the 10-11 p.m. slot, for example, NBC's *Hill Street Blues* had a "Total Audience"—the number of households tuning in for at least six minutes—of 17.8 million, as listed on the top line in the column to the left of the program's name. This represented 21 percent of all households owning TV sets (line two). *Hill Street*'s "Average Audience" (line three)—the number of households watching during an average minute—was almost 14.7 million, representing 17.3 percent of all TV households (line four). This last figure is usually what is meant by a show's "rating." On this particular Thursday, *Hill Street* finished second to CBS's *Knots Landing* (20.3) but well ahead of ABC's *20/20* (14.1). *Hill Street*'s audience "Share"—the percentage of TVs on at the time tuned to the program—was 28 percent (line five). Line six shows *Hill Street*'s audience was fairly loyal, as was *Knots Landing*'s; *20/20*, however, lost a full point during the course of the telecast. *20/20* also showed a larger gap between its Total Audience and its Average Audience, suggesting that more viewers sampled the program and decided to switch to something else. Neither indication, needless to say, is welcomed by network executives.

works need special programs to attract people who are considered "desirable viewers" by advertisers. *Hill Street*, *St. Elsewhere*, and *Cheers* are three shows that were near death but were saved partly because favorable press coverage attracted the attention of people who were defecting from network television. When the shows started attracting those people, their advertising rates went up because advertisers pay a premium for viewers in the big cities, and especially for affluent "heads of households" between the ages of eighteen and thirty-four. NBC built its comeback around that principle; its shows are very highly rated in urban areas and among "upscale" viewers.

BROWN: But what Steven said about *Hill Street* fluctuating in the ratings is very interesting, because I think that's one reason networks don't like to do that kind of show. *Hill Street Blues* appeals to members of the so-called intelligentsia, who live differently from people who come home every night and sit down in front of the television set after dinner. *Hill Street* is my favorite TV show right now, and I watch it maybe twice or three times a year.

LEAR: I think that's why networks have not historically liked to serve an intellectual audience—they can't depend on it. The networks prefer programs that appeal to people who are in front of the set every night. Yet I will always believe that those viewers too can be attracted to better quality shows—if the networks put more of them on the air, and leave them on long enough for them to become an acquired taste.

BROWN: So what do we make of this? That a network has to be in trouble before it will air innovative programs? Leonard Goldberg has been on both sides of the fence, as head of programming at ABC and now as an independent producer.

LEONARD GOLDBERG: Well, I don't think these issues are particularly esoteric. When I became head of programming I got a very simple order. I was told that I worked for a profit-making organization and my job was to deliver the largest possible audience while spending the smallest possible amount of money. If in the process I could get quality programs, that would be great, but that was not necessarily part of my job. I used to have a *New Yorker* cartoon in my office that illustrated this principle: it showed a scientist rushing into a boardroom with a beaker, shouting, "I've done it, I've done it. I've found a substitute for quality!" It doesn't sound very sophisticated, but that's the way it works.

When I left ABC I became a producer, and

I've been very fortunate. I've worked hard and I've produced a lot of successful programs, many of which did nothing whatever to enhance the quality of the medium. But I have also produced a few that I believe did constitute what we are speaking of as quality television, and I'm very proud of those. I have to admit, though, that as the networks' share of the audience has dwindled in recent years because of the competition from cable stations and sports stations and all the other alternatives Bud mentioned, the networks have gotten more and more conservative—frightened is another way to say it—in their programming. All the network programmers have rules and regulations now. You go in and tell them about a show, and they say, "But it doesn't meet Lou Erlicht's rules," or "Harvey Shephard's rules," or "Brandon Tartikoff's rules." If you're doing an action show on ABC, say, regardless of what it's about or who the characters are, the program has to have a piece of action—a car chase or whatever—every eighteen and a half minutes. After I made *Hart to Hart*, a successful commercial show for ABC, network people at CBS said to me, "We would never have bought *Hart to Hart*, because Harvey Shephard doesn't buy shows that aren't franchise shows." A franchise show has to have a cop or a lawyer or a doctor as the main character. The program is centered around some job where characters work out their troubles.

GRANT: I would hate to blur any of these persuasive arguments by bringing up the facts, but I honestly don't have any rules and regulations that I would ever tell a producer his show must follow. At CBS we put on *Dallas*, and if people claim *Dallas* broke some kind of rule, well, then it broke a rule. So I think my friend Leonard may be overstating the case a bit.

GOLDBERG: Not to disagree with my good friend Bud, but if the networks are doing such a wonderful job of programming, why does their share of the television audience keep dwindling? Years ago, when cable TV first began, ABC did some studies and predicted that in the following ten or twelve years the networks would lose at most 7 percent of their audience. Well, the networks' share has declined from a peak of 93 percent in 1976 to 74 percent last year. If I were at a network, I would be wondering why I wasn't supplying more exciting programming to get these people back. After all, when NBC puts on *The Burning Bed* or CBS broadcasts *Silence of the Heart*, they get record audiences, equal to those they had before cable.

GRANT: Look, there are simply more opportunities out there for the audience. More choices have

to affect our audience shares negatively. I'm not suggesting that's bad, incidentally. I think competition is good.

You know, from time to time someone asks me, "Why don't you put on more shows like *M*A*S*H* or *All in the Family*?" Well, the answer is that programs like those don't come along every day. And we're lucky if we recognize them when they do.

LEAR: The question Leonard's raising is, why don't the networks seem to care? I think the answer is very clear: the networks' profits are higher now than they've ever been. Which reminds me that just before automobile sales started to slide downward, General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford had their highest profits ever. I think network television is in a similar situation now. That may be true for most of American business—and education, politics, publishing, all of our institutions. This obsession with the need to win in the short term is choking the entire society.

BOCHCO: If we really want to understand why we see what we see on television, we have to recognize that the creative work goes on in an environment of sometimes intense struggle between various businesses. Bud Grant, for example, represents the networks—he's concerned with making money by selling advertising time, time which is more or less valuable depending on how many people watch a program and how desirable its particular audience is to advertisers. On the other hand, I am a producer, busy trying to put together a decent program every week under the constraints Bud described. Our needs are very often in conflict. They want what they consider the best audience; I want what I consider the best show.

TODD GITLIN: As Leonard said, television is principally the business of drawing the maximum number of viewers to a given program at a given time. But many people seem to assume that the networks know how to make programs that do that. In fact, by my count, during the 1980 and 1981 seasons over two thirds of all new network shows failed to do well enough to get renewed.

The networks are enormously profitable not because their executives are geniuses at making programs that unfailingly draw the most people. They are profitable because there are only three of them, and because they all own and operate local stations—given them gratis by the American government—that bring in a large portion of their earnings. We shouldn't concede that the networks know what people want. They are just programming what they can easily recognize as a possible hit—a franchise show, a show

with a recognizable hero played by a popular star, or a show that simply copies whatever recent show has already proved to be a hit. *Hill Street* and *All in the Family* and *M*A*S*H* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* are perfect examples of shows that, by the networks' normal business judgments, should have failed. I think the networks' claim that they are somehow serving the public's needs—giving the public what it wants—is only a way to rationalize their own simplistic formulas. People don't know what they want until they've seen it, and even then what they want is confused and complicated.

LEAR: William Goldman, in a book called *Adventures In The Screen Trade*, said the same thing this way: "Young screenwriter, remember: Nobody knows nuthin'." In other words, since nobody can anticipate what the American public will want, go with your gut. What you think is funny, they will think is funny; what you think is dramatic, they will think is dramatic. Go with that feeling; it's the best slide rule available.

BOCHCO: Except that it's kind of naive to knock your head against a wall; at a certain point you want to develop enough street smarts to get your stuff on the air.

ESTHER SHAPIRO: I think this whole discussion is hung up on the issue of what quality television is. I love *Hill Street* and *All in the Family* as much as anyone, but why should we dismiss entertainment shows, adventure shows, soaps and sitcoms, anything that doesn't "illuminate the human condition" on a weekly basis, as trash? The fact that hundreds of millions of people make these programs part of their lives every week is easily ignored in a discussion like this one. We're forgetting that television—whether it's *Hill Street* or *Roots* or *Dynasty*—is the art of storytelling. People are buying VCRs so they can tape *Dynasty*. Why should I defend *Dynasty*? I don't think I have to.

Where are our storytellers today? I'll tell you where. When talented writers like Steven Bochco or Norman Lear come along—which is once in a long while—the first thing that happens is that they become producers or entrepreneurs. Suddenly they're not writing so much; they have other writers working for them. Suddenly they're too busy to hear the fresh story ideas that come in, so they hire someone to listen for them. By the time the story gets to the producer and then to the head of the network, it has begun to sound like everything else. We should spend more time searching for stories. Today everybody's a part-time writer or producer; everybody has sixteen projects going. Whatever

happened to the idea of committing yourself to one show?

BOCHCO: People don't stay with one show because writing and producing serious television in America is like running a marathon. Most writers, directors, and producers simply cannot tolerate the demands of television over a long period. The business is so massively demanding of your time and creative energy, you find yourself pumping out so much material, that by the end of the first season—not to mention five or six seasons—your tanks are empty and you're running on fumes.

BROWN: That is another factor distinguishing television from other art forms—the sheer volume of material produced in a relatively short period. Or I should say it distinguishes American television; the BBC, for example, usually doesn't produce more than six or seven episodes of a series in a season. That allows them to insist that the original writer do the entire series.

LEAR: In general, writers working for American television are not protected the way writers in other art forms are. The Dramatists Guild, for instance, stipulates that no word of a script may be changed without the writer's consent. In television the writer is not protected that way.

BOCHCO: But it's impossible to give that kind of protection when you're putting out twenty-two hours of television in a season. In writing or producing a play or a movie, you might devote two years to achieving that single goal. When you're writing and producing twenty-two hours of television in about eight and a half months, things are very different. That's an astonishingly short period; you have a staff of writers and story editors working under intense pressure, and things get rewritten many times. So when we talk about quality, I think we have to apply different standards to television than to the theater or the movies, if only because the working conditions are so different.

GOLDBERG: Yet the results are basically the same. After all, the top money-making films of all time, all of which were made by Steven Spielberg and George Lucas, are certainly not what we commonly refer to as "quality entertainment." The film critics' awards may have been dominated by *Amadeus* and *A Passage to India* last year, but *Beverly Hills Cop* earned over \$36 million in its first twelve days. It's popular entertainment, just like most of television. Interestingly enough, these popular films are being created more and more by filmmakers, writers, directors, and producers who have grown up on

television. Increasingly, movies seem to be imitating the more popular forms of television.

DU BROW: But the difference is that television is a social force more than an art form. To see a film or a play you go out and stand in a line, then sit in a theater for a couple of hours; and when it's over, you go home and do something else. But TV is not like that; it's just part of the furniture, part of the natural flow of life. When you go to the theater, or to a movie, something is presented to you by the creator. But in television there's a very important creator who isn't critical to the other forms—the viewer. With the vast number of buttons he can press at home, the TV viewer creates his own program schedule—a spectacle that reflects his private tastes and personal history. He can tune in every Sunday night to a fashion show on cable, or watch the Golden State Warriors play at four o'clock in the morning, or look at Cable News Network twenty-four hours a day. Or he can press another button and watch a half-hour program that someone paid twenty-five bucks to put on the public access channel. Today, each viewer can create his own TV life. That's why there's an erosion in the network audience. It's a reaction against sameness.

BROWN: I want to examine more closely how this "natural flow of life" has changed in the last ten years. Norman Lear created *All in the Family*, the show that symbolized TV in the 1970s. Esther Shapiro, with her husband, Richard, created *Dynasty*, the show that symbolizes TV in the 1980s. The difference between those two shows is more than a difference in style. *All in the Family* was a show about the common man, while *Dynasty* is a show about rich people. What happened in those ten years, Esther?

SHAPIRO: Well, some critics have said that *Dynasty* mirrors the Reagan Administration—which is a terrible thing for a middle-aged, middle-class, liberal, Jewish woman television producer to hear. They point out that Blake Carrington went into his mansion about the time Reagan went into the White House; both had tough ex-wives, rebellious daughters, and a sensitive son. Of course, there's more to the show than that; we used an old form, the soap opera, but we used it differently from the way we would have in the 1970s. I loved the writing Jack Pulman did in *I, Claudius*; I loved seeing Roman history set out as the story of those outrageous things the emperors and their families did to each other. And we thought, America doesn't have a dynasty like that—why don't we just make a show that creates one, and that does all the things you supposedly can't do on television.

You know, you can't do a show about a middle-aged woman, you can't do a show about the rich because not enough people care about them, you can't have a major character who is a homosexual, and so on. Our dream was that we would keep the show on the air for five years and then, suddenly, one character would go into a monastery and another would run for political office. And, of course, it's just about that time now...

GRANT: But, Esther, didn't ABC have some hint, perhaps, that a show about a rich family, with a very well crafted story, might succeed because *Dallas* was such a huge hit?

SHAPIRO: Frankly, no, it didn't have to do with that. In our miniseries department, everything had been family. Alex Haley's *Roots* was the saga of an American family. *East of Eden* was about a family. Everything that Richard and I have ever written has been built around families and good storytelling. And we had wanted to do a show about the rich for a long time.

BOCHCO: I think *Dynasty* had a precursor in the early 1970s. Apart from *All in the Family*, what was the most popular show on television then? *Columbo*. *Columbo* was not really about a little schlumpy guy solving murder mysteries. It was the early *Dynasty*. It depicted a world of evil rich people—and how delightful and evil they were! Then into that world of incredible wealth and evil fantasy came this little schlumpy guy in a raincoat who stuck a pin in it all.

SHAPIRO: *Dynasty* is also a fantasy show, of course, but here we are talking more about the power fantasies of women in the 1980s. *Dynasty* is a very matriarchal kind of show, where the women, whether they're doing good or evil, are at least doing *something*. I think the female audience finds the show just as escapist and entertaining as *Magnum*, *P.I.* There's precious little pure fantasy for women on television—*Dynasty* is women's *Star Wars* or *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Of course, women are also the primary consumers—in a way they are the ultimate end product of television—and *Dynasty* is the ultimate consumers' show. *Dynasty* provides women—and men, too—with fantasies of power and consumption.

GITLIN: This is what making television is really about—figuring out some way to take the amorphous public moods of a given time and make them fit together. *All in the Family* is a good example: Archie Bunker represented half the audience, and Mike Stivic the other half. Put them together, and CBS had a polarized coun-

try sitting in front of the same TV set. Now people are hot for "lifestyles of the rich and famous." So a program can indulge that urge and at the same time treat it in a campy way, which is what I think *Dynasty* does.

That kind of ambiguity is built into television. It must seek mass audiences, and therefore it has to talk out of both sides of its mouth. The "social issue" TV movies, for which Hollywood congratulates itself, do the same thing: explore a reasonably safe issue and appeal to the national prurience at the same time. The networks simply put out programs that seem to them to touch the moment right. I don't think *Dynasty* would have worked in the early 1970s, and I don't think *All in the Family* would work today. Both would be out of step with the mood—however complex or contradictory—of the country.

BOCHCO: While what Todd says about the mood of the country is undoubtedly true, we shouldn't forget that in television, good is just simply good. *All in the Family* was a wonderfully executed show—well conceived and brilliantly written. Week in and week out, it depicted recognizable human beings with recognizable problems. It was executed by consummate professionals who knew when to tell a wonderful joke, and how to set one up.

GRANT: If I understand him correctly, Steve is defining quality as the successful execution of a concept. *Hill Street* is a cop show, right? *Cagney & Lacey* is also a cop show. Both shows are very well executed, and I think most of us would say they are quality television. Quality is in the *execution*—because there aren't that many different concepts. *The Cosby Show* is generally perceived as quality TV, and what is it? It's a well-executed example of the oldest form in the business, the half-hour situation comedy.

SHAPIRO: That's one idea of quality. But there is also the traditional test of quality, which we apply to novels or plays or movies: Does it illuminate the human condition? And there is such a thing as quality television in that more traditional sense of the word.

GRANT: Oh, absolutely. I think television illuminates the human condition all the time, certainly more often than movies or the theater do. It's through made-for-TV movies and miniseries, I believe, that television can deal with important social issues. I think *Silence of the Heart* did more to prevent teenage suicide in this country than all the documentaries in the world could do. Illuminating the human condition? How about *The Day After*, about nuclear

war, or *Something About Amelia*, the wonderful movie Leonard did last year about father-daughter incest? I think television makes a very important contribution to the public debate with shows like these.

LEAR: All those shows you mentioned, Bud, were certainly remarkable, but they were also controversial, provocative programs, which the networks could rely on to get high ratings.

SHAPIRO: I don't think it's simply a question of ratings. It's hard to sell advertising for controversial programs. For example, when we did *Intimate Strangers*, about wife-beating, at first we could not get a single advertiser. Did ABC have a tough time getting advertisers for *Amelia*, Leonard?

GOLDBERG: Yes. In fact, we had a difficult time convincing them to do it at all. When we originally brought the project to ABC, Brandon Stoddard, president for motion pictures at the network, told us that many people had wanted to do programs about incest, but that the network's broadcast-standards people—who screen all projects to make sure they meet the networks' standards of “decency”—had not let them go ahead. The broadcast-standards people at ABC did lay down certain conditions that we had to accept: we had to hire experts who would ensure that the film would not exploit the topic and that the treatment would be realistic.

BROWN: I have to notice that we're talking about *Amelia* as a “movie that Leonard did.” In the first twenty or twenty-five years of television, we usually spoke of a program being made by Universal, MGM, Paramount. Now we talk about programs made by Norman Lear or Esther Shapiro or Leonard Goldberg or Steven Bochco. We are talking about authorship. Television has become less institutional. Independent companies and independent people are making television that is quite distinctive.

DUBROW: The question is, how much real creative freedom do people like Norman and Leonard and Esther and Steven have? Even they have to work under certain network constraints.

LEAR: Well, at times the networks can be helpful. I have to admit that all the fighting over what we wanted to do on *All in the Family* or *Maude* often resulted in better programs. When the networks said, “Something's the matter here,” they weren't always entirely wrong.

But in those days it was generally conceded that I was the creative force—there was no doubt about that. That has changed. The young executives at the networks are the people in charge today. Story lines are passed to them by producers; they say yes, they say no, they say they'd like to see another character added, they'd like more action here or there, and so on. And what those network executives want, the producers meekly do.

The Evolution of Prime Time

1984-85

1. *Dallas*, CBS
2. *Dynasty*, ABC
3. *60 Minutes*, CBS
4. *Crazy Like a Fox*, CBS
5. *The Cosby Show*, NBC
6. *Simon & Simon*, CBS
7. *The A-Team*, NBC
8. *Falcon Crest*, CBS
9. *Family Ties*, NBC
10. *Hotel*, ABC
11. *Knots Landing*, CBS
12. *Magnum, P.I.*, CBS
13. *Riptide*, NBC
14. *Murder, She Wrote*, CBS
15. *Cheers*, NBC

1974-75

1. *All in the Family*, CBS
2. *Sanford and Son*, NBC
3. *Chico and the Man*, NBC
4. *The Jeffersons*, CBS
5. *M*A*S*H*, CBS
6. *Rhoda*, CBS
7. *The Waltons*, CBS
8. *Good Times*, CBS
9. *Maude*, CBS
10. *Hawaii Five-O*, CBS
11. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, CBS
12. *The Rockford Files*, NBC
13. *Kojak*, CBS
14. *Little House on the Prairie*, NBC
15. *Police Woman*, NBC

1964-65

1. *Bonanza*, NBC
2. *Bewitched*, ABC
3. *Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*, CBS
4. *The Andy Griffith Show*, CBS
5. *The Fugitive*, ABC
6. *The Red Skelton Hour*, CBS
7. *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, CBS
8. *The Lucy Show*, CBS
9. *Peyton Place (II)*, ABC
10. *Combat*, ABC
11. *Disney's Wonderful World*, NBC
12. *The Beverly Hillbillies*, CBS
13. *My Three Sons*, ABC
14. *Branded*, NBC
15. *Petticoat Junction*, CBS

TV series are ranked according to their average weekly Nielsen rating for the season. A show's rating is the percentage of all television households tuned in during an average minute of the telecast. Rankings for the current season, which ends in April, are based on ratings from September 24, 1984, to January 13, 1985. Thus CBS's *Crazy Like a Fox* was ranked fourth, though only three episodes had appeared. (Sources: A. C. Nielsen Company; CBS.)

GRANT: I think you paint a rather harsh picture of the relationship between the producer and the network, Norman. I have always strongly suggested to our people that they work in a collaborative way with a show's producer or writer, and offer suggestions only if they feel suggestions are necessary. We should keep in mind, by the way, that many of the young executives in the programming departments will eventually become "suppliers" in their own right. Today's network executive is tomorrow's producer.

LEAR: That's sad. That's very sad.

BROWN: Are there clear differences between the networks? When you get an idea for a program, do you say, "This is an ABC idea," or "This is a CBS idea"?

BOCHCO: I've worked at all three networks, most successfully at NBC. I did have a pretty nice experience with CBS, where I did a show that failed some years back. But I found CBS to be a bit, well, unforgiving of failure. Not as much as ABC, which I think is *genuinely* unforgiving of failure—unwilling to accept the fact that the vast majority of *everything* made in television fails, for an infinite variety of reasons.

I define the success or failure of what I do by the degree to which I'm able to have an effect on broadcast standards. I think that's what makes a show different, and better—when you push at the bindings of the medium somewhat. I ruffle an awful lot of feathers at NBC, because to push at those bindings you really have to take on the broadcast-standards department. Doing a television series on a day-to-day basis, you deal with the broadcast-standards people more often than the programming people; they have a more profound impact on what you get to put on the screen every week than programming does. And NBC has the best broadcast-standards department. By that I mean they are willing to hear what you have to say. CBS I find to be more conservative than NBC. ABC is by far the worst.

SHAPIRO: I've also worked at all three networks, and it's true ABC's very emotional. They give more notes on your programs, and their notes are more hysterical. If you want to do something different—put a gay in a show, or a black—they groan. I wish all that negative hysteria could be translated into positive passion about the material. ABC is at its best when it functions as a third eye, and helps a show with print ads and promos. Last year Richard and I went back to CBS, where we had done *Minstrel Man* earlier, and did a series called *Emerald Point*. After working at ABC, CBS seemed

very businesslike, very unemotional. They gave their notes, but it was really up to you—if you were going to fail, it was your problem. Earlier we did *Sarah T* at NBC, where they were very supportive and professional, very hands-off.

GOLDBERG: What I've found at all the networks in recent years is a *lack* of emotion. I don't feel any passion or excitement. I talk to network people about new programs, and their eyes wander. I send over scripts and I don't hear from them for two weeks—and I'm supposed to be a powerful producer. If you happen to hit on an idea they've already thought about, then they listen. Otherwise their minds are miles away. They're going to do what they want to do. If you can execute it for them, fine; if you can't, "Next."

I remember the time I read an article on an airplane that made me cry. It was a story about a football player, written by Gale Sayers. I got off the plane and called Barry Diller, who was at ABC then, and said, "I just read an article you *have* to see." He said, "I'll send a messenger for it." He got it, read it, called me at 7:30 the next morning, and said, "Let's go make the movie." That became *Brian's Song*. There was passion then about programming.

GITLIN: Well, why should network executives feel passion? If they believe there are only ten or twelve concepts, and they think that television today is dandy, just bursting with quality programs, then why get worked up over a new script? It's just another new product, another concept being executed, another toothpaste being tested in the marketplace.

GRANT: Well, our attitude is just the opposite of that, to tell you the truth. If anyone at a network claims he knows everything, he's out of his mind. As Norman said, nobody knows. It's a highly subjective business. When I read the first script of *Dallas* I didn't *know* it was going to be one of the biggest hit series of all time. I thought it was a good script, well written, with interesting characters. I don't know what kind of *passion* you're looking for from the networks.

LEAR: I know. A writer or a producer falls in love with a piece of material. He comes in just aching to get going, to cast it, to do it. That's the passion I don't think is on the networks' agenda. I've also done things on all three networks, although my success was mainly with CBS. I think CBS is distinctive because Bill Paley and Frank Stanton exercised a great deal of *personal* judgment in the way the network was programmed. They both had a degree of showmanship and theatrical intelligence that I think served CBS very well.

GITLIN: I think this lack of passion at the networks explains those rules Leonard mentioned earlier. The networks have rules because they have no idea why they're making programs, except to make money. Since nobody has a magic formula that tells how to win in the ratings every time, people develop these formula ideas. "Now we'll do six versions of *The A-Team*." "No, only franchise shows sell this year."

So little is known about how to draw the biggest audiences that two successful shows became a trend. For example, everyone is talking about the great TV market for so-called social-issue movies, but when I was doing research for my book in 1981, three movies in a row that had dealt with social issues had done badly in the ratings—meaning only 16 million people or so watched them—and suddenly everyone was saying, "Drop all social-issue movies."

SHAPIRO: But people *do* make movies about things that are important to them; and they make miniseries about things that are important to them. Sometimes I think those departments at the networks were invented to keep the passionate people busy while the people doing series make the real money.

GITLIN: Then why is network television dominated by weekly series? Why not more miniseries and other shorter forms?

SHAPIRO: One of the reasons is economic. Since a production company makes a lot of its money from syndication and reruns, it's not usually as profitable for it to do a miniseries. But I think viewers would enjoy television more if the forms were varied. Why not have shows that run one month a year or eight months of the year, or a year and a half? There are so many wonderful books out there. Why must they always be adapted in two hours or four hours?

BROWN: If the economics are what you suggest, it sounds like an uphill battle. On the other hand, the economics can change; they're changing rapidly now, as Bud said. Not too long ago, the entire industry consisted of three networks and a handful of independent stations. Today there are the networks, a lot of independent stations, and many cable stations, not to mention the home satellite dishes, video recorders, and other technological marvels. A videocassette can make a profit if it sells 25,000 copies. And within cable television there is a trend toward shorter forms, such as the music videos on MTV. Now they're making three-minute comedy videos, and porn videos, believe it or not. Finally, we should mention the increasing popularity of remote control, which brings with it

the enormously important phenomenon of "zapping." People zap out commercials, and in so doing undermine the whole economic foundation of television. Advertisers now want their ratings by the minute—they don't care what rating a program gets; they want to know what rating their commercial gets.

All of this is transforming television. We're not talking about business as usual; it's no longer three networks and a failure-proof business. Bud, what do you see as the future of television?

GRANT: As I said before, I think the increased competition will ensure that the quality of television programming gets better as time goes on. And I believe the networks will be around for a long time. So will the independent stations.

LEAR: Rick sketched out earlier the new viewers' romance with television—sitting across the room with the clicker, moving across those thirty or more stations, back and forth. Catch two minutes of this show, see a pretty lady here, an interesting guy there, watch a commercial here, a little bit of MTV there. That's where the networks' audience is going, not necessarily to anything specific. Those of us who make television have to create shows that can arrest the viewers' attention.

The implications of this new technology are indeed astonishing. When I think about what's possible with videocassettes, I am overjoyed. Talk about narrow-casting! I see a time when we'll make films expressly for the videocassette market—someone will bring in material that could never draw enough of an audience for a network, and Embassy Home Entertainment or Twentieth Century Fox will say to a producer, "You know, 50,000 sales of this is enough. Here's a million to go out and make it." I look at videos as the great hope for writers and directors and artists—*poets*—who won't come near network television today.

SHAPIRO: I agree videos will broaden the range of possibilities for writers and producers, but I still love the idea of doing shows on very large canvases, with virtually everyone in the country watching at the same time. There's something so communal about network television; I would hate to lose that. I think racing home to see *All in the Family* or *Hill Street* or *Dynasty*, and talking about it the next day with your friends, letting it become part of your life, is a wonderful aspect of network television.

LEAR: I don't think we'll ever lose that. But I'm afraid that news, events, and sports will be all the networks are left with if they refuse to innovate and take risks.

BOCHCO: I'm not sure to what degree videocassettes will remain a "boutique" kind of communication. But I'm sure of one thing—whether the current romance is with videocassettes or zapping or MTV, the writers will be out there trying to tell a story the best way they can. So I don't spend a lot of time, quite honestly, thinking about the systems that will deliver what I do. The only thing I care about is having the opportunity to do what I do—somewhere. Getting it to an audience, whether it's on Bud's network or on HBO or in a movie theater or in a book. As long as I can get it out to people, I'm a happy cowboy.

GOLDBERG: As a producer, I do think a lot about systems. I think the technological diversity Les described is good news for producers, because it gives them more opportunities to display their programs. But so far these alternate delivery systems have done a very poor job of competing. Except for MTV, they've become little networks. The networks have been lucky; their audiences have eroded only so much, because the competition has not been very good. But if these alternative forms become more original and daring in their programming, the networks will find themselves in deep trouble.

DU BROW: Brandon Tartikoff, head of NBC Entertainment, said to me not long ago that you can't program eight o'clock at night for kids the way you used to when you know that someone can push a button and see *The Road Warrior* or *WarGames* or *Gandhi* over on HBO. So either the networks lose these people or they adapt by producing programs that will win them back. Unless they adapt, the networks are going to lose those viewers who are most desirable to advertisers.

GITLIN: Television has become like the restaurant industry. If you have a lot of money to spend and you're interested in the latest French or other cuisine, there are twenty-six restaurants for you on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles or on Sixth Avenue in New York. The rest of the population can choose between McDonald's and Burger King. In American TV now, the programs that are easy to digest—television junk food—drive out the more serious, challenging shows. And as Leonard Goldberg pointed out, even the so-called new technologies are providing little more than expanded segments of the old network day: all-day sports, all-day news, all-day soft-core pornography. The economic game is still rigged toward the biggest bang for the buck, and most of the people who want to write for television want to do so not out of any great passion to clarify the human

condition but for smaller, more private glories.

Television is like a newsstand where you see six running magazines, six skiing magazines, six coin collecting magazines, and so on. It's all organized around what people already know, or what people think they already like. And over in the corner we have these oddball things like *Harper's*, for those people who don't yet know what they want. That's what television is becoming—and that's not the Promised Land.

BOCHCO: Todd, if you had some television time to use as you wished, what would you do with it?

GITLIN: I would give a lot of very talented and bright people—filmmakers, writers, musicians, artists—an hour here, an hour there, and see what they came up with. Most of it would be quickly forgotten, as even the so-called golden age was, but some of it might be truly extraordinary.

GRANT: What you've just described is exactly what I think television is now.

GITLIN: No, today a very small company of people get to play. It's a limited crowd.

BOCHCO: One of the distinctive things about TV is that people don't really look at it as something that is *made* by other people. They don't see it as a craft that people work hard at, a craft that demands certain skills. But everyone's a television maven. When some viewer is angered by an episode of *Hill Street* and dashes off an angry letter, it always shocks them when they get a letter back from me. They're not really writing to me; they're writing to their television set.

What about you, Rick? What would you do with an hour every week?

DU BROW: I'd like to put on a one-hour show *about* television—covering television in all its forms, appreciating the fun and significance of it. Television has never, until recently, really understood how interesting it is to other people as news. TV is one of the major ongoing social stories of our time; its ability to help people see the kaleidoscope of their lives through that box—that's what my show would explore.

BOCHCO: I'd watch that show.

GOLDBERG: So would I.

DU BROW: I've got two viewers right here.

SHAPIRO: Why not talk to Bud, Rick?

GRANT: Sure, we'll schedule a meeting. ■

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To us, the headline's not the end of a story, but just the beginning. We take the time to develop a news story, so you'll stop missing the best part of the news. Tune in to MORNING EDITION every weekday morning. You've never heard news like this before.



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THE BEWILDERED AMERICAN RAJ

Reflections on a democracy's foreign policy

By Michael Howard

There may still be Europeans who feel culturally superior to Americans, but I am certainly not one of them. After a prolonged stay in the United States last year, I returned to England with two impressions. The first was of the sheer richness of contemporary American culture. America leads the world in every branch of science and technology, every field of scholarship and the arts. New York City is in a state of continuous creative ferment, while across the country a score of smaller cities compete, like Italian Renaissance states in conspicuous cultural display, each trying to outdistance the others with its orchestras, its museums, its universities, its civic centers, and, not least, its restaurants.

But amid all this wealth and excellence I perceived a mood of resentment on the part of most Americans, a mood that, I believe, helped bring the Reagan Administration to power and has helped keep it there. Why, Americans ask, are our achievements not universally recognized and admired? Why does American generosity not evoke more gratitude? Why have American economic power and military strength not brought more influence in the world? Why are small countries in Southeast Asia and the Middle East able to defy the United States, and to gain such widespread support when they do? Why is the United States always in a minority at the United Nations, which it did so much to create and still does so much to sustain?

These are justifiable questions. The United States does not enjoy the place in the world that it should have earned through its achievements, its generosity, and its goodwill since World War II. This is especially true in the Third World, where anti-Americanism is almost a lingua franca. In Central America, for example, anti-Yanqui sentiment appears to be the bedrock on which revolutionary nationalist movements base their popularity. But anti-Americanism surfaces even in Western Europe, to an extent deeply embarrassing to the allied governments. Throughout the world, the United States is widely seen not as a model and a protector but as a powerful and alien threat to indigenous values—a menace to that very “freedom” it claims to defend.

This disparity between America's accomplishments and the wider world's appreciation of them derives largely from the particular qualities that have made the achievements possible. If the tragedy of human life is that people are undone as much by their noble qualities as by their defects, then there is a real element of tragedy in America's relations with the wider

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world—an element that must be understood before anything can be done to remedy the situation.

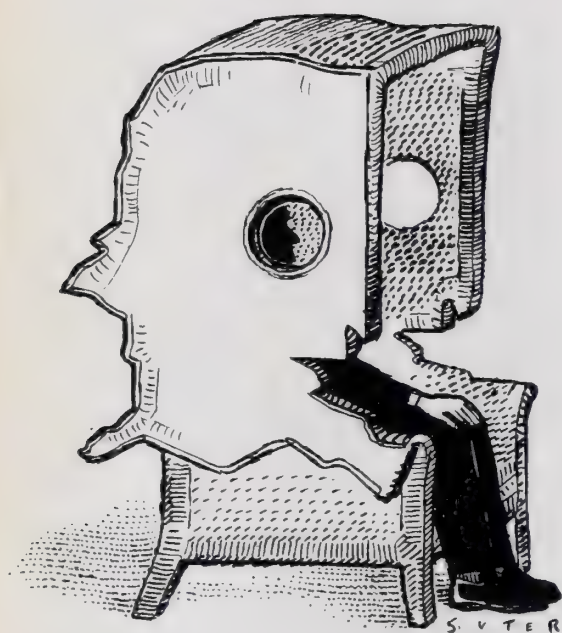
The most important circumstance complicating America's relations with the wider world is the one of which Americans are most deeply and properly proud: the United States is a genuine *democracy* from the grass roots up, of a kind that exists in few other parts of the world. In Western Europe, for example, there remain traces of a traditional deference to the foreign policy bureaucracy: people are prepared to leave the conduct of external affairs largely in the hands of specialists in the diplomatic services who have to live with the job full time. In the United States those specialists are in the State Department and the National Security Council—that is, they are members of the executive branch—and are closely watched by a jealous and suspicious Congress which, as Jeane Kirkpatrick has pointed out, has no institutional expertise in or continuing responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs. Still more important, foreign policy specialists are controlled *within* the executive branch by presidential nominees who, like Kirkpatrick herself, do not necessarily have much expertise in the conduct of foreign affairs. American diplomats and foreign policy specialists are as fine as any in the world, but the real decisions in matters of great importance are made not by them but by people whose chief qualification for the job is that they command the confidence of the president, who in turn is president because he commands the confidence of the electorate. America's foreign policy is thus made by people who are not professionals in the field, and it is conducted on a basis of discontinuity that makes doing business with American governments very difficult indeed. Still, it cannot be denied that it is conducted by people genuinely responsive, and responsible, to the mood and will of the electorate. This is part of the price that has to be paid for democracy.

Yet it is not always realized in this country how high that price is. The growth of self-government, wherever it has occurred, has made the conduct of international relations progressively more difficult. It is not only that people tend to pursue their own interests and to take a somewhat cavalier attitude toward the interests of others, but that they are generally unable to understand the attitudes, traditions, and perceptions of foreign cultures. They can develop such understanding only by the kind of cultivation and education for which most people—and Americans are not in the least unique in this—have neither the inclination nor the time. So as societies become more democratic, their foreign policy becomes not less but more ethnocentric. The assertion of the popular will makes mutual understanding between peoples more difficult, not less.

As democracy developed in Western Europe in the nineteenth century, so also did nationalism; even today, democratic pressures make effective economic and military cooperation between European nations very difficult. (We need look no further than the Common Market for the prime example.) Indeed, were the Soviet Union miraculously transformed into a representative democracy on a Western model, there is no reason to suppose it would be any easier for the West to deal with. The paranoia, the xenophobia, the clumsy bullying that distinguish the foreign policy of the Politburo are probably as much a reflection of cultural circumstances as a result of deliberate governmental policy, and an entirely representative

Russian government might find it even more difficult than does the present one to establish friendly relations with the outside world.

As has often been pointed out, the isolation of the United States for a century and a half after independence—the fact that the country did not need to deal with powerful but culturally diverse neighbors—meant that America never developed a strong foreign policy tradition. But this isolation had a broader cultural impact as well. While the history of Europe certainly provides a perfect model of how *not* to conduct international rela-



tions, at least there has always been, among European governments and peoples, an awareness that there was a problem—that there were *foreigners* with whom we had constantly to interact, people who looked at matters in different ways and whose languages we had to learn if we were to cope with them effectively. Europeans have always been conscious of the pressures of a multicultural society, and of the skill and subtlety required to flourish in it. Diplomatic and linguistic abilities are still highly prized in Europe; foreign offices still attract the best of the elites. This was not so in the United States until half a century ago, and it is not fully so even today. American culture has been more concerned with emancipating itself from foreign influence than with assimilating it.

Further, the United States' lack of any significant experience as a colonial power has proved as much a disadvantage as an asset. Of course the Europeans' *de haut en bas* relationship with their colonial "subjects" provides a very imperfect model: it inhibited full understanding of native cultures and engendered more enmity than empathy. Nevertheless, mutual understanding did develop in some countries and has survived decolonization: England's relationship with India and France's with its former colonies in North Africa are outstanding examples of this. Indeed, U.S. relations with Central America might be better if the United States had once been responsible for ruling the area. Americans would better understand the cultures of the region and better appreciate the nature of their problems. Above all, the United States would have learned firsthand the limitations of its influence and power.

Nor has the teaching of international politics in the United States taken sufficiently into account the essential point that international relations is about dealing with *foreigners*, people with different cultural backgrounds and perceptions embodied in diverse languages. *Our* language and the concepts it expresses are as foreign to these peoples as theirs are to us. And if this presents a problem of communication among the closely interwoven cultures of the West, all derived as they are from a common Judeo-Graeco-Roman root, how much more will this be the case when the West tries to interact with the great traditional cultures of India, China, Japan, or the Islamic countries?

This problem is intensified by a further difficulty the West experiences in dealing with the non-Western world, what I call a *vertical* cultural gap. This gap began to open during the nineteenth century when scientific and technological developments transformed Western culture in two ways. First, they revolutionized our living standards so that, by any indicator—life expectancy, health, literacy, diet—we were in a different league from the rest of the world. Second, these changes made available to Western peoples—entire peoples, not simply the upper classes—fast, comfortable, and cheap means of transport. So as the West drew culturally apart from the rest of the world, it began to interact physically all the more closely with it. Until the nineteenth century, European contact with other cultures had been made primarily by merchants and travelers who felt themselves culturally equal to—or even, as with those who journeyed to Asia, culturally inferior to—the civilizations they explored. These small groups of Westerners, far from their native lands, had to learn the languages and habits of their hosts if they were to survive and flourish. In the nineteenth century, Europeans began to interact with other cultures not as equals who could appreciate diversity but as representatives of a superior culture, *de haut en bas*. The understanding of "native" cultures and languages came to be left to specialists. Indeed, the very word *native* became derogatory. The growing technological superiority of the West made military conquest and imperial rule easier. The epoch of political hegemony eventually ended, largely as a result of Europe's own civil wars, but Western cultural and economic dominance remain, although they have largely been taken over by the United States. That the United States can dominate so much of the world economically without having to take into account the cultural diver-

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sity that would go with *political* control does much to explain its unpopularity. People find themselves economically dependent on an alien and remote power that does not seem to appreciate their problems and that they are themselves unable to influence reciprocally.

It was once widely believed that as international travel and communication became easier, international understanding would grow. It has not. Today, wherever we go in the world, we seldom have to leave our own environment and adjust to that of anyone else. Jumbo jets take us from airport to identical airport; air-conditioned buses take us from Holiday Inn to indistinguishable Holiday Inn, whether in Berlin or Bangkok. Western tourists in Asia, Africa, or the Caribbean return, in spite of their bulging photograph albums, as ignorant as when they set out. Worse, we do not realize how ignorant we are. A parasitical industry has arisen throughout the world to cater to Western tourists; workers in this industry run hotels and restaurants, learn our languages, care for our comforts. At a deeper level, there are now groups of professionals—scholars, businessmen, scientists—who apparently interact with their Western peers on an equal basis. But they enter into *our* culture, not we into theirs. They learn to speak *our* languages, not we theirs. Through knowing them and their families, we often feel that we know their countries. But we do not.

Indeed, in our relationships with these people there often lie the seeds of tragedy. The more Westernized they become and the more they come to share our values, the further they grow from their own roots and the more alienated they become from their own people. Meanwhile, resentment of these Westernized groups may, without our knowledge, be assuming formidable proportions. This resentment may in turn breed anti-Western counter-elites, groups that pride themselves on their rejection of our values. And then there can be a debacle.

The greatest modern example of such a debacle was the Russian Revolution, when aristocrats, landowners, and professionals who felt themselves culturally part of Western Europe—many of them spoke German or French or English among themselves—were massacred or driven into exile by revolutionaries whose influence and power derived far more from their credentials as populists than as socialists. There have been other grim examples since: the reaction against the Westernized elites in China in the 1940s; the expulsion of the Vietnamese boat people; the Islamic revolution in Iran, when the entire Westernized class was overthrown in a volcanic upheaval. All too often Westerners believe they are extending the undoubted blessings of their more advanced culture—greater health, wealth, and fullness of life—when in fact they are creating the conditions for bitter internecine conflict. This has been the central tragedy of the interaction between the West and the wider world over the past hundred years.

Europeans are less resentful of this situation than Americans, for we have experienced violent reactions against Western liberal values in our own history. For 200 years the United States has preserved almost unsullied the original ideals of the Enlightenment: the belief in the God-given rights of the individual, the inherent rights of free assembly and free speech, the blessings of free enterprise, the perfectibility of man, and, above all, the universality of these values. But much of the history of Europe in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been a reaction *against* precisely these values. There was the growth of nationalism, the search for value systems rooted in a unique historical past: Fichte's defiant challenge to French universalism during the Napoleonic wars; the bombastic assertion of German cultural supremacy by Treitschke and his disciples in the early part of this century. There was the revolt against the inadequacies and superficialities of rationalism and the search for deeper springs of human action, led by Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, which stressed the dominance of the will and the value of action, ultimately of violence, as a

liberating force. There was the reaction against the cruelties and inequalities of unrestricted capitalism, which found expression in various forms of socialism (it is remarkable how few Americans know that communism was originally a *Western European* phenomenon). Many of these trends and influences came together in monstrously exaggerated form in the National Socialism of Hitler's Germany, the appeal of whose ideology was far more widespread in Europe than is generally realized. The leading part played by the United States in the defeat of Nazism made possible the reassertion in Europe of the creed of eighteenth-century democracy in its pristine form. American dominance also ensured that the United Nations was established within a Western ideological framework, eliciting lip service to the ideals of the Founding Fathers from some very improbable people.

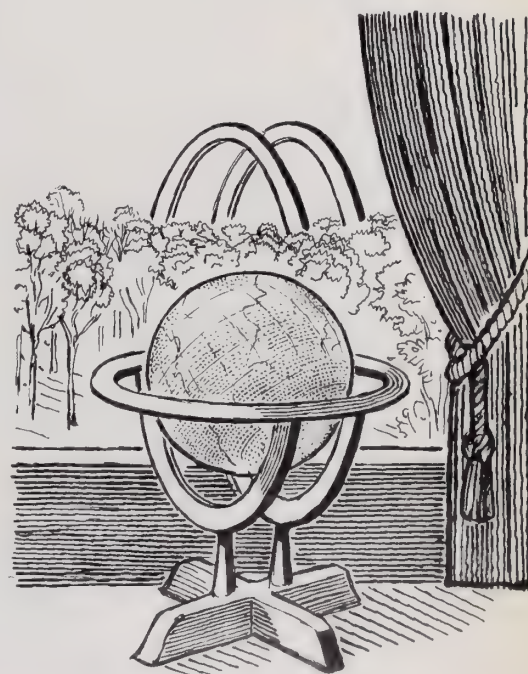
The point is that the whole of European development over the past two centuries has led to a far greater recognition among Europeans than among Americans of the relative nature of the rights of the individual as against those of the community, and of the central role inevitably played in the community by the state. The rejection of liberalism as an alien creed, the belief that strong state power must create and enforce communal values of social justice at the expense of individual liberties, the search for a unique national or racial identity, the preference for the values of social egalitarianism—all these characteristics of so many Third World states are vivid in European history in a way that they are not in American. And while Europeans may not view the development of various kinds of national socialism in Third World countries with any particular favor, it does not especially surprise them, and they have little difficulty understanding it.

American scholars and diplomats have little difficulty understanding it either, but for all the reasons I have indicated their influence in shaping public attitudes and making foreign policy is quite limited. The American public and the politicians who speak for them have less patience with the phenomenon. The reactions of both American conservatives and American liberals to the failure of non-Western societies to conform to Western democratic models are equally inappropriate. Conservatives grade these societies according to the incidence of "communism," when in fact some degree of social and economic *dirigisme* and some myth of socialist nationalism may be necessary, especially in African tribal societies, for the creation of social cohesion. Liberals, on the other hand, assess such societies according to Western criteria of human rights, which, uncritically applied, may make strong and orderly government in turbulent multiethnic societies quite impossible—as well as being entirely alien to indigenous cultural traditions.

It is understandable that the assertion of global cultural diversity and the repudiation of the principles Americans believed were generally accepted after World War II should be seen by some Americans as a "loss of power." In fact, it is a loss of illusions, especially in the Third World. Certainly these developments are unrelated to American military strength, or the lack of it; and to attribute them to "Soviet subversion" is little short of infantile. In many Third World countries there is clearly an instinctive sympathy with the Soviet Union, whose modern problems and experiences—its underdevelopment, its inefficiency, and its endemic corruption—are not entirely remote from their own. But Soviet leaders have hitherto shown themselves even more incapable than Americans of understanding cultural diversity. The frustrations of State Department experts in working with their political masters in the White House must be as nothing compared with the problems experienced by their opposite numbers in the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

In dealing with foreign nations, military power is certainly important, and economic strength still more so. But neither can be effective without the third leg of the triad, which I term cultural empathy—an *understanding* not only of the economic interests and military strength of foreign peoples but also of their cultures, their perceptions, what the French call their *men-*

The assertion of global cultural diversity is seen by some Americans as a loss of power. In fact, it is a loss of illusions



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talité. Without such an understanding, both economic and military aid are likely to do considerably more harm than good. The former only increases pauperization; the latter simply channels weapons into the hands of America's enemies, as it did in China in the 1940s, in Vietnam in the 1960s, and seems likely to do in Central America in the 1980s.

The twentieth century is replete with disastrous examples of such failures of understanding. If German leaders had listened to the warnings of their representatives in London in 1914, they would have known that the British would never have remained spectators while German armies overran Western Europe; twenty-five years later, if British leaders had listened to those who understood the demonic quality of Nazism, they could never have supposed that Hitler's ambitions stopped short at remedying the injustices of Versailles. So not only democracies are prone to such errors, and not only the United States. But, in the case of the United States, this weakness is all the more tragic, because it frustrates so many tantalizing opportunities opened up for America by its wealth and strength. And it is a weakness for which no amount of military power—certainly not nuclear power—can ever make up.

The problem cannot be changed overnight. It may be that the United States has to live with the psychological distance stemming from its historical isolation, and that all it can do is to recognize and make due allowance for it. On the other hand, there are some hopeful signs. For a generation past, young Americans have been trying to break out of their cultural envelopes, shunning guided tours, trying to understand in depth cultures other than their own. More important, in every major American university interdisciplinary cultural and area studies are being developed, especially studies of the Soviet Union and the Islamic world. The arid, analytic approaches to the study of world politics that characterized the 1950s and 1960s have a very dated look.

But these are changes that so far affect only the elites, whose influence on the American political process is, as we have seen, quite limited. The problem has to be tackled at a more basic level of education and culture, through the media and through the schools. But the growing bias in American education toward technology and away from the humanities is unhelpful: understanding foreign cultures—making our own less provincial—is what the humanities are all about.

Perhaps the most encouraging factor is the growing acceptance and understanding of ethnic diversity *within* the United States. Ethnic minorities are no longer being pressured into abandoning their cultural heritage and accepting a common "Americanism"; the number of bilingual Americans is sharply on the increase. The ease and speed with which the United States established close relations with Italy during and after World War II (something watched with envy by the British) were largely a result of the skillful use of Italian-Americans in the Allied military government. The growing voice of blacks in the United States has led to a greater concern in American policy for the interests of the peoples of black Africa. Is it too much to hope that the increasing influence of Hispanic-Americans will lead to a fuller understanding, and a wiser handling, of relations with the southern neighbors of the United States?

Growth of ethnic diversity brings its own problems, not least the danger that the United States will more than ever become the focus of exile politics. It may become hard for America to discern its own interests amid the babble of conflicting exile and ethnic lobbies. But even this would be preferable to conducting foreign policy grounded, ultimately, in the ignorance of an all-powerful electorate of what the rest of the world is really like. So long as that ignorance remains widespread, the hands of American policymakers will continue to be tied, and America will be denied the influence in the world that the wealth, the energy, and the goodwill of its people deserve. ■

MISSILE CENTER-USA

In Kimball, Nebraska, they have learned to love the bomb

By David Chamberlain

The land around Kimball, a small farm town (pop. 3,120) and county seat in the southwestern corner of the Nebraska panhandle, is mostly treeless plain, high ground suitable for wheat and pasture. There is oil here and there, nothing like that to be found in Texas, but enough to have made a few men rich in the 1950s and to provide jobs today. Mostly, there is emptiness, space on the margin of Midwestern fertility.

Like the land around it, Kimball has certain Western tendencies. From time to time Kimballites and their panhandle neighbors petition to secede from Nebraska (Lincoln, the capital, is more than 400 miles to the east) and join Wyoming, the ultimate cowboy state. The town has a lively honky-tonk bar life, owing in part to the presence of the oil-field workers, and there is the occasional historically preserved building—like the one that houses the Corner Bar—more suggestive of the Wild West than the Farm Belt. Originally, the town even had a Western-sounding name, Antelopeville, but in the 1880s this gave way to Kimball, a bow to Thomas Kimball, general manager of the Union Pacific Railroad, whose barreling, seldom-stopping freights are still the principal source of local noise. For Kimball is, whatever its roots and its longings, a quiet, solid little town. The basic house is in friendly porch-and-dormers style, usually shaded by the standard deciduous mix: elms, oaks, walnuts. The churches, of which there are many, resemble the houses, as if in compliance with some small-town-setting building code. The old residential district is bordered on the south by ranch-style

homes and on the north by camps of trailers, which house the oil-field hands. Downtown boasts a Rexall, a Ben Franklin, and a single stoplight.

To drive into town from any direction, however, is to come to understand that Kimball is a very out-of-the-ordinary place. Along the farm roads and the interstate you see, from time to time, fenced-off areas of an acre or so that look at once very familiar and like nothing in particular—a few light poles, some antennae, a big slab of concrete on rails. These areas might have something to do with the phone company or a public utility. But they don't. Since 1964, the land surrounding Kimball has held powerful nuclear weapons. Two hundred Minuteman III rockets, the most advanced land-based nuclear missiles in the country's arsenal, are buried around Kimball at six-mile intervals. These missiles represent the largest concentration of Minuteman IIIs (there are currently 550 Minuteman IIIs spread along the Western missile belt) and nearly one fifth of all land-based nuclear weapons in the United States.

The military may have gone to some length to hide the missiles, but Kimball hasn't. Descend into the modest valley formed by the flow of Lodgepole Creek and drive east on old Highway 30, as I did last year, and you will come to a billboard at the western entrance to town that reads: WELCOME TO KIMBALL. OIL. WHEAT. CATTLE. MISSILES. Bald sentiments. But then, for more than twenty years now, Kimball has presented itself to the world as Missile Center-USA. The name has nothing to do with military strategy; the 200 wheat-field- and cow-pasture-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) are commanded by the Ninetieth

David Chamberlain has written for Sport, Rolling Stone, and other magazines. He lives in Denver.

'We have lived
in the middle of
the missiles,
and because of
that felt just a
little safer'

Strategic Missile Wing of the Strategic Air Command, and the wing is based not in Kimball but at Warren Air Force Base, about sixty-five miles to the west near Cheyenne, Wyoming. Missile Center-USA is more a product of sentiment. Finding themselves surrounded by nuclear missiles, the good people of Kimball, with small-town gumption, have tried to make the most of them—attempted, indeed, to bend these nukes to the purposes of local commerce and Main Street boosterism. It is no doubt with the town's blessings that the *Old West Trail Vacation Guide* notes: "Would you like to have an ICBM-Minute Man [sic] missile in your backyard? A drive around Kimball County will show this can happen."

In the middle of Gotte Park, a fair-sized and pleasant greensward more or less across Highway 30 from Kimball's motel strip, the town has erected a 100-foot-high missile, not a Minuteman but a decommissioned Titan I, a first-generation ICBM tagged "useless" by the Air Force in the mid-1960s and retired. The flag of the local newspaper, the town seal, and the chamber of commerce stationery are among the items that have been graced with representations of nuclear weapons. There has been a scheme to create a roadside missile museum at the abandoned site of the Atlas, Kimball's (and America's) first ICBM; and there has been an angry fight with the Air Force, not about the installation of missiles but about a move to repossess the old Titan for an Air Force missile museum in South Dakota.

The Titan battle aside, the Air Force and Kimball have tended to get on just fine. Twice, owing to its temporary status as an Air Force "dispatch center," Kimball has enjoyed missile booms—first in the early 1960s, when the Minuteman missiles were installed, and again (although to a lesser degree) in the mid-1970s, when these missiles were upgraded to Minuteman IIIs. So it is not surprising, perhaps, that when the Reagan Administration announced its intention in the spring of 1983 to solve the longstanding MX missile problem by placing 100 of them in Minuteman silos situated in what the P.R. people at the Air Force base at Warren like to call the "missiling area" (southeastern Wyoming and the southwestern Nebraska panhandle), Kimball smiled and saluted. The town's economy was in a heavy sag. Farmers were struggling through their worst times since the Depression, and the recession was hurting the local oil business.

Elsewhere in the missiling area, the MX came under attack from wary locals. West of Kimball, around Cheyenne, Wyoming, an odd coalition of peace activists led by a Catholic nun and several conservative get-off-my-prop-

erty farmers—many nursing grudges against the Air Force because of land taken for the Minuteman—got a lot of press. At a public hearing in Torrington, Wyoming, in an unprecedented act of missiling-area lese majesty, a man blew a duck call every time Air Force officers referred to the MX as the "Peacekeeper." Sidney, Nebraska, east of Kimball, harbored a vigorous chapter of Nebraskans Opposed to the MX. Indeed, the Nebraska opponents got together with the Wyoming opponents and filed suit to stop deployment of the MX on the grounds that it contravened the Charter of the United Nations, the Nuremberg principles, the Tokyo war crimes decisions, and dozens of other concordats, declarations, and statutes.

But in Missile Center-USA, the center held. The Kimball city council endorsed the MX, as did the chamber of commerce. And Kimball's mayor, Edith Haines, wrote to the Air Force with assurances that the citizens she served "believe they will be expendable if there ever were a need to fire the missiles."

When Air Force officials came to Kimball in July 1983 for a public hearing on the "environmental impact" of the MX, they did request beefed-up police protection—there had been hecklers the night before in Cheyenne. But the precaution proved to be hugely unnecessary. Mayor Haines told the assembled Air Force brass that Kimball—Kimball with its vastly overbuilt, boom-inspired school and utility systems; Kimball with its post-boom economic need—"is not afraid of MX impact. We have lived in the middle of the missiles, and because of that we've felt just a little safer."

"This was very nice, very comfortable," one of the officers said later. "It was like being among friends for the first time." A honeymoon ensued. Twice last spring the Air Force flew a number of Kimballites to Vandenberg Air Force Base in California to watch assorted nuclear pyrotechnics and a competition—missile policing, maintenance, communications, simulated launchings—among the personnel of the various Strategic Air Command wings for something called the Blanchard Trophy.

"Warren won," Mayor Haines recalled, referring to the Air Force Base. Haines is a pleasant-faced, habitually smiling grandmother who, when not running the town, keeps the books at the family auto-parts store. "So when we came back to Cheyenne we had rather a celebration, because we all came off the plane with the Blanchard and everybody was very, very happy. The year before they were in last place, so you can see why. It was a fun thing. We were just kind of like cheerleaders. We all had jackets alike."

Wes Phillips went to Vandenberg too. Ordinarily, the Air Force would not have to woo

him. Wes's farmhouse is close to a Minuteman silo, and he likes to call the weapon "the big gun out back." But Wes was one of the nine farmers around Kimball who stood to lose their farms because the government had decided it needed to expand the "quantity distance zone" for the MX.

"Call it the Peacekeeper," Wes said. We were sitting in the living room of his white-shingled farmhouse.

"That's what the President calls it," his wife, Esther, said. "That's what we're going to call it."

"There she went—*kaboom!*" Wes said. He was referring to a demonstration at Vandenburg. "That was the highlight, to see the Minuteman III fired."

Wes also liked the part where "we saw them putting the Peacekeeper in the truck. We have pictures of that. Where are the pictures?" Esther immediately undertook a search.

"The difference between this Minuteman and this Peacekeeper," Wes continued, "is that this Peacekeeper has an extra *stage* on it. The Peacekeeper, when it comes out of the hole—*kaboom*—it comes out just like a cannon. Steam pressure pulls that thing a couple hundred yards up in the air; then it *really* kicks into gear. Get that weight started and it's really got a blast to it. We could show you the pictures," Wes said, turning expectantly to Esther.

"I can't find 'em," she said, throwing up her hands.

"That's embarrassing," Wes said, his enthusiasm now starting on a downward trajectory. "To have those pictures and not be able to find 'em."

During the time of the Air Force hearings and the visits to Vandenburg it was hard to find anyone in Kimball willing to speak out against the MX. The tone of the local debate was set by Wayne Robbins, mayor of Kimball from 1978 to 1982. Robbins, a native of Louisiana, came to Kimball in the 1950s and made money, first in oil, then in oil-field construction. He bears a resemblance, both physically and rhetorically, to George Wallace in his "pointy-headed bureaucrats" phase—short, roosterish, heavy-browed, venting strong opinions in a faintly menacing Southern drawl.



"I can't help but believe that the Russians are financing the efforts of these [anti-MX] groups," Robbins declared—the kind of pronouncement that prompted Kimball's weekly, the *Western Nebraska Observer*, a paper with impeccable missile-boosting credentials, to chastise him under the headline "PATRIOTISM NOT SYNONYMOUS WITH MX."

"We value their opinion, the people that are against the Peacekeeper and want to lay down our arms and freedoms," Robbins later said. "But we want to try to re-educate 'em."

In the summer of 1983, as the MX controversy heated up throughout the country, more and more folks in Kimball came to believe that outsiders were butting in on a local issue. "People from Cheyenne and Sidney and a lot of places farther away than that" is the way Dan Kinnison, who years before had served as a fund-raiser for the roadside missile museum, described the anti-MX forces. "Denver. People from Denver."

Ron Evelyn, a Kimball merchant, put it this way: "I resent them interfering with our quality of life."

Missile Center—USA was not, strictly speaking, a local coinage. But when Lieutenant Colonel Frank Mehner uttered the phrase—or something very much like it—at a meeting of the Kimball chamber of commerce in December 1962, noting that Kimball would soon find itself in the middle of "the most concentrated spot in the United States for missiles," the locals moved quickly. There had been a rehearsal of sorts. When that first lone Atlas, a huge blimplike weapon, was brought to town in August 1961, it was paraded on wheels down the main street, "City of Kimball" painted on its side. Bands played, speeches were made, and the weapon was prudently given a "dry" christening instead of the customary good whack with a bottle of champagne.

On New Year's Day, 1963, just weeks after ground had been broken for the first Minuteman silos and more than a year and a half before the missiles themselves would come to reside in those holes, the flag of the *Observer* bore the slogan "FUTURE MISSILE CENTER OF THE WORLD" (some fine-tuning remained to be

'The Peacekeeper, when it comes out of the hole—kaboom—it comes out just like a cannon'

'The Lions Club.
The Rotary Club.
Everybody's had
a trip to the bottom
of a missile'

done). The same issue carried the headline "FIRST BABY OF '63 BORN TO MINUTEMAN WORKER AND WIFE" over a story that saw the event as "emblematic of Kimball's new status as missile center of the nation."

Soon, the counties of the southwestern panhandle began to look very much as if they were preparing for an invasion. There were trenches running through wheat fields and pastureland. Everywhere there were military personnel in jeeps and trucks. Local residents added to the congestion by sightseeing. Kimball, the dispatch center for this havoc, looked like a huge trailer camp. Most of the trailers—some 200—were part of a federal government "trailer village" laid out in east Kimball, near the park where one day the Titan would stand. "Every one of them was alike," recalled Bob Pinkerton, then (and still) publisher of the *Observer*. "One was painted brown, the next was green. Brown, green."

According to their own laconic recollections, however, the locals resisted being impressed by the hoopla. The town was crowded, first with the construction workers who dug the holes and then with the Boeing people who put the missiles in the holes. The Boeing people—engineers and technicians—were preferred to the construction workers because they had more money to spend and were better behaved. Traffic was pretty bad. The high school had to go to split sessions. There was some price gouging by local merchants and landlords. Money was made, but not fortunes. The town had been through a lot of this before, with the oil boom of the 1950s; it was no big deal. And no, nobody was afraid of the missiles. What was there to be afraid of? They were going to be buried in the ground, and you wouldn't even be able to see them.

"We had a certain influx of people," H.L. ("Wig") Wigham recalled. Wigham, a refugee from the oil fields of Oklahoma, was president of the chamber of commerce in the early 1960s. His Wig's Transfer and Storage is a kind of umbrella organization covering a staggering variety of small-town services. "We was real glad to see 'em. We had a contract for cyclone fence."

But the *Observer* remains the most revealing record of those times. The missiles—or at least the idea of them—became comfortably entwined with the other strands of Kimball life. A headline on the Fourth of July, 1963, still more than a year before any Minuteman would arrive in Kimball, declared: "MISSILE, OIL TEAMS IN SOFTBALL LEAD."

S.E. ("Seve") Torgeson, who is better known not as Seve but as "Torg," remembers well those salad days. Torg is eighty-nine, which makes him Kimball's oldest missile booster; he

is a lawyer, a farmer, and, since a 1951 discovery on land he owns, an oilman. Back in the 1960s, during the first missile boom, he was hired by Boeing as a "bird dog" to sniff out housing for company employees. He knows about missiles, and he knows that there are people who want to do away with missiles, and he knows that *they* don't know about missiles. "Well now, do they know anything about missiles?" he asked me, not needing an answer. "How they're housed and all that?"

What Torg was driving at is a Kimball truism: to know the missiles is, if not to love them, then at least to be on very good terms with them. In the years following the completion of the Minuteman installation in 1965, as the missile boom ended and the town was left to its traditional rounds of farming and oil drilling, the Air Force initiated Kimballites into the mysteries of the missile sites and of the local launch control center, twelve miles from town, which, amid ribbon-cutting and oratory, was formally named the Kimball Missile Flight.

The Air Force called the tours open houses, and, in its way, the term was accurate. "Most of the people in this town have been to a missile," said Stan Juelfs, who owns an oil-field supply company. "They've been down to a control center. Almost everyone has. The Lions Club. The Rotary Club. Everybody's had a trip to the bottom of a missile."

"I was surprised at how cautious, how terribly cautious, they are," Torg said, expressing the general view. "One man can't do a damn thing. The president has to call and verify it, and every other damn thing. The missiles *are* destructive. There isn't any question about that. If you want to be realistic about it, if they ever launch one of 'em, that's the end of the world. I think a lot of people feel that way about it. When they had that show *The Day After*, that made a lot of people start worryin', and then..." Torg left off, as if he had come to the end of the village wisdom. When he began speaking again, he sounded a little disgusted. "I don't know what motivates people to get started on a thing."

It was all very well for the Air Force to haul busloads of Rotarians out to Kimball Missile Flight. But how was the rest of the world—the average road tourist—to know that Kimball was Missile Center-USA?

Enter G. Melvin ("Curley") Hensley, mayor of Kimball from 1966 to 1970 and, until his death in 1976, the proprietor of Curley's Machine Works, a humble-looking enterprise which nonetheless made the special giant augers that were used to dig the holes into which the Minuteman missiles were placed. "He fig-

ured that since we were Missile Center-USA, we should have a big missile that we could point out," said "Shorty" Kiefer, Curley's red-headed daughter and his successor at the machine shop.

In 1967, when Shorty was still in high school, Curley spearheaded something called the Centennial Missile Project (it was Nebraska's centennial that year), which persuaded the Air Force to donate an old Titan I to Kimball. (No Titan of any kind was ever deployed in the missile fields around Kimball, but then missile procurement for civilian purposes is not a pick-and-choose proposition.) All through the summer of 1967 the *Observer* had displayed on its front page an outline of a missile, its mounting shaded area, as in a Community Chest drive, showing the level of private contributions; sometimes—"MISSILE NEARING TARGET"—the paper had flashed its old headline-writing form. Unlike the *real* missiles—indeed, unlike the very slogan Missile Center-USA—the Titan monument was entirely a product of local enterprise and ingenuity. "The Air Force said it couldn't be done. We did it," said Carol Dunegan, manager of the Mode O'Day shop. The "bird," as all missiles are known in local parlance, but particularly this one, was hauled by train from Edwards Air Force Base in California, and after some months' delay when the project ran out of money, it was stood up in the middle of Gotte Park.

Shorty Kiefer likes to tell the story of how "the Air Force told Dad that he couldn't erect the missile without guy wires and he said, 'Well, they haven't dealt with oil-field people.' He designed it so it could be raised in one piece. Other oil-field people brought in oil-service units, like rigs, to stand it up. It's standing up there without guy wires. We've had a lot of really strong winds, and that missile still stands."

In the summer of 1968, Air Force brass helicoptered down from Ellsworth Air Force Base, in Rapid City, South Dakota, for a round of oratory and general dedicating. The Titan, of course, had come sans warhead, and also sans the none too snazzy, not very sharply tapered nose cone that had housed it. Curley himself fashioned a new nose cone in his shop—this one pointed and sleek—and it was floodlighted so that it would be visible from the interstate at night. "As you drove into town when it was lit up," Shorty recalled with feeling and gestures, "you could see that missile standing straight up in the air, and it just gave you—I don't know—a warm, strong feeling about how strong a man he was."

Curley was turned out of office by two votes in the next election, and everyone, Curley included, blamed the defeat on the Titan. There was the way Curley went about doing things:

"ramrod" is the favored verb for describing his manner of governing. And there was a matter of money. The Curley-led city council had had to make a last-minute appropriation when private funding for the monument proved inadequate. And although Curley was, by all accounts, generous with his own money, labor, and equipment, there were the usual small-town suspicions. "They thought old Curley



BOB PINKERTON, OBSERVER

*'The Titan's
fuel tanks were
just like big balls.
Dad cut 'em to
make barbecues
out of 'em'*

made a fortune," Torg said. "Of course he didn't get a damn penny. All he did was lose about \$2,500 on that thing."

Which is not to say that Curley Hensley did not reap some personal benefit from the Titan. There was the matter of the missile's hydraulic accumulators—missile-tech fuel tanks, sort of—which were gutted from the Titan's insides to make it easier to raise and install. "The fuel tanks were made out of magnesium," Shorty explained. She was sitting not far from a photograph of Curley, a red-faced man, the presumed source of his nickname hidden under a Shriner's fez. "The reason I remember is that Dad always said that someday he would make barbecues out of them. Because he was a barbecue nut. The fuel tanks are just like big balls—they're real attractive. Dad brought 'em out here to the shop and cut 'em in two to make barbecues out of 'em. But then he found out the material they were made of—he went to the chemistry teacher here—would burn. So he made flowerpots out of 'em."

If the Minuteman had made Kimball Missile Center—USA and the Titan-in-the-park had offered visible, but not dangerous, proof that this was so, then the Space Age Hall of Fame and Missile Museum, by housing a proliferation of former weapons, would complete the town's evolution, in the phrase of the day, "From Whistle Stop to Missile Stop." This bold stroke would require Kimball to do nothing less than reach back to its own missile-era roots—the long abandoned Atlas site, a nineteen-acre monstrosity whose bunkerlike buildings are mostly obscured from view these days by what appear to be old fuel tanks in the shape of, well, missiles, and other treasures of the salvage trade.

"Many missile sites are poor attractions, such as the Minuteman sites, which are mostly vertical holes in the ground," the *Observer* pointed out in 1969. "The Atlas is a spacious network of underground buildings and perfect for tourists." Then, too, the Atlas site was only a mile and a half from town and just feet from where the new highway interchange was going to be built.

The museum's promoter-in-chief was Marks Morrison of Lyman, Nebraska. Morrison, a former Fuller Brush man, had prospered by inventing an affordable machine for coupling mismatched pieces of hose, a perennial Farm Belt stumper. He also trafficked in strange miscellany, buying and attempting to sell 100,000 trout lures, 80,000 pounds of piano hinges, and 18,000 modacrylic wigs. Later, he would buy a full-scale mock-up of Boeing's doomed SST airliner—the supersonic boondoggle that was supposed to be America's answer to the Concorde,

but was killed by Congress in 1971—with the idea (not a very good one, as it turned out) of taking it to, say, Florida and making it a tourist attraction.

Morrison may have gone on to other schemes, but in Kimball he is not forgotten. Dan Kinnison, Mayor Haines's brother, was the local leader of the museum fund-raising drive. "We were going to put a Titan missile outside of it," Kinnison recalled, "and put floodlights on it—not the one in the park, but one like it—as the main attraction. And then inside would be all kinds of smaller missiles and various things of historical interest." An "artist's conception" of the museum shows its access road lined with nuclear missiles standing like trees along a grand drive.

The idea was that Morrison and his partners would make their money from a gas station or a motel or a souvenir shop they would build next to the site; the museum itself would be a non-profit affair—something the federal government would require if it was to turn the site over to the promoters. Somehow, the Feds never warmed to the scheme, and when the promoters asked the town to take over the Atlas site and make it into a park, thereby achieving essentially the same result, the council members, too, demurred.

It wasn't that the town was against the proposal. "I think we had easily 90 to 95 percent support from the town, maybe 98," said Kinnison, an earnest man who did some Minuteman subcontracting and more recently invented a sort of Venetian blind for tractor cabs that is said to reduce the temperature inside by thirty degrees. But Kimball had apparently grown a little wary of Morrison. "You've probably observed over the years," Kinnison said, with the air of a man who has examined human nature and found it unequal to great undertakings, "that when anybody's successful, there's always somebody ready to tear him down and make him out as a crook." In 1972, the federal government finally sold the Atlas site to a salvage company.

The museum scheme seems to have represented Kimball's missile-center aspirations at their apogee. But subsequent events would show that the town was by no means prepared to relinquish the title. The crucial test came in 1980, when the Air Force asked, or demanded—it depends on whom you talk to—that Kimball "donate" the Titan-in-the-park to its own missile museum at Ellsworth; the town rose up in a fury of opposition, forcing the Air Force to retreat.

The episode came none too soon. In the early 1970s, after the collapse of the missile museum, Boeing came back to town to make each Min-

uteman into a Minuteman III, and Kimball enjoyed a miniboom. In the years following, though, as the town's population declined, so too did its sense of itself as Missile Center-USA. But when the Air Force made its pass at the Titan, Bill Batterton, a local realtor and president of the city council, recalled, "it just stirred up the town something terrible. And we just said 'No. You gave it to us once and we're going to keep it.' That's when I realized the town was still backing up that Missile Center-USA slogan. People were angry about it. Until that happened, I kind of felt they had forgotten it."

The lead actor in the drama was then-Mayor J. Wayne Robbins. "I see this as a personal slap in the face of Kimball," Robbins declaimed to the wire service reporters, and he vowed that the missile would forever stand in Gotte Park. Around town, coffee-shop talk turned defiant and petitions were circulated. Fifth-graders posted NOT FOR SALE signs at the base of the weapon, and the city council chambers were packed with protesting residents, including Shorty Kiefer and other survivors of the now-beloved former mayor.

Meanwhile, the Ellsworth brass, who had been depicted in the media as bullying a small, missile-loving town, were getting flak from their superiors at the Strategic Air Command in Omaha. "We had a terrible time defusing the situation," Bob Arraj, the longtime town administrator, said. "That certainly was not the Air Force's intent, to take our missile away. 'Do you want to donate it?' It was as simple as that. Oh, it was a tragedy." Arraj sent a letter to the people at Ellsworth, apologizing for the tenor of the town's resistance, but it probably wasn't necessary, according to the Reverend Norman Austin, a rock-jawed Presbyterian and one of the few Kimballites to come out against the MX during the non-debate of 1983. "When they found out they'd walked into *that* kind of situation," Austin recalled, "the Air Force said"—and here the reverend's voice assumed a tone of shiny retreat—"We really weren't coming to steal anything. We just wanted our missile museum complete. But excuse us, we'll leave."

The battle of the Titan seems to have put the town on alert for the Reagan eighties, with their promise of nuclear buildup. But not long after Kimball trotted out its fervent support of the MX for Air Force inspection, bad-news headlines—"MX IMPACT TO BE SMALL, MX DEPLOYMENT EFFECTS TO BE MINIMAL"—darkened the pages of the *Observer*. Here was the Air Force, after all the flattering attention, blandly releasing socioeconomic and environmental-impact studies indicating that Kimball could expect no real economic benefits from the MX. By the 1990s the population of Kimball might grow by 100 people, but the City of Kimball's revenues would actually *decrease*. There was no talk of Kimball's being a dispatch center this time around. Such prosperity as might flow from the MX would tend to devolve upon Cheyenne.

In the wake of this jilting, Missile Center-USA seemed a bit dispirited. Having received complaints about the expense, town officials no longer regularly light the Titan-in-the-park, and the monument has taken on the aspect of a piece of aging playground equipment, with lovers' hearts and initials scratched into the paint of its metal supports. Ask younger Kimballites about their town's slogan and they'll stare at you blankly, as if *you'd* thought it up and were trying it out on them.

And yet... something remains. At a recent meeting of downtown merchants I reminded those present that even if the MX is deployed in full, Kimball, according to the Air Force's current scheme, will not be at the center of things, since most of the missiles are to be located to its west. Would the town still have the right, I wondered, to call itself Missile Center-USA?

The merchants pounced, like Socrates upon a Sophist.

"The Minuteman missiles will still be here," one said.

"And it will still be the geographic center," another put in, building the argument.

"It may not be MX Center-USA," a third summed up, "but it's still going to be Missile Center-USA." ■

*'It may not be
MX Center-USA
but it's still going
to be Missile
Center-USA'*

EATING BETW

Lunch as a thre

Lunch at Le Cirque (in the Mayfair Regent Hotel, Sixty-fifth Street and Park Avenue), New York's most status-conscious restaurant: the menu is generally a mark of the parvenu, and is therefore most in evidence in the Siberian back reaches of the dining room, which seats 104. It rarely receives more than token glances from the regulars—among them, Richard Nixon, Roy Cohn, and Dustin Hoffman—wedged in at banquettes or huddled around center-aisle tables in the prestigious front bay (capacity: fifty), though Nancy Kissinger was seen recently studying one through a large magnifying glass. Regulars tend to know what they want. "I never look at the menu," says designer Mollie Parnes, whose teased blond hairdo *Women's Wear Daily* dubbed the Le Cirque Special.

Sirio Maccioni, the proprietor, was born in northern Italy, but knew when he opened Le Cirque in 1974 that French food (he is French-trained) was the only kind that would fetch top dollar—the daily lunchtime gross is \$4,500—and attract the wealthy and the stylish. (He had developed a fashionable following at the Colony restaurant, where he was maitre d'.) The name "Le Cirque" was suggested by Ellen Lehman McCluskey, the society decorator who designed the dining room. To create the atmosphere she relied on murals of monkeys dressed as humans and aping social situations. No, Sirio says, he did not intend the monkeys as a commentary on his preening, chattering guests.

Loebster salad is the least profitable dish on the menu. It sells for \$20.75 a la carte, but the ingredients are costly, and it takes a good deal of time to prepare. Nancy Reagan is likely to order the salad, but when she is at her hairdresser's (Monsieur Marc, 22 East Sixty-fifth Street) and doesn't have time to make it to the restaurant, Sirio sends over a chicken-and-watercress salad.

Dejeuner A La Carte

Hors D'Oeuvres

Bouquet de Fruits de Mer 9.75	Terrine de Canard aux Foie Gras et Pis
Saumon Fumé de Norvège 10.75	Gâteau de Légumes aux Coulis de To
Truite et Esturgeon Fumé Petrossian 9.75	Terrine de Saumon aux Fruits de N
Salade de Crab Meat de Virginie aux Avocats 13.75	Terrine de Veau aux Herbes
Homards, Fonds d'Artichauts et Foie Gras 20.75	Tête et Pieds de Veau en Gelée
Choix de Coquillages 6.75	Jambon au Melon ou Figues en Sa
Salade de St. Jacques Fleurie 9.75	Foie Gras Truffé Maison 20.
Red Snapper en Sevice 9.75	
Crème de Homard Fine Champagne 6.25	Velouté de Carotte Froid aux Cibou
Potage du Jour 4.25	Consommé de Boeuf aux Paillett

Oeufs Et Salades

Oeufs en Brioche à Votre Choix 12.75	Omelette Plate Bayonnaise 1
Omelette aux Foies de Volaille et Champignons 15.75	Oeufs Brouillés aux Truffes Bl (en saison)
Omelette aux Fonds d'Artichauts et Fines Herbes 16.75	Omelette au Saumon Fum et Fondue d'Oignons 16.7
Salade de Dindonneau Julienne 14.75	Salade de Dindonneau Julienne
Salade Santé au Miel 12.75	Sunset Salade 12.75
Salade de Homard Le Cirque 20.75	

Entrées

Sûpreme de Flounder Grillé Le Cirque 16.75
Goujonettes de Filet de Sole Frites Dijonnaise 15.75
Blanquettes de St. Jacques à l'Oseille 18.75
Quenelles de Brochet au Caviar de Saumon 18.75
Loup de l'Atlantique Grillé à l'Aneth 19.75
Sole de Douvre Grillé ou Sauté 21.75
Feuillantine de Saumon Venitienne 19.75
Filets de Soles Sautées aux Noisettes 17.75
Poulet ou Poussin Grillé Diable 16.25
Blancs de Volaille Champenoise 17.75
Poulet en Casserole aux Oignons et Champignons 17.25
Magret de Canard aux Baies de Cassis et Gingembre 19.75
Escalopes de Veau Citron ou Milanais 17.75
Rognon de Veau Sauté à l'Armagnac 18.75
Cervelle de Veau aux Câpres et Citron 15.75
Foie de Veau Sauté Fine Champagne et Raisin 17.75
Paillard de Veau ou de Boeuf Grillé 20.75
Feuilles de Boeuf Toscane 15.75
Mignonette de Boeuf Sautées aux Champignons Sauvages 20.75
Entrecôte Poêlée à la Moelle 20.75
Deux Mignons d'Agneau Grillé aux Herbes 20.75

VIN CARAFE

Blanc	Rouge
La Carafe 14.50	La Demi 7.50
Cover \$1.50	

N THE LINES

, by Mimi Sheraton

Menu Du Déjeuner

de Légumes aux Coulis de Tomates
Choix de Coquillages
Salade de St. Jacques Fleurie

Jambon du Canada au Melon
Terrine de Veau aux Herbes
Terrine de Saumon aux Fruits de Mer

Potage du Jour
Soupe à l'Oignon

Velouté de Carottes Froid aux Ciboulettes
Consommé de Boeuf aux Paillettes

Entrées

Plate Bayonnaise
Mouille Compote de Tomates

Omelette aux Fonds d'Artichauts et Fines Herbes
Omelette aux Foies de Volaille et Champignons

Dindonneau Julienne

Salade Santé au Miel

Sunset Salade

Goujonettes de Filet de Sole Dijonnaise

Suprême de Flounder Le Cirque

Quenelles de Brochet au Caviar de Saumon

Blanquettes de St. Jacques à l'Oseille

Filet de Sole Sautées Noisettes

Feuillantine de Saumon Venitienne

Blanc de Volaille Sauté Champenoise

Feuilles de Boeuf Toscane

Magret de Canard aux Baies Cassis et Gingembre (4.00)

Foie de Veau Sauté Fine Champagne et Raisin

Cervelle de Veau aux Câpres et Citron

Rognon de Veau Sauté à l'Armagnac

Paillard de Veau ou Boeuf Grillé (5.00)

Mignonnettes de Boeuf Sautées aux Champignons Sauvages (5.00)

Entrecôte Poêlée à la Moelle (5.00)

Poulet Rôti en Casserole

Deux Mignons d'Agneau Grillé aux Herbes (5.00)

TOUTES LES PATISSERIES DU CIRQUE

LE PRIX DU DEJEUNER

\$ 26.25

Desserts

Mousses Sauce au Caramel 5.50

Symphonie de Desserts aux Deux Sauces 7.25

Orange Surprise 5.50

(à commander au debut du repas)

au au Chocolat Le Cirque 5.50

Oeuf à la Neige 5.50

Tartes aux Fruits 5.50

Glaces et Sorbets 5.50

Entremet du Jour 5.50

Crème Brûlée 5.50

Berries en Saison

Petits Fours 4.00

10 Thé 1.50 Sanka 1.50

Infusion 1.75 Espresso 1.75

"Déjeuner" is the operative word. Lunch is a far more crackling scene than dinner, though the night meal brings with it a share of waving, kiss-blowing, and table hopping. Regulars lunch at 12:30 P.M., and usually order a la carte, not table d'hôte. But when they run up a la carte bills with selections that have less expensive table d'hôte equivalents, Sirio charges the cheaper fixed price: \$26.25 (drinks excluded, of course). "Especially the women," he says. "Women like a bargain."

Le Cirque's most famous entree, pasta primavera, never appears on the menu. Kitchen snobbery keeps the dish hidden. "My French chefs think it would make us look like a spaghetti joint," Sirio says. Pasta primavera is priced at \$15.75 (\$9.75 as an appetizer), and is ordered by about fifty people each day. Mary Lasker could be seen recently consuming a large portion without ever removing her mink coat.

English makes a rare appearance with this dish, in which "sunset" refers to California—the *salade* combines oranges, avocados, and nuts. Other English intrusions include "golden oysters," "orange surprise," and "cover," which at lunch is \$1.50.

Herbed roast chicken in a casserole (a la carte price: \$17.25) is the most profitable dish on the menu. The ingredients cost little, and the casserole is relatively simple to prepare. Those blessed with hearty appetites, among them Henry Kissinger, prefer this dish to, say, Sunset Salade.

Petits fours are priced at \$4, but no one is charged for them. Regulars call them free cookies, and one, Nancy Reagan buddy and escort-about-town Jerry Zipkin, has been known to stuff his pockets with them.

On Leadership

What is leadership?

Its qualities are difficult to define. But they are not so difficult to identify.

Leaders don't *force* other people to go along with them. They *bring* them along. Leaders get commitment from others by giving it themselves, by building an environment that encourages creativity, and by operating with honesty and fairness.

Leaders demand much of others, but also give much of themselves. They are ambitious—not only for themselves, but also for those who work with them. They seek to attract, retain and develop other people to their full abilities.

Good leaders aren't "lone rangers." They recognize that an organization's strategies for success require the combined talents and efforts of many people. Leadership is the catalyst for transforming those talents into results.

Leaders know that when there are two opinions on an issue, one is not bound to be wrong. They recognize that hustle and rush are the allies of superficiality. They are open to new ideas, but they explore their ramifications thoroughly.

Successful leaders are emotionally and intellectually oriented to the future—

not wedded to the past. They have a hunger to take responsibility, to innovate, and to initiate. They are not content with merely taking care of what's already there. They want to move forward to create something new.

Leaders provide answers as well as direction, offer strength as well as dedication, and speak from experience as well as understanding of the problems they face and the people they work with.

Leaders are flexible rather than dogmatic. They believe in unity rather than conformity. And they strive to achieve consensus out of conflict.

Leadership is all about getting people consistently to give their best, helping them to grow to their fullest potential, and motivating them to work toward a common good. Leaders make the right things happen when they're supposed to.

A good leader, an effective leader, is one who has respect. Respect is something you have to have in order to get. A leader who has respect for other people at all levels of an organization, for the work they do, and for their abilities, aspirations and needs, will find that respect is returned. And all concerned will be motivated to work together.



THE RIGHTS GAME

Courts, quotas, and the corruption of equality

By Walter Goodman

Among the books and articles discussed in this essay:

The Willowbrook Wars: A Decade of Struggle for Social Justice, by David J. Rothman and Sheila Rothman. 405 pages. Harper & Row. \$27.95.

Disabling America: The "Rights Industry" in Our Time, by Richard E. Morgan. 245 pages. Basic Books. \$16.95.

"The Ambitious Legacy of *Brown vs. Board of Education*," by Diane Ravitch. *New Perspectives*, Summer 1984.

"Reagan's Justice," by Ronald Dworkin. *New York Review of Books*, November 8, 1984.

The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong, by Ben J. Wattenberg. 451 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$17.95.

Here's the way it works. The condition of our state mental hospitals is discovered to be appalling: patients abused and neglected, wards filthy, treatment negligible. A campaign is touched off to transfer patients to smaller community facilities. One line of attack, which soon becomes the main line, is through the judicial process. Civil liberties lawyers determine that patients are being denied their "right to treatment," and they take the case to the courts, where rights in this country are certified and allocated.

The strategy is successful: the state is told that it must either provide adequate treatment, whatever that is, or let the patients go. So out they go—but not all to decent community facilities, since these are harder to create than new rights. For many, the newly discovered right to treatment becomes in practice the ancient right to wander the streets, at some risk to the wanderers and with some effect on what, in other contexts, is called the quality of the environment.

Walter Goodman is on the staff of the New York Times. He is the author of *The Committee: The Extraordinary Career of the House Committee on un-American Activities*.

As for the other victors in the case, the lawyers, like the rocket-builder of Tom Lehrer's memorable lyric, their responsibility ends when they send the missiles up. As for where they come down, "'That's not my department,' says Wernher von Braun."

Toward the conclusion of *The Willowbrook Wars*, a sympathetic account of the workings of deinstitutionalization at the Willowbrook school for the retarded in New York City—which seems to have resulted in less dumping of patients onto the streets than have similar cases—David J. Rothman and Sheila Rothman concede:

Neither the attorneys nor the judge in this suit (or any other) were in a position to ask whether devoting millions of dollars to community placement was in society's best interest. They had neither the inclination nor the capacity to reach conclusions about priorities. . . . If the class has a constitutional right to services, cajoling legislators seems unnecessary or inappropriate, or both.

Quite so. The Rothmans, good-hearted folk, take consolation in the likelihood that if those millions had not been spent on the retarded, "the federal tax dollars saved would go to build-

By casting an issue as one of group rights, lawyers usurp the prerogative of democratic discourse

ing another missile silo or rescuing a bankrupt corporation." Liberals often use that sort of argument to cushion themselves against the shock of the "rights explosion" to liberal principles. The field of battle has thus been left pretty much to conservatives like Richard E. Morgan, who makes the most of it in his new book, *Disabling America: The "Rights Industry" in Our Time*.

The William Nelson Cromwell Professor of Constitutional Law and Government at Bowdoin College and chairman of its department of government directs his fire at what has been done in the name of rights to church-state relations, law enforcement, education, and the congeries of affirmative action. The creation of new rights, he argues with considerable force, has been accomplished by distorting and degrading constitutional law—increasing the powers of an elite judiciary and an overbearing bureaucracy and imposing severe strains on the society.

Professor Morgan calls to his assistance such fellow spirits as Walter Berns, Paul Seabury, Michael Novak, Thomas Sowell, Paul Johnson, and Aaron Wildavsky, and self-conscious liberals like myself will not be able to subscribe to every charge in his extensive bill of indictment. I must, for example, dissent from his negative judgment of the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Establishment clause. A good, strong wall between church and state seems to me a blessed structure, and one that accords with the design of at least some of the Founders.

But when he gets to work on the overdosing of rights in other areas, Professor Morgan makes an impressive case that it is doing damage to both the best conservative values and the highest liberal ideals.

By casting an issue as one of group rights, lawyers usurp the prerogative of democratic discourse. The impulse to ease the lot of the handicapped, for example, to enable more of them to participate more fully in the society at large, is a generous one. At some point, however, the required amenities are likely to prove costly. Ordinarily, proposals for remedial measures go through the give-and-get of representative government, with lobbyists making their cases, editorial writers issuing their pronouncements, taxpayers getting nervous, and legislators and other public officials balancing costs and benefits and all the rest. But when the issue involves giving "rights to the handicapped," considerations of cost become, as those editorial writers are bound to put it, "mean-spirited." To suggest that there may be a limit to what can be done to make public buildings, buses, and subways accessible to certain types of handicapped persons comes down to suggesting that

someone be deprived of his or her rights for no better reason than to save money; and the courts, as the Rothmans have noted, are not in the business of saving money.

As the abortion wars have shown, the right can also play the rights game. And who can forget the states' righters at the schoolhouse doors? Civil rights triumphed in that struggle, but the course that seemed so straightforward thirty years ago has taken some odd turns. There has been no stopping the bulldozers of the law, despite the damage they do to neighborhoods.

What got the nation off on the rights foot, of course, was *Brown v. Board of Education*, the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision. That unanimous ruling continues to draw fire from conservative law professors. They are disdainful of the reasoning of Chief Justice Earl Warren, of the cavalier attitude toward judicial precedent, and of the Court's reliance on some paltry findings by social scientists to support a sweeping opinion that there could be no such thing as "separate but equal" schools.

Judicial activists respond that without such a daring departure from the law's letter, schools would have gone on being segregated for who knows how long. If the strict constructionists could not come through on so urgent a moral issue, one may ask, of what value finally is their claim to hold scrupulously to precedent and procedure? What sort of philosophy is it that would have left the states to continue grinding down new generations of black children?

Professor Morgan, a traditionalist (or, as members of his school are now labeled, an "interpretivist"), counters that the Court could have reached the same result in *Brown v. Board of Education*, with stronger support from the Constitution and less license to Constitution-busters, by relying on "the clear antislavery motivation of the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment" and the fact that "they were reacting swiftly and decisively against one form of state imposed discrimination in the Black Codes." He maintains that the justices could have ruled—more narrowly, but to equal effect—that "state discriminations substantially undercut the specific (not the general) and manifest (not general underlying) purposes of the equal protection clause. . . . [And] 'separate but equal' could have been jettisoned." Perhaps so. But if the nation had relied on the interpretivists of the time, my hunch is that "separate but equal" would have persisted a while longer.

Most of the nation rejoiced at what it saw as an affirmation of official color-blindness. But in

a few years, by judicial alchemy, the original arguments of the NAACP would be cast aside with last season's styles, and color-blindness would be turned into color-consciousness. Diane Ravitch tells the story fairly and sadly in "The Ambitious Legacy of *Brown vs. Board of Education*," an article in the first issue of *New Perspectives*, a quarterly published by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. Provoked by state officialdom, which sought to avoid obeying the law for a decade after *Brown*, pressured by black-power demonstrators, and exhorted by advocates of group rights, the courts would find in *Brown* justification for "racial balance."

Racial balance, as Professor Morgan reminds us, "was neither required nor presaged in *Brown v. Board of Education*." Whether busing in Boston has brought children together or divided them and their parents even more deeply is irrelevant to Federal District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr., who at last count had issued more than 400 rulings to bend Boston's schools to his will. Once a judge gets it into his head that busing is a right of sorts, then to argue against busing is to argue against desegregation itself. Yet the elevation of busing from a tool to a principle, with application everywhere, may seem peculiar when we recall that one of the complaints against the Topeka Board of Education was that it required Linda Brown to be bused to a school about a mile from her home.

A similar redirection of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was foreseen by its opponents, who demanded and received assurances from the bill's supporters that the provisions designed to protect minorities against discrimination would not be used to discriminate against members of the majority.

A main purpose of the affirmative action programs that followed passage of the act was to ensure that employers made an honest effort to hire members of minority groups. But such techniques as advertising in newspapers addressed to minorities and setting up training programs proved slow and inadequate. So federal officials came up with that fine phrase "goals and timetables." The nation had slipped from individual rights to group rights.

Goals and timetables are indubitably useful in putting the heat on employers with records of purposeful discrimination, for whom in fact they were devised. The law, however, turned out to be a crude tool when applied more generally, as it soon was by zealots in the federal bureaucracy and their consorts on the bench. Just as busing had come to be identified with the right to equal schooling, so quotas came to be identified with the right to equal opportunity.

The defenses of quotas run from the hilarious—some people continue to discern a distinc-

tion between quotas and goals and timetables—to the audacious; distinguished philosophers of the law like Ronald Dworkin advance ingenious arguments for their notions of equality, and never mind what the Founders thought they were founding or what legislators thought they were legislating. The professoriat and the judiciary have become a priesthood, with the gift of extracting astounding meanings from the entrails of laws that seemed so plain to the unanointed mortals who voted them into existence.

Even when I find myself rooting for the result that Professor Dworkin advocates, I look to him in vain to set some limit to the courts' power other than his (our) view of a benign society. In a recent article in the *New York Review of Books*, for example, he took exception to a decision by Judge Robert Bork, a conservative appointed by President Reagan to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, against a Navy employee who had been fired because he was a homosexual. I agree with Dworkin that people should not lose their jobs, even when security clearances are involved, because they are homosexuals. But when he argues that the Supreme Court's recognition of a "right to privacy" in such matters as contraception and abortion gives homosexuals the right to a job, he opens up a very broad area for judicial encroachment. He does cite the good principle that people should be allowed to do what they want as long as it doesn't hurt others—but even if one can find mention of that in the Constitution, surely the debate over public policy toward homosexuality, abortion, pornography, affirmative action, deinstitutionalization, and other lately designated rights only then begins.

Through an alliance of the academy, the judiciary, and the bureaucracy, the nation has been shoved along from the ideal of equality of opportunity to that of equality of results. Meaning what? Friends of affirmative action still contend that only "qualified" persons are to be hired or admitted to graduate schools, as though there were an identifiable Rio Grande in all aspects of life separating the qualified from the unqualified.

We owe to the recent commotion in New York City over a written test for promotion to police sergeant a confession of the true goal of goals and timetables. Tests of all sorts have invited skepticism over the years, for good reasons; it remained for the advocates of affirmative action to find bad reasons for objecting to them.

The test for sergeant was designed with the participation of representatives of minority groups so that "cultural bias" and non-job-related considerations would be eliminated. Yet the

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proportion of black and Hispanic officers who passed was much lower than the proportion of whites who passed. That was not surprising, since some of the low scorers had been hired in the first place through affirmative action programs; all were doubtless qualified, but some were evidently more qualified than others. So the complaint this time around was not that the test was flawed but that there was something amiss about the whole procedure because it did not produce equality of results.

There is no end to this road. Women's groups are now campaigning for "comparable worth" in order to increase the pay of jobs like nurse, secretary, and teacher, which are most often held by women. Large-minded persons have for decades lamented the fact that movie stars are paid more than teachers, to whom the minds of the young are entrusted and all that. The disparity has generally been attributed to the disgusting values of our society.

Now, however, the argument is framed as one of rights. A secretary has the right to be paid as much as, say, a plumber, if only a consulting firm can be found to devise a scoring procedure, purified of market considerations, that will produce the proper results. Be assured—such a firm can always be found, and likewise a judge who will buy the argument, as one did not long ago in the state of Washington.

In his new book *The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*, Ben J. Wattenberg predicts that at the rate women are moving into traditionally male occupations, by the time the "comparable worth" suits make their way through the courts, the issue will have lost some of its urgency. Wattenberg is making a profession of looking at the bright side of things, but he still has a lot of common sense. "After all," he asks, "will a female electrician fight hard to raise the wages of a male nurse?"

Since the heyday of the Warren Court, criticism of the adventures of the judiciary has come principally from conservatives; liberals by and large have cheered the courts on. In a recent Op-Ed-page article in the *New York Times*, Benno C. Schmidt Jr., a former law clerk to Justice Warren who is now dean of the Columbia University School of Law, acclaimed them for "pursuing conceptions of equality and individual dignity into the disgraceful inequities of our criminal-law process and into entrenched areas of privilege and exclusion in politics." That is to say, Dean Schmidt likes the results, just as conservative commentators a half-century ago liked the courts' pursuit and slaughter of New Deal programs.

Today, however, some liberals are expressing concern over the Burger Court's tendency to

weaken the exclusionary rule that bars the use of certain evidence in criminal cases. If the Burger Court cracks down, liberals may find themselves issuing the same kinds of warnings to the nation that conservatives once did, railing against the abuse of power by eight aged or aging men and a middle-aged woman, unresponsive to the electorate.

Already we have Professor Dworkin, of all people, warning against, of all things, the Supreme Court's "disquieting tendency" to abandon judicial restraint and ignore or overturn precedents in quest of certain results. Amen, brother—but liberals showed little patience with similar calls for restraint during the Court's liberal binges. We must hope that the strict attitude of conservatives toward the judiciary's playing fast and loose with the language of the Constitution and of legislation will not slacken just because Justice Burger and his colleagues list rightward.

In the course of trashing the "rights industry," Professor Morgan observes that the advocates themselves have benefited in power and perks from their mission. And so they have. But the motives of their opponents do not glow, either; conservatives, comfortably established within the establishment, have not typically shown much concern for those on the outside.

Precisely because they do care about the outsiders, liberals can be principled and persuasive critics of judicial and bureaucratic effrontery. But when an accredited liberal like Morris B. Abram criticizes quotas, he can count on being consigned by liberalism to the redneck pale. That has left the battle to persons with little patience for liberal concerns.

How have the exclusionary rules affected the apprehension and conviction of criminals and the amount and nature of crime in this country? Where has busing worked and where has it failed? Are children receiving better educations? What have been the effects of quotas on the hiring and promotion of minorities and on the efficiency of the institutions doing the hiring? Are individual talents being more fairly recognized and more fully realized?

Conservatives who raise such questions often seem too sure of the answers; they enjoy too much beating up on the beaten down. When conservative tub-thumpers like R. Emmett Tyrell Jr. pause to express their sympathy for the poor and the off-colored, their prose tends to lose juice and conviction.

Nonetheless, the questions remain, and to foreclose discussion as demonstrating "meanness of spirit" is mere evasion. It is embarrassing to say it, but one can, on liberal grounds, support some measures advanced under the banner of civil rights and oppose others. ■

REMEMBERING YALTA

What happened, and what did not

By John Lukacs

Forty years ago, during the week of February 4 to 11, 1945, Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill sat down together at Yalta. Many pictures were taken. It was a great photo opportunity.

Yalta was the last summit meeting of the Big Three. The end of the war was approaching. There were subterranean rumors about profound disagreements, and people had begun to worry that the alliance might split apart. But the conference ended in a blaze of publicitarian sunshine. The Big Three had agreed on everything: Poland, Yugoslavia, Europe, the future of mankind. Stalin graciously consented to allow the Soviet Union to become a charter member of the United Nations. He also agreed to enter the war against Japan in exchange for a slice of China (the only important secret agreement made at Yalta). Even Republicans, including Herbert Hoover, felt compelled to profess their enthusiasm.

The liberal columnist Samuel Grafton admonished the American people: Think right or perish!

Yalta changes the world, and those who are left out by Yalta (or those who choose to stay out) will find themselves members of a cheerless little society, indeed, something like the brotherhood of the vanishing buffalo, or the grand lodge of the great auk. This truth applies to individuals, no less than to nations, and not to be a part of Yalta, at least in spirit, is to be self-condemned to a lonely and irrelevant future. He who does not think at least approximately along the lines of the Yalta Declaration will find himself doing a strange sort of thinking indeed. . . .

During the last forty years there has been more double talk about Yalta than about any other great postwar conference in modern history. Like the Congress of Vienna after Napoleon's wars or the Paris Peace Conference after

World War I, Yalta should have amounted to a redrawing of the world. But by the time the Big Three got together, the main lines of the postwar order (or disorder) were already in place. The Russians were all over Eastern Europe. The Western allies were in Western Europe. The Soviet armies were in eastern Germany. The Western armies were in western Germany. Stalin kept clear of Greece. These were momentous events. But they had all been decided months, in some cases years, before.

Roosevelt wanted two things from Yalta. On a high ideal plane he wanted to see the Russians in the United Nations; for that he was willing to pay a price in all kinds of currencies, including what was left of the independence of Poland. On a more realistic plane he wanted Stalin to enter the war against Japan; for that he was to make a deal at the expense of China. Contrary to the popular impression it was his propagation of the United Nations that was the less excusable of the two. The mind of this charming patrician president was an odd combination: he was more clever, more broad-minded, and less hypocritical than his predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, who, in addition to his many hang-ups, knew nothing about the history of continental Europe. (This was perhaps because of, rather than despite, the fact that he had been a professor of political science and a university president.) Yet Roosevelt and his wife were Wilsonians. They believed the hoary myth that if only the United States had entered the League of Nations, Hitler and World War II would have been avoided; and they believed that the future of world peace depended on the United Nations, a body that would go the League one better—a Parliament of Man, an Assembly of the World. They did not understand that this was a very thin American liberal idea. It cost Stalin nothing to go along with such a daydream.

Yet Roosevelt's greatest shortcoming was not naiveté but procrastination. He refused to tack-

John Lukacs is the author of Historical Consciousness.

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le unpleasant problems, evidently hoping that they would go away—a habit which, considering the Russians, was especially deplorable in 1945. Of course Churchill knew—better than Roosevelt, though perhaps not as well as Stalin—that the division of Europe was already a fact. He also knew that the Russians should not be allowed to nail down their empire in the center of the continent. But he was unable to translate this knowledge into a practical policy, less because of Stalin than because of the Americans' unwillingness even to consider it. That is why Yalta was not much more than a photo opportunity, a cooking up of a bland and sentimental marmalade of statements for the purpose of convincing the American people that they could forget about those disturbing little details because, as indeed the photos showed, all was well between the Big Three.

There remains one mystery about Yalta, or rather about Stalin, that will probably never be cleared up. The day before the conference he ordered his generals to halt their advance toward Berlin. They were dumbfounded—in some places their spearheads were less than fifty miles from the city. But the Soviet advance did not resume until April 16, that is, a day or so after the Americans had reached (and at one point crossed) the Elbe, making them almost as close to Berlin in the west as were the Russians in the east.

Why did Stalin stop? There can be only two reasons. One was military: Stalin still had a great deal of respect for the Germans. He may have had his experience at Moscow in mind. If on the central front the Russians drove too far ahead (and that front was beginning to bulge), they might risk a last desperate battle, with who knows what results. But it is also possible that he did not want to frighten, and therefore stiffen, Roosevelt and Churchill at the impending conference—stiffen, that is, their resistance to accepting his free hand in Eastern Europe. He wanted Eastern Europe for himself, and he wanted Roosevelt and Churchill to acquiesce. For that he was willing to pay—probably more than the Americans and the British asked for and got from him at Yalta and afterward.

For the last forty years, American liberals have tried to explain Yalta away. In the face of a rising tide of Republican criticism they stated, at first, that nothing was wrong with Yalta except that Stalin did not keep his commitments—like lawyers arguing that the deed drawn up was good even though the estate was lost. In the 1960s, a different generation of writers argued that Roosevelt and Churchill were as much at fault as Stalin (or more so) for beginning the cold war, since they were plotting to frighten him with all kinds of things, in-

cluding, eventually, the atom bomb—which is like saying that the Wolf became Big and Bad because Shirley Temple was too tough on him.

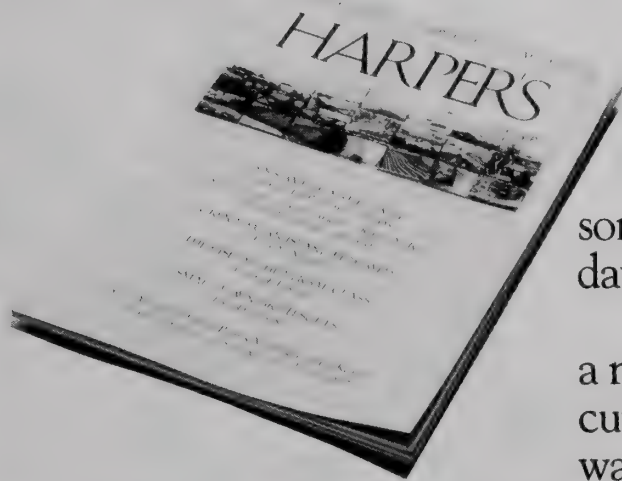
On the other side of the ideological divide there were plenty of isolationists and Roosevelt-haters in 1945, though there was as yet no such thing as an American “conservative.” During the following decade the movement began to crystallize. Its main expert on international communism was James Burnham, whose thesis was that World War III actually started in 1944, when the communist underground in Greece first attacked the noncommunist one. Yet months after all this Balkan banditry had commenced Stalin made his deal with Churchill in Moscow, through which Britain got a free hand in Greece in exchange for Russian control over Rumania and Bulgaria. Stalin did not do a thing in support of the communist guerrillas fighting the British in Greece. It was the Americans who criticized Churchill for getting involved there. So much for the image of Stalin as the World Revolutionary, and for the idea that International Communism (and not Soviet Russia) is the world's great problem—an image and an idea with deplorable consequences to this day.

In an important sense, Roosevelt's diplomacy was not very different from that of most of his successors. Yalta was, I repeat, a great photo opportunity. I am not saying that Yalta was unimportant. Had there been no summit before Roosevelt's death, the legend would have sprung up that our troubles with the Russians came about because no attempt was made to get the Big Three together to iron out their differences.

Allow me, with my weakness for paradox and for funny things and for what Taine called *petite histoire*, to conclude with a few details. The Yalta conference did not take place in Yalta but in the villages of Koreis and Alupka and in the Livadia Palace outside the city. Oddly enough, it was Roosevelt, not Stalin, who first suggested that the meeting be held in Yalta. At one point Churchill proposed that the meeting be held in Jerusalem, of all places. Few people know that the first draft of that, alas, meaningless Declaration on Liberated Europe was written by Alger Hiss. According to legend, Churchill once wanted a lemon for his drink, whereupon the Russians produced an entire lemon tree. The truth seems to be that it was Roosevelt who admired a lemon tree in the courtyard, whereupon the Russians dug it up and carted it into his room. They had every reason to try to be the best of hosts. Still, during his first night in the Crimea in his sumptuous villa, Churchill slept badly—but not because of Stalin. His bed was infested with bedbugs.

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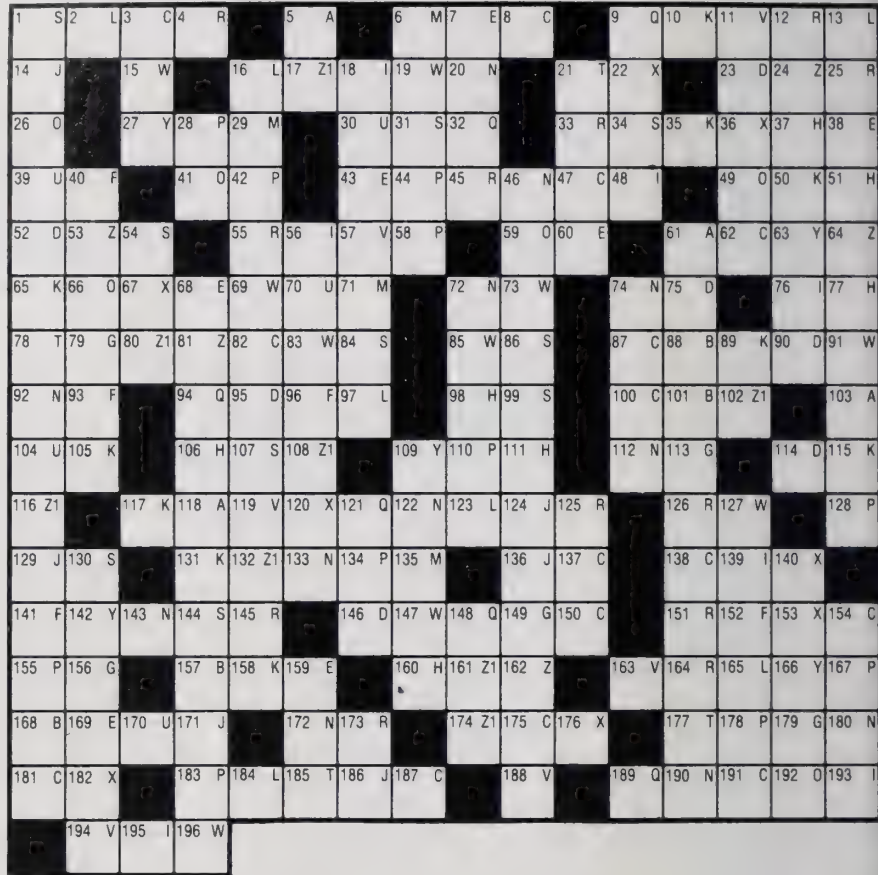
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 27

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 83.



CLUES

WORDS

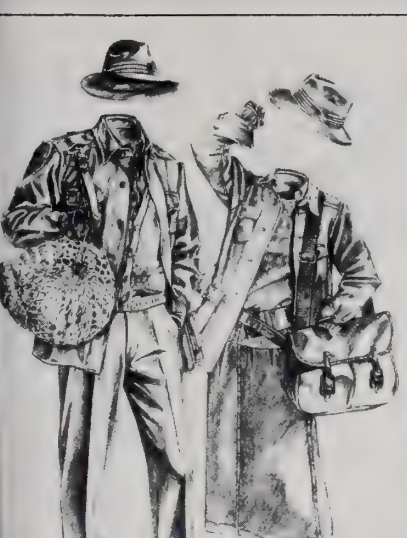
- A. Football expert (1859-1925), called "the father of American football" 61 5 103 118
- B. Lack of definition or precision 101 157 168 88
- C. Grieve inconsolably (4 wds.) 187 154 150 62 8 47 137 175
3 191 87 100 181 82 138
- D. Ignores, snubs 23 90 52 146 95 114 75
- E. Disciplined 43 38 7 169 60 68 159
- F. Main island of the New Hebrides 40 152 96 141 93
- G. Lots, loads, heaps 156 149 79 113 179
- H. Perverted 160 106 77 51 98 37 111
- I. Veteran (2 wds.) 56 193 76 139 18 195 48
- J. "The _____ are wholesome; then no planets strike" (*Hamlet*) 124 136 171 129 186 14
- K. Certain dramatic performances 115 89 10 50 65 105 35 158
131 117
- L. On pins and needles; in a stew 184 165 13 123 16 2 97
- M. Correct 6 71 135 29
- N. Protection from disease 72 180 190 143 46 74 92 133
122 112 172 20
- O. Clear, transparent; flowing 192 41 66 49 59 26

- P. Judicial examination, esp. when harsh 167 58 183 44 155 42 134 128
110 178 28
- Q. Sleeping sickness vector 121 9 148 94 189 32
- R. "She that was _____/Fallen to dust" (3 wds.; Wilde, "Requiescat") 145 126 33 25 125 164 4 55
173 151 12 45
- S. After consideration (3 wds.) 86 34 84 107 54 1 31 99
144 130
- T. Central points, as of attraction 78 21 177 185
- U. Meager 39 70 104 170 30
- V. Immature, inexperienced 163 188 119 11 194 57
- W. Permeate 91 69 127 19 83 73 147 15
85 196
- X. Lacking reserve 140 153 22 67 182 120 36 176
- Y. Aromatic Himalayan plants 63 27 142 109 166
- Z. Scouted out 81 24 64 162 53
- Z1. 1834 aesthetic work by Kierkegaard (2 wds.) 102 80 174 161 116 17 108 132

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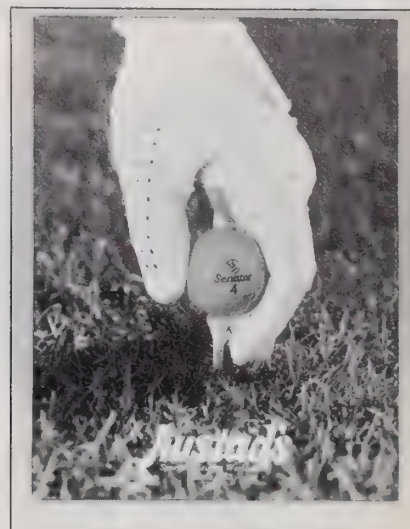
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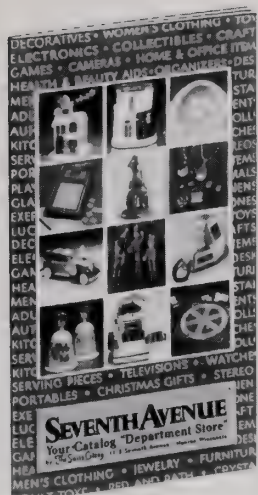
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NOTES FOR "THREE-WAY THEME & VARIATIONS"

NOTE: The variations were on a diamond theme: famous diamonds (A); phrases with "diamond" (B); diamond cuts (C); other plane figures (D); people named Diamond (E); and the other card suits (F). DIAGONALLY UP: 5. KOH-I-NOR(A); 6. PEKES, anagram; 9. S-INK; 13. TAM-A-RACKS; 21. JUBILEE(B); 23. E-SCAPE(anagram); 25. S(P)OIL; 28. ARIL, reversal; 29. SCENE, homophone; 32. HEAD(B); 37. AR(men)IA; 42. EMERALD(C); 43. ROTARIAN(n), anagram; 46. PERMANENT, hidden; 48. BEAU, homophone; 49. T-RASH; 51. RHOMB(D); 52. BO(R-A)X. ACROSS: 3. HIKE, hidden; 5. KO-PECK; 7. INTERACT, anagram; 9. SELMA(E); 11. CLUER, anagram; 12. LEAPT, anagram; 14. C(ARB)OY, BRA reversed; 17. B(IS-CU)IT; 19. TRAPEZOID(D); 21. JUNE(au); 22. NEIL(E); 25. SPADE(F); 26. I'M-PARTING; 31. U-PH(EL)D; 33. BRILLIANT(C); 34. TASTER, anagram & Lit.; 38. DEARNESS, anagram; 41. MARQUISE(C); 45. HEART(F); 47. (R)AMBLE; 50. HO-A-X. DIAGONALLY DOWN: 1. ROSE, homophone; 2. NIKE, hidden in reverse; 3. HOPE(A); 4. S-KITTERY(anagram); 8. CLUB(F); 10. M-ACRAME(anagram); 11. CARP(entry); 13. TITLE, hidden in reverse; 15. B(OZ)O; 16. LIDDED, anagram; 18. CULLINAN(A); 20. ENSPHERE, anagram; 21. JIM BRADY(B); 24. LEGS(E); 27. PAIL(r), anagram; 30. CUSTOM, homophone; 35. ASSIST, anagram; 36. TOME, initial letters; 39. SQUARE(D); 40. YO(u)RE; 44. (as)SAM-OA(hu); 49. BROTH, anagram.

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 26): The teachers in the trenches are not educationists. . . Most of them . . . know all too well that the battle in the classroom is only with ignorance, a beatable foe, while the enemy back at headquarters is armed, intransigent stupidity . . . pavilioned in jargon and girded with cant. —(Richard) Mitchell: (*The Leaning Tower of Babel*)

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 27, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 25 (January) are William W. Alfeld, Urbana, Illinois; Carol Chase, Phoenix, Arizona; and Helen Humphries, East Quogue, New York.

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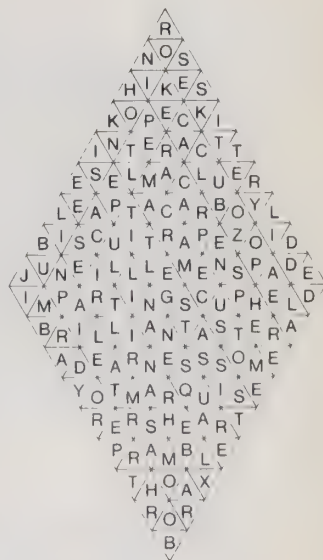
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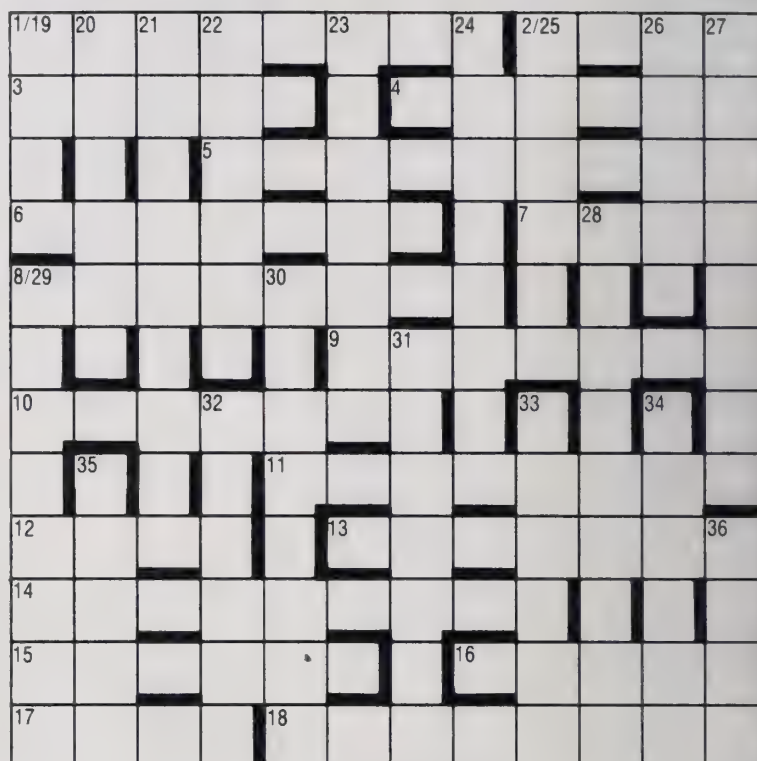
Parting Words II

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Clue answers are nouns, verbs, and adjectives, and are clued by group in the order in which they are entered in the diagram, with Across clues in sequence followed by Down clues. (For convenience, the diagram is numbered 1–18 for Across entries and 19–36 for Down entries.) There are twelve each of the three categories, evenly divided between Across and Down entries.

Answers that fit in more than one category have been arbitrarily assigned to one group; however, they may not be defined by that meaning. For example, ROSE might be clued among the verbs, yet be defined there by its meaning as a noun. Two of the adjectives are capitalized. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 83.



CLUES

Nouns

- Dude, about 50, is a dud
- Flower that Miss Mullins ends up with
- Exposé-writer left out of luck—taken in by bad marker
- Fancy me sitting in rococo chair
- Cry about fashionable lack of musicality (*two words*)
- Environment in which to advance oneself is pronounced
- In fracas, you and I end up on backside
- Bit of gin and lime mixed together initially!
- Bottle of wine turned if a small cork half pulled out
- Old horns only found in bags
- I'm—what a pity!—upset by Italian food
- Fat from skin of sugar beet

Verbs

- Squirms and squirms around, right
- Level portion of *sashimi*
- Corset's adjusted for dates
- Purses with catches
- Laws broken after Spanish king lies all over the place

- French noblemen making comeback in hurry
- What person with article it's imperative to stop
- One way of baptizing converts is grim, men
- Apply severe punishment to her who is playing on piano
- Don't pay to stagger, love, in rage
- Deluded doctor holds the key
- Give protection: little credit and raw deal

Adjectives

- Any person without an id is pretty wet
- A belt I keep around large anthropoid
- Reverse American arbiter and indignation is guaranteed
- This is sublime: English chap going around "a heap burned up"
- Couldn't he possibly like Botticelli's Venus?
- Weakened by age, which could be predicted almost
- More fortunate and more spirited if soft-headed?
- Shrill cheers rattled around front of church yard
- Piece of sole I cleaned of oil
- Equality means traveling from an Italian city
- Dad's turned up Greek letter with copyright of a Greek poet
- Methodists are not in church initially to get frenzied

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram, together with your name and address, to "Parting Words II," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "Answers First," are Victoria Berry, Ottawa, Ontario; Chris and Shari Hulse, Eugene, Oregon; and Cecelia Chapman Justice, McLean, Virginia.

HARPER'S
April 1985

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ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF VIETNAM Shaping a Post-Imperial America

*James Chace Edward N. Luttwak Kevin P. Phillips
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Paul M. Kennedy Peter Marin*

THE ART OF SUFFERING By E. M. Cioran

TINKER WITH GADGETS, TAILOR THE FACTS The Spy as Techno-Bureaucrat By Andrew Cockburn

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE PORTRAIT By John Berger

*Also: Remarks by Larry Heinemann, J. Peter Grace,
Fernando Arrabal, Amy Hempel*

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HOW THE COMPETITION IS PLANNING TO STEAL YOUR CUSTOMERS

At first, the new office automation system was a big hit. It paid for itself in the first 18 months.

But today the faces around the boardroom table are glum.

While this company was investing a fortune to become more efficient, a smaller competitor was spending half as much to make itself more *effective*.

Now the ambitious David is stealing the efficient Goliath's customers.

This year American business will invest \$141 billion in computers and communications gear.

The lion's share will go for systems that automate routine office chores,

continued on next page

— continued from preceding page —

boosting productivity, reducing costs. But efficiency is only one side of the coin.

Admits one manager: "Most of us are too busy counting the beans on our desks to think about how these new systems might *change the way we compete*."

The problem is that it's a lot easier to think about your business as it is, than to imagine your business *as it could be*.

Enter AT&T Information Systems. We earn our pay by helping companies use technology to achieve their objec-

tives — whatever those objectives are.

Below are a few ideas to start your competitive juices flowing.



CATAPULT. Bean counters beware! Right now, a handful of companies are quietly rewriting the business school casebooks by using information systems to gain a strategic advantage.

Even smaller companies have found in these systems the means to deliver added-value services at little cost, and to catapult themselves into new fields of opportunity.

Example: A drug company leases terminals to pharmacies to save ordering

costs. Idea: use the same system to process pharmaceutical *insurance* data for druggists — at a 5% commission. Result: more revenue, closer ties with customers, a broader business base.

Example: A brokerage firm installs a system that links 3 ho-hum investments into a splashy new service.

The resulting synergy not only captures a host of new customers, it helps keep them. Each is now *triple* bound to the firm. When competitors catch up, they will need crowbars to pry these customers away.

Example: A magazine distributor tires of competing solely on the basis of *cost*. How else can they differentiate their service?

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The leaders of these companies have seen technology as more than a way to cut costs. They have discovered an untapped source of business leverage. They are making their own lightning.



DEALS. The business machines that work such wonders are now within reach of virtually any company with a working checkbook. So how is it that *every* ambitious company hasn't installed a few whizbangs and made business lightning strike?

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*A handful of companies
are rewriting the
business school casebooks
by using information
systems to gain
a strategic advantage.*

“

*Business imperatives
have a nasty way
of evolving right out from
under expensive,
just-installed systems.*

industries.) In our opinion, too many companies keep their “Systems” people and their “Business” people in separate, watertight compartments.

Little wonder that the systems they buy tend to improve the status quo — rather than propel the company forward. It is the difference between buying a system to process your salespeople’s expense reports ... vs. one that helps them close more deals.

Free offer: Not every manager has a corps of information specialists on tap. Now, then, do you gauge the competitive opportunities today’s technology holds for your company?

Recently, we ran across an article in the *Harvard Business Review* that can help you see your choices clearly —

before you call in the vendors. It is objective and brief. For a free reprint, please telephone 1-800-247-1212.



ADVERTISEMENT. Business leaders often complain that the high priests of technology are too gung-ho for *change*, that new systems become old systems too fast.

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SWASHBUCKLER IN BUCKSKIN: HERO OR HAREBRAIN?



George Armstrong Custer. He was called the Napoleon of the Plains, the Last of the Cavaliers. But his cavalier attitude may have been his downfall. As new evidence about Little Big Horn emerges, can Custer still pass muster as a hero?

Or was the real hero of those days an unsung, unexpected one? A man who had no last stand, but hundreds of sittings? A painter named Thomas Eakins who was ignored during his lifetime, but is now considered by many the greatest American painter of the 19th century?

Find out on "Heroes and the Test of Time," a Smithsonian World television special airing April 24th on the Public Broadcasting Service. Your host will be author and historian David McCullough.

SMITHSONIAN WORLD

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Cover: Detail of China Bar Scene, by John Wolfe

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LETTERS

What Is "Industrial Policy"?

"Do We Need an Industrial Policy?" [Harper's, February] was an enlightening debate. Now that the notion of industrial policy has lost some of its immediate political appeal, we may have an opportunity to learn something about it. The participants nicely anchored the extremes of the issue, but much of the middle ground went unrepresented. The ideological rather than the pragmatic components of the debate tended to predominate, and the following four points were somewhat obscured:

1. *Do we have a competition problem?* Even if we go by the estimates of Robert Z. Lawrence in his most recent panegyric to U.S. competitiveness, *Can America Compete?*, it is apparent that American manufacturers were able to cling to their share of world markets through the 1970s only with the help of a declining dollar. To become competitive again by relying solely on currency adjustments we would need another drop of approximately 30 percent in the dollar's value, followed by a continuing slide of about 5 percent per decade thereafter. At this rate we could remain competitive, but at the cost of a steadily declining standard of living.

2. *What can we do about it?* Surely Charles Schultze and Robert Lawrence are correct in stressing the overreaching importance of sound fiscal and monetary policies. Our current blend of monetary frugality and fiscal profligacy is creating enormous problems. But to call for macroeconomic soundness is hardly to advance the debate, since no fiscal and monetary

blend over the last twenty years has been too successful. A third realm of economic policy also should be called into play. Some call this realm "industrial policy."

3. *What exactly is an industrial policy?* There should be no mystery about this, since we already have one. In fact, it is impossible not to have one. Antitrust decisions, environmental regulations, tax rulings, trade rulings, Defense Department purchases, rules governing patents and trademarks and copyrights, education and training grants, labor laws, research and development grants—all of these, indeed the very rules that govern our competitive system, constitute an industrial policy. Together they help determine the pace and direction of industrial change. Many of these things are neutral on their face, but none is neutral in competitive effect. Some firms and industries gain from them, while others lose. Our "free market" was not created by God, at least not directly; it is a very human invention, the product of thousands of legal and political decisions. In making such decisions in the future, should we not pay at least some systematic attention to their consequences for economic growth and competitiveness? Such systematic attention would distinguish an explicit industrial policy from our current inadvertent one.

4. *But aren't there dangers in adopting a more explicit industrial policy?* Yes. We could thereby open the floodgates to more political demands on our economic system. On the other hand, a more explicit industrial policy might render visible and accountable the many political choices now being made behind the scenes. The issues here are complex, touching on the nature and capacities of our democratic institutions. We

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

Continued on page 71

Pinpoint Oxford Blouses for \$29.50.
Handmade silk bow ties for \$9.00.
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Aren't you glad there's a Charter Collection?

The Women's Side of the Story

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And our women's garments are made with the same high standards of quality as our men's garments. In fact many of them are made by the very same tasteful tailors! A few cases in point are our Oxford Shirts, Dress Pants, Skirts, And Sportjackets (note the features of the women's Charter sportjacket at right, then try to find them equal on any other women's jacket you encounter).

tailoring never comes at the expense of femininity. A man-tailored never means mannish. One look at the soft colors of our Hemingbone Jacket, the easy-going elegance of our Linen Dress, or the ruffled romanticism of our Pinpoint Blouse, and you'll know just how feminine and flattering the clothing in our women's Chester Collection can be.

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Quality in our women's Charter clothing begins with the finest natural fiber fabrics from around the world. This season they include Matsuk Silk from India, Mossyline® Linen from Ireland, And Supima® Cotton from the American Southwest.

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they are out. Dress shirts
with double track collars,
gauntlet buttons, all the
niceties you've envied in

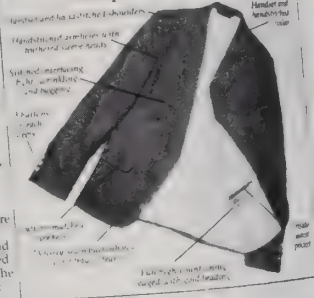
Every garment from the most expensive sportjacket to the least expensive bow tie gives the "expanded"

quality, with features that contribute an extra comfort and wearability you'll appreciate more and more as time goes by.

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about
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
example Traditionally male territory, but we've redefined the Oxford on woman's terms. By adding front pin tucks, or puff sleeves and a shawl collar. And by offering graceful colors like Aqua and H and Pink.

And the Herringbone jacket. By selecting just the right fabric, a lustrous silk and linen blend, and coloring it in soft shades of teal and peach, we've softened this traditionally male look and made it

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NOTEBOOK

Boiling the whale

By Lewis H. Lapham

If the rich could hire other people to die for them, the poor could make a wonderful living.
—Yiddish proverb

Sooner or later it undoubtedly will occur to somebody in the Reagan Administration to put the federal government up for sale in a series of leveraged buy-outs. Given the Administration's childlike faith in capitalist mechanics, as well as the budget director's unhappiness with the idiot economics of the nation's schools, farms, and military establishment, I'm surprised that the First Boston Corporation hasn't already been hired to plot the courses of destruction.

Within a week of the first sale, the deficit and the national debt would vanish as if in a magician's smoke. The Dow Jones Industrial Average would gain 4,000 points in a matter of days, and everybody lucky enough to command the necessary lines of credit and political patronage would make a truly American killing.

The financial play makes sense once government is defined as a "smokestack industry." Government so defined meets all the specifications of a dying enterprise—heavy debt, inflated wages and pensions, incompetent management, non-competitive prices, dwindling markets for its product. Relatively few people still take the trouble to vote, and the population under the age of twenty-five has learned to think of Washington as a stage set for a Sunday morning television show in which six journalists talk to one another in a language almost as weird as Latin.

Government's decline into senescence has been apparent for a generation. It is the reason why Ronald Reagan has been twice elected President, why the public schools resem-

ble vacant lots, why Bernhard Goetz was not indicted for the attempted murder of four black adolescents in a New York subway train. Private companies now operate prisons as well as aircraft control towers and fire departments. In their effort to teach the help to read and write, American corporations spend as much on education every year (\$60 billion) as all the public and private universities in the country. Last year the nation paid \$21.7 billion for the varieties of private police protection, as opposed to \$13.8 billion for public law enforcement.

The Administration's current budget proposals lack the courage of both its greed and its convictions. It isn't enough merely to sell Amtrak, eliminate the Job Corps, dismantle the Small Business Administration, curtail payments for student loans. Although admirable as symbolic gestures, none of these subtractions supplies the virtue of additional revenue. Nor do the President's investment counselors show a proper respect for the entrepreneurial spirit to which the President's speechwriters pay the homage once owed to Caesar and the king of England.

For several years now the speculators on Wall Street have been giving regularly scheduled lessons in the arts of pillage and extortion. Hardly a day passes but that some undervalued oil or communications company doesn't fall prey to Ivan Boesky, T. Boone Pickens, or the Bass brothers.

The simplicity of the leveraged buy-out complies with the norms of low cunning that appear to be habitual among the gentlemen so comfortably seated in the boardrooms of the Reagan Administration. When correctly managed, the transaction redistributes the wealth to the already rich, which, as every college sopho-

more knows, is the great and guiding purpose of the American dream.

The acquirers begin by identifying a company that holds assets worth a good deal more than its purchase price. They then borrow the money to buy the property, but instead of trying to preserve it, they reduce its various productive organs to the liquid forms of cash and tax manipulation. The process is not dissimilar to flensing, boiling, and trying out the carcass of a sperm whale. Occasionally the acquirers keep one or another of the parts of the deceased enterprise (an insurance company, say, or a television station), but they do so for reasons of vanity. Maybe somebody needs a letterhead or an office address; somebody else's wife might want to broadcast the 6 o'clock news or transform a railroad station into a ballet theater.

The acquirers repay their loans with the money distilled from the liquidation of the assets; they also pay off the company executives who expedited the sale, ushering them safely to the door with goodbye presents of ten worth \$10 million or \$20 million. After subtracting these tax-deductible opportunity costs, the acquirers divide the remainder of the spoils and issue a press release about the great blessing they have conferred upon the stockholders and the American future. In New York they sometimes pose for photographs with Mayor Ed Koch.

The federal government clearly is an undervalued asset. The budget director, David Stockman, recently described it, with an accountant's air of faint distaste, as a "blooming, buzzing mass of programs, projects, commitments and purposes." Testifying before Congress about the arithmetic of the deficit, he seemed to blame the government for chronic disorderli-

ness. Certainly he thought of government as a nuisance; conceivably he hoped that somebody, perhaps the Koreans, would win it in a raffle.

Among its various possessions, the government owns one third of the nation's land mass as well as 2.6 billion square feet of office space (equivalent to all the office space in the country's ten largest cities, multiplied by four); the government is also the world's largest hospital system operator, ship owner, and insurer. Measured by anybody's appetite the federal body politic offers a feast for 1,000 crows.

Before dismembering the corpse it first would be necessary to incorporate the entity in Delaware and to assign it both a trading symbol (USA) and an opening stock price. Some of the subsequent deals would be easier than others.

The real estate, especially the California, Florida, and Long Island beaches, presumably would attract syndicates organized by the Administration's friends—by Frank Sinatra, Betsy Bloomingdale, the Bechtel Corporation, Jerry Zipkin, Johnny Carson, and the Heritage Foundation. A few Third World states (those that minded their ideological manners) could be given an interest in the agricultural properties, which would improve their trade balances as well as reduce their debts to the New York banks.

The sophisticated deals might require a little more thought, but I can imagine at least a few of the prospective buyers and possible lines of commercial reasoning.

Mt. Rushmore—The Chrysler and Trump organizations almost certainly could be inveigled into a competitive auction. The chief executive officer might wish to carve his own image into the face of the cliff.

The Internal Revenue Service—Merrill Lynch and American Express presumably would wish to extend the range of their financial conveniences. All debits and credits would appear on a single monthly statement, and customers could return to the happy condition of children living on an allowance.

The Nuclear Arsenal—The Soviet Union would make a generous tender

offer, probably through a Swiss intermediary, but some of the more provincial members of Congress undoubtedly would object for reasons of fear or conscience. This might require selling the inventory, in odd lots and at less attractive prices, to the Germans, the Japanese, or a consortium of South American colonels.

The State Department—Harvard University could receive it on terms offering extremely favorable tax advantages. The university could approach the alumni with yet another unprecedented appeal for funds. Henry Kissinger and John Kenneth Galbraith could explain why the State Department would serve as an important research facility for the John F. Kennedy School of Government.

The Capitol and the White House—The *Washington Post* or Disney Productions might buy one or both buildings as a corporate headquarters.

The Military Services—These could be offered to the larger corporations, both domestic and foreign. Because most wars come about as a result of economic quarrels, the multinational corporations, like city-states of the Italian Renaissance, should have the decency to pay their own troops. The soldiery could be fitted out in splendid uniforms bearing the insignia of Sony, CBS, Volvo, IBM, and British Airways. Some of the smaller formations (the Marine Corps, say, or the Coast Guard) conceivably could be sold to wealthy individuals, to big-city governments, or to Arab princes.

The CIA—Perceived as an archive of scripts, the agency ought to attract excited bidding from HBO, Simon & Schuster, Tri-Star, and Warner Communications. William Casey probably would require an office in Century City as well as a percentage of the box-office receipts. ■

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HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage of requests by Poles for asylum in the United States that were granted last year : 30

Percentage of requests by Salvadorans : 3

Percentage of requests by Nicaraguans : 14

Estimated contributions to the *contras* from private American groups and citizens in the last year : \$8,000,000

Number of animals freed from U.S. research laboratories by animal rights groups in 1984 : 225

Estimated number of cockroaches in the Pentagon : 2,000,000

Number of U.S. government employees who have authority to classify documents : 2,491,555

Average number of Health and Human Services Department employees it takes to answer a letter to the secretary : 55

Portion of hospital beds in American cities that were in public hospitals in 1950 : 1/3

In 1984 : 1/7

Percentage decrease in the patient population of U.S. psychiatric hospitals since 1955 : 70

Percentage of Vietnam veterans who have suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder : 25 (see page 62)

Percentage of Thai women between the ages of 15 and 30 who are prostitutes : 10

Percentage increase in South Korean exports to the United States in 1984 : 30

Percentage decrease in the gross national product of the Philippines in 1984 : 5.5

Percentage of international telephone conversations that are conducted in English : 85

Percentage increase in direct foreign investment in the United States since 1979 : 144

Number of manufacturing jobs New England has gained since 1982 : 64,650

Yearly percentage growth in the U.S. robot population : 30

Yearly percentage growth in the U.S. population : 0.9

Number of U.S. firms that offered employees child-care benefits in 1978 : 115

In 1984 : 1,850

Percentage increase, since 1973, in 3- and 4-year-olds attending nursery school : 77

Total annual expenditures of U.S. corporations on employee-education programs : \$60,000,000,000

Total annual expenditures of U.S. four-year public and private colleges and universities : \$60,000,000,000

Number of billboards that are in violation of the 1965 Highway Beautification Act : 171,579

Rank of cruise control among options new car buyers desire most : 1

Amount of laundry an average American family of four washes in a year (in tons) : 1

Pieces of luggage Tatum O'Neal brought with her when she moved in with John McEnroe : 22

Pairs of toe shoes the New York City Ballet orders for principal dancer Suzanne Farrell each season : 350

Number of weeks, since April 1981, that Danielle Steele has not had a book on a national best-seller list : 0

Average percentage by which art that has been donated is overvalued for tax purposes : 600

Amount Americans spend to have their federal income tax forms prepared each year : \$11,700,000,000

Portion of U.S. retail sales accounted for by franchise businesses : 1/3

Percentage of supermarket buying decisions that are made in the store : 65

Total acres in the United States occupied by shopping centers and malls : 59,129

By vegetable gardens : 1,300,000

Number of beer cans manufactured since they were introduced in 1935 : 610,000,000,000

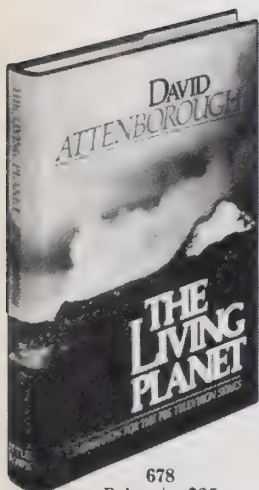
Portion of its normal size to which a baseball is compressed when hit squarely : 3/4

Portion of America's annual rainfall that falls in April : 1/12

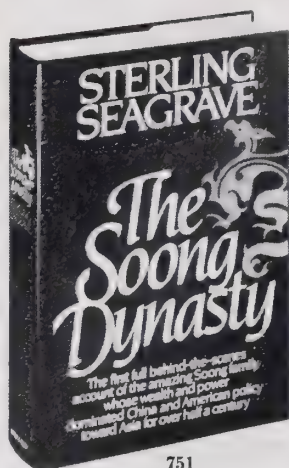
Figures cited are the latest available as of February 1985. Sources listed on page 72.

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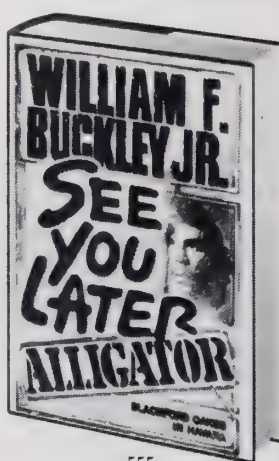
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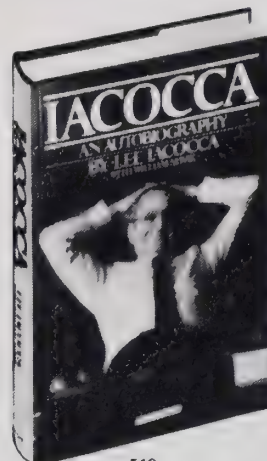
678
Pub. price \$25



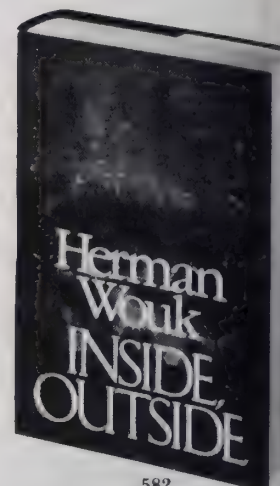
751
Pub. price \$22.50



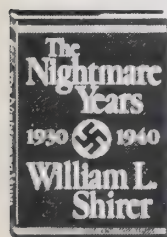
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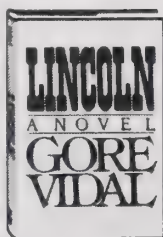
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Pub. price \$17.95



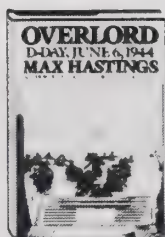
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Pub. price \$19.95



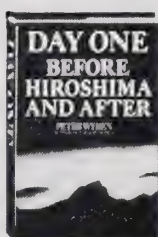
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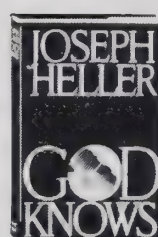
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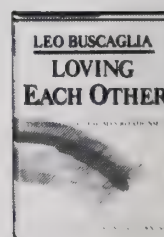
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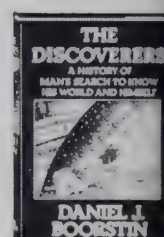
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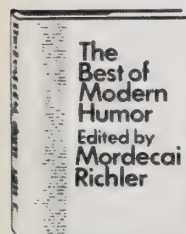
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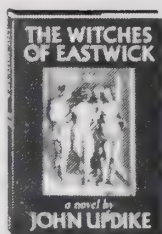
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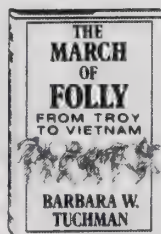
422 Pub. price \$25



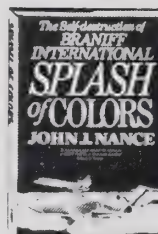
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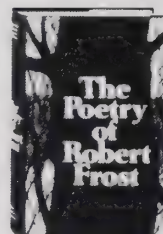
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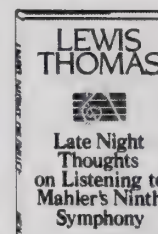
399 Pub. price \$18.95



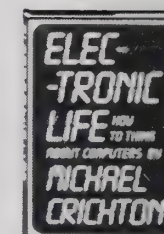
128 Pub. price \$16.95



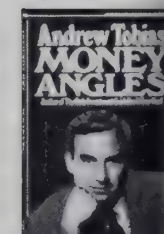
127 Pub. price \$17.50



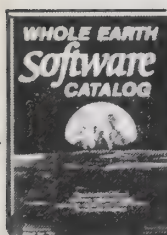
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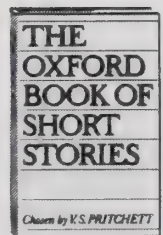
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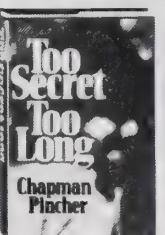
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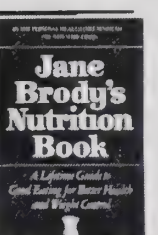
537 Pub. price \$17.50



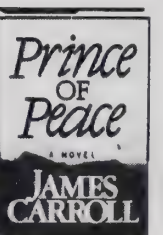
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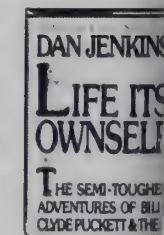
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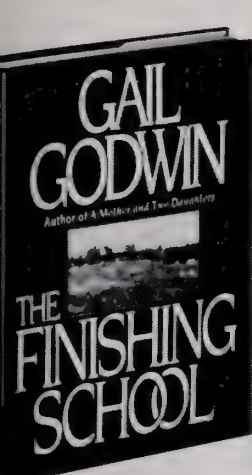
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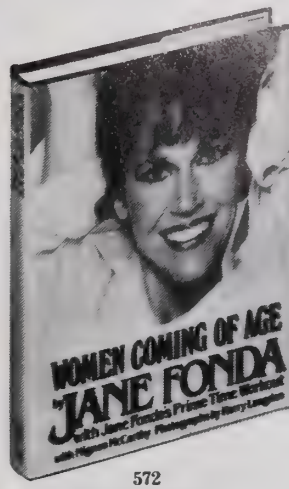
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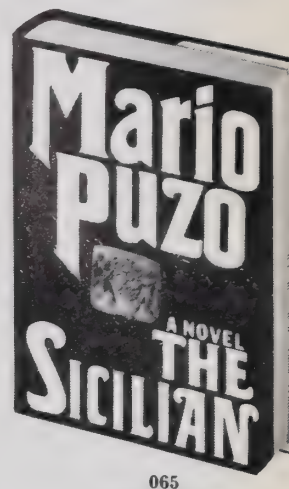
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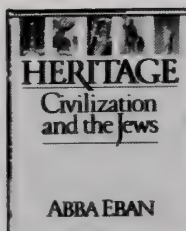
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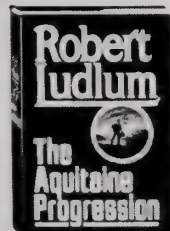
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Pub. price \$17.95



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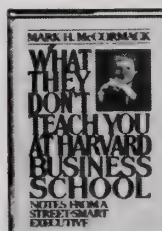
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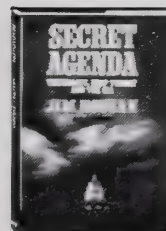
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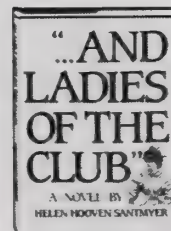
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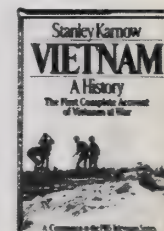
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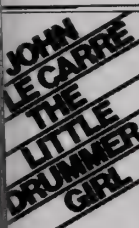
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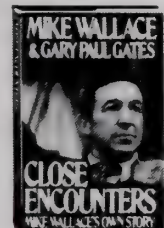
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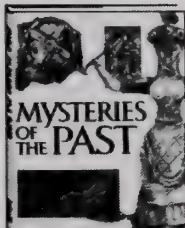
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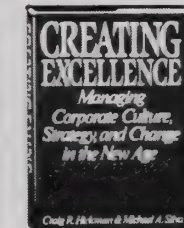
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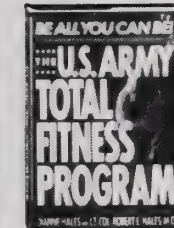
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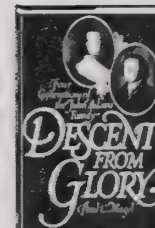
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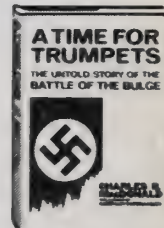
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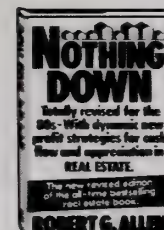
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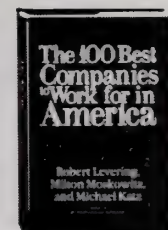
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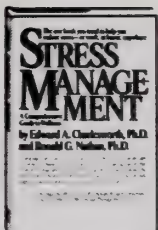
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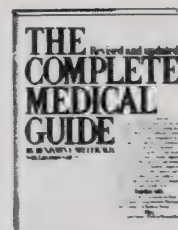
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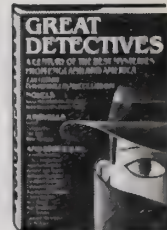
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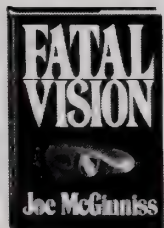
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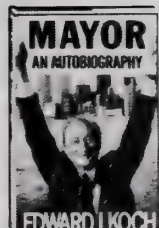
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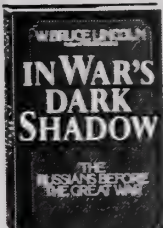
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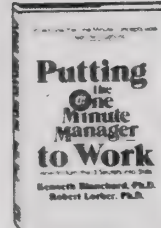
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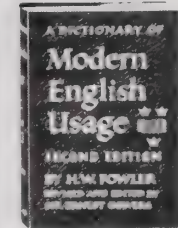
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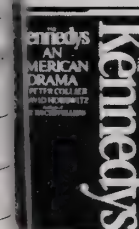
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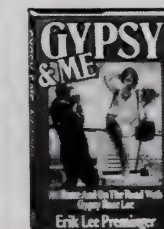
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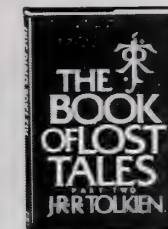
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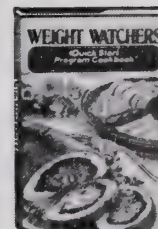
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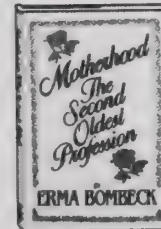
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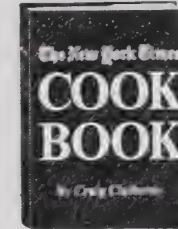
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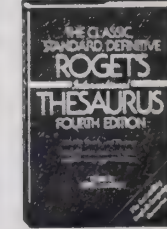
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A diamond is forever.



A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

READINGS

[Open Letter]

TO FIDEL CASTRO

From Lettre à Fidel Castro: An "1984," by Fernando Arrabal, published in France by Christian Bourgois Éditeur. Arrabal, the Spanish author and playwright, wrote the book-length letter to Castro on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Cuban revolution. Substantial portions appear in the Spring 1985 Partisan Review. Arrabal's new novel, The Castle Struck By Lightning, will be published by Viking Penguin this fall. This excerpt from Arrabal's letter was translated by Lisa Wyant.

Señor don Fidel Castro Ruz.
Cuba.

Carísimo Señor:

With the same wild hope, the same fear with which just yesterday I wrote to General Franco, today I address myself to you, Caudillo.

Listen; this weak voice comes to you trembling.

So shield neither your heart nor logic from your cause's illogic.

Listen for my message amid the clamor of your courtiers.

(Your carriage is a sight to see, smeared with servility!)

In the costume of a warrior from dawn to dusk,

your image reaches all, and tells all,
that the uniform makes the commandant.

Your life explodes with violence, yet you're insatiable, even when guerrilla warfare turns into war.

As if brutality, centripetal, had pulled you in.

A hoarse one-eyed horse, which no longer sees tenderness, drowned in an acid cataract.

You promise
to kill off

"intellectual vermin"

and to set fire to

"the entire American continent"

because you breathe decay, not air.

Is the pain that bad?

Is your life so sad that you can conceive only
of murder, of inferno?

Where has the exciting young colt gone, the
one that announced the dawn? What happened
to the man who, before assuming power,
whispered:

"One becomes fond of the people, and imag-
ines that one always loved them"?

Yesterday,

as a magnificent Cuban infantryman,

with neither crown,

nor baubles, nor beard, you wrote:

"Feelings are as indestructible as the purest
diamond,"

but years later,

from your throne,

You ordered Heberto Padilla tortured until
he recited the most abject confession made in
Spanish since the Inquisition.

The poet knew the weight of your fists
and the subtlety of your torture.

Heberto Padilla was

bleeding,

penned in,

and handcuffed,

when you stopped by his cell to lecture him.

Cowardice is also learned in the halls of Totali-
tarian Power.

How the moldy tribunals entangle!

I write to you with love, yet resolution;

I regard you with pity, yet respect;

for every man's judgment is worth conquer-
ing even if his madness is unconquerable.

Today, having finished your first
quarter of a century
of rule, your age also deserves respect, for
soon you'll hit the mark of sexagenarian, as al-
ready you've earned the title

"Hero of the Soviet Union"

and managed to incarnate—no small feat
within official Cuba—the myth of
Rebellious Youth.

The title that best captures the true picture of
your exploits and of your expressions is the one
you could have given yourself with all modesty:

BIG BROTHER.

Your military audience would stand at atten-
tion before this epithet as they do today, fer-
vently, at the words

LIDER MAXIMO,

and as they would,

with even greater devotion,

if they knew that this title is nothing more
than a Hispanic translation, albeit a rather
loose one, for the name of Orwell's tyrant in
1984.

For if the fawning in Cuba today weren't so
absurd and humiliating, one would think it a
mockery, or at the very least, a sign of
disrespect.

A politician's nightmare on an island in
mourning!

You, as an upstanding young man, dreamed
about the end of privilege, but today, tottering
over Cuba, you've patched up your biography
with a series of titles that hang from your chest
like onions, chocolate medals, honorary ap-
pointments and distinctions that the Radiant
Sun of the Pampa or Emperor Bokassa from
the Republic of Central Africa might covet:

—Cuban deep-sea-fishing champion,

—Legendary basketball player,

—First artilleryman aboard the universe;
with just one shot, you sank the *Houston*,

—Winner of the Hemingway trophy,

—The one and only person to wear the dis-
tinctive insignia created especially for you,

—Doctor "honoris causa" of scientific Marx-
ism, et cetera.

Your titles are a joke.

Like a kaleidoscope, they bounce your image
from one mirror to another, distorting it.

You decorate yourself with them, hoping to
aggrandize yourself,

but are only dwarfed

to the seeing eye.

Among huge, toothless flowers, your rootless
monument rots, gangrenous.

So much luster for such a tarnished
enterprise!

Your tenacity provokes rage, then laughter,
and finally pain and sorrow.

I imagine you

alone

hounded

on guard, waiting to attack

asking yourself where is the frontier

between excessive devotion and mordant
reproach,

distrusting today and tomorrow, distrusting
those in your circle, and your opponents in the
ring;

fortressed behind the largest praetorian guard
in the world,

yet vulnerable,

and for this reason monopolizing titles that,
like great fortress walls built on sand, can crum-
ble with the first gust of freedom.

Tell me:

What does a title like "Supervisor-of-the-
Ministry-of-the-Interior-with-Authority-over-
the-Field-Minister" mean to you, who already
hold the highest?

President of the Republic

Prime Minister

First Secretary of the Communist Party of
Cuba

Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces

President of the Ministerial Advisory
Committee

Et cetera.

Remarkable ramparts made out of ruins,
packed by the parasites of your party to paralyze
you in your paranoia, or others, commissioned
by you, for appearance' sake, with the patrimo-
ny of your country.

Pathetic boor!

Cloistered in your hide-out you dream of your
funeral and hear universal incrimination of your
oeuvre. And these voices are so near that among
them you hear your official lackeys, but you
can't identify their voices.

Which of them will denounce your crimes?

At the fall of the dictator Batista, the gener-
ous Cuban people scrawled on the facades of
their homes:

Fidel this is your home,

and you entered and pillaged.

Unable to share with you,

who enslave all,

one-fourth of the population of the country
escaped from slavery.

There were six million Cubans in Cuba when
you took power:

nearly two chose liberty.

Fidel the island is your home.

Yours alone. For if your battleships were to
lift the blockade to which you subject your own
people, the pearl of the Antilles would be con-
verted into the island of Robinson Crusoe.

What a Resurrection Sunday!

But when will you find Friday?



By Viatcheslav Syossoiev. Syossoiev is a dissident Russian artist who has been in jail since 1983 on pornography charges. His imprisonment has sparked protests in Europe, including a "draw-in" in Paris, where artists encircled the Soviet Embassy and drew all day. This cartoon has appeared in a number of Western publications, including *Across Frontiers* and *Processed World*.

Heaven and hope are riddled with holes, and inside the clocks time rots.

There are only a few left who still dare underplay the "excesses" of communism in Cuba today to better appreciate your "achievements."

They distinguish, without distinction, between what is acceptable for Cuba and unacceptable for themselves, thus insulting the Cuban people, to whom they concede neither courage nor culture, nor the right to the liberty that they themselves enjoy.

Today your glory exists only in the glosses produced on your own island. To your foreign propagandists, the paradise has turned into purgatory, and the radiant future has been revealed as illusion.

Yet in their zeal they tried to barter public suspicion for a cult, extolling "knowledge" and "health."

Cuba, they now assure us, has taken giant steps

in two areas: Education and Social Welfare.

But these steps, it seems to me, aren't those of a giant, nor of a gnome, but of a crab, a creature that walks, as we all know, backward.

[Speech]

ONE MAN'S MEAT

From a speech given by the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini on December 12, the birthday of Mohammed. This excerpt appeared in the January 11 issue of Le Nouvel Observateur.

If one permits an infidel to continue in his role as a corrupter of the earth, his moral suffering will be all the worse. If one kills the infidel, and thus stops him from perpetrating his misdeeds, his death will be a blessing to him. For if he remains alive, he will become more and more corrupt. This is a surgical operation commanded by God the all-powerful.

Those who imagine that our time on earth is a divine gift, those who believe that eating and sleeping like animals are gifts from God, say that Islam should not inflict punishments. But those who follow the teachings of the Koran know that Islam must apply the *lex talionis*, and thus that they must kill. Those who have knowledge of the suffering in the life to come realize that cutting off the hand of someone for a crime he has committed is of benefit to him.

In the Beyond he will thank those who, on earth, executed the will of God.

War is a blessing for the world and for all nations. It is God who incites men to fight and to kill. The Koran says: "Fight until all corruption and all rebellion have ceased." The wars the Prophet led against the infidels were a blessing for all humanity. Imagine that we soon win the war [against Iraq]. That will not be enough, for corruption and resistance to Islam will still exist. The Koran says: "War, war until victory." A religion without war is an incomplete religion. If His Holiness Jesus—blessings upon him—had been given more time to live, he would have acted as Moses did, and wielded the sword. Those who believe that Jesus did not have "a head for such things," that he was not interested in war, see in him nothing more than a simple preacher, and not a prophet. A prophet is all-powerful. Through war he purifies the earth. The mullahs with corrupt hearts who say that all this is contrary to the teachings of the Koran are unworthy of Islam. Thanks to God, our young people are now, to the limits of their means, putting God's commandments into action. They know that to kill the unbelievers is one of man's greatest missions.

[Annual Report]

CORPORATE QUIPS

From the 1984 annual report of Lyric Energy Inc., a public company based in Amarillo, Texas. This excerpt is taken from the president's letter to shareholders.

At the time of writing this we have concluded three and one-half years as a public company. There is some "good" news and there is some "bad" news. The "good" news is we have addressed the major problems facing the company and believe solutions are in the process of being effectuated. The "bad" news is we didn't make any money. Hopefully, we can see a light at the end of this long, dark tunnel we have been traveling, and that light is not a train coming toward us.

While profitability was disappointing, the quality of the oil and gas reserves owned by the company was enhanced. Reserves are the life blood of an oil company. Ultimately, those reserves create value for the shareholders. Though it is difficult to convince a starving man to be patient while a meal is being prepared, we believe our stockholders' patience will be rewarded, if not with a gourmet banquet, at least with more than a hamburger.

[Q & A]

SOLIDARITY'S NEXT CHAPTER

From "Prison Gates & Plain Speaking," an interview with Adam Michnik conducted by Timothy Garton Ash, in the January issue of the British magazine Encounter. Michnik, who was jailed during Poland's period of martial law, was among the Solidarity leaders freed last July as part of the government's general amnesty. Garton Ash is the author of The Polish Revolution: Solidarity. Michnik was arrested again in February, along with several other Solidarity leaders, and charged with "inciting public unrest."

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH: You have now been at liberty for three months, after more than two and a half years in internment camps and in prison. You've traveled around the country, observed and talked to a great many people. What, in your judgment, survives of Solidarity—the organization, the consciousness? What are the lasting changes?

ADAM MICHNIK: Everything that is most important has survived. Solidarity has lost all those who thought of it as a path to a career, to rapid self-advancement. What is left are people who cherish the ideas of Solidarity—who identify themselves with the ideas of democracy and a self-governing republic, which are so deeply embedded in the movement. It's a powerful movement, fully conscious of its goals, and fully conscious that there may be a long road ahead. It's a movement of wise and determined people. Anyone who believes, almost three years after the declaration of the "state of war," that Solidarity can be liquidated believes in miracles. Communists should not believe in miracles.

GARTON ASH: Although this consciousness is very widespread, and many, many Poles are still committed to those ideals, one still has an impression of some uncertainty—even helplessness—with regard to the possibilities of practical activity in Poland today. People see the long-term goals, but seem to be rather at a loss for tactics or strategy. Do you agree?

MICHNIK: This is characteristic of so-called turning points, or transitional periods. And of course it's rather like that now. There's an atmosphere of waiting for precise formulas, searching for hope. Certainly something new will emerge from all this. But what? I think that above all there will be new forms of open activity. So far Solidarity's activity has been based mainly on underground structures, but some sort of open structures will emerge. I emphasize

MASS-MARKET HAGIOGRAPHY



From the new Marvel Comics biography of Mother Teresa.

open structures, not legal structures; they're not the same thing. Legal activity means working in the framework of the laws; open activity means working publicly, without wondering whether some bureaucratic busybody considers your actions in accordance with legal regulations—for example, the rules on forming associations.

Another thing that I believe is important—and I want to underline it—is that in Solidarity reason prevailed, and the nonconfrontational course won out. It seems to me that with Solidarity we are already building the framework of an independent and democratic Poland. Today there are no other realistic paths to independence and democracy. The only alternative would be desperate actions in response to the political banditry of security apparatus functionaries.

And that's what I'm afraid of. In my view, we should not pay them back in kind—we should not kidnap, execute, murder these people, our opponents. Let these methods remain theirs alone. We are not fighting for power, but for the democratic form of our country; any kind of terrorism necessarily leads to moral debase-ment, to spiritual deformation, and would create a Polish ethos in which we would not want to live. In the Poland for which Solidarity is fighting there is no place for such murders.

GARTON ASH: In the 1970s you wrote a now famous essay titled "The New Evolutionism." Do you think its basic conception is still valid?

MICHNIK: If I remember correctly, it was based on the idea that it was time to stop hoping the

Communist regime would become more reasonable and begin to reform itself from within; that instead of waiting for any such systemic reform one ought to defend oneself against the system, and organize outside it—force it to concede areas of freedom, wrest areas of freedom from it by our actions. It seems to me that this conception has been justified, but of course it's not for me to judge my own texts.

GARTON ASH: Nonetheless, the premise of your argument was the possibility of some kind of unspoken, implicit compromise, some *modus vivendi* with the Communist regime.

MICHNIK: Well, more in the sense of something that would be predictable. My thesis was, and is, that we have no reason to believe the Communist authorities will shrink from shedding blood, from civil war; they never have in the past. However, we can organize ourselves in such a way that this course will not be profitable for the authorities. What happened in August 1980 [when the government acceded to many of Solidarity's demands] demonstrates that in a certain historical situation this kind of compromise is indeed possible. Of course, that's not the situation today. The Polish people, aspiring to independence and democracy, are faced with the prospect of either a succession of complex and arduous compromises or rivers of blood, from which we as a nation might simply not emerge alive. So long as it is still possible to seek compromise solutions, we should do everything to find them.

At the same time everyone knows that com-

promise is one thing, capitulation and servility another. And everyone in government knows that although the Polish people and Solidarity are prepared to compromise, no one can force them into servility. The dignity of Solidarity can be destroyed only by taking our lives. If they want to crush us, they will have to kill us.

FOOD FETISHES

Journalistic—From the New York Times, December 29. This list was compiled by Marian Burros, a food columnist for the Times.

In	Out
Fajitas	Tostadas
Crayfish	Langoustines
Gelato shops	Cookie shops
Lemon grass	Ginger
Chinese parsley	Italian parsley
Cumin	Hot peppers
Pansotti	Tortellini
Miniature vegetables	Sculptured vegetables
Rack of lamb and veal	Duck breast
Chicken potpie	Chicken McNuggets
Squash blossoms	Red-pepper purée
Rosé champagne	Beaujolais nouveau
Pickled walnuts	Pickled cucumbers
Tapas	Sushi
Fish tartare	Steak tartare
Fennel	Arugula
Grazing	Three square meals
Apple and cherry wood for grilling	Mesquite
Smoked fish	Smoked turkey
Napa Valley	South of France
Sicily	Rome
Mexican food	Japanese food
Goat's milk yogurt	Cow's milk yogurt
Boutique beer	National-brand beer
Peasant breads	Baguettes

Academic—The following is a list of articles scheduled to appear in Food & Foodways, a scholarly journal that will begin publishing this spring. Founded by Steven L. Kaplan, a Cornell University historian, Food & Foodways will "explore the powerful but often subtle ways in which food has shaped and continues to shape our lives socially, economically, politically, mentally, and morally."

"Hospitality, Women, and the Efficacy of Beer"

"Feeding Their Faith: Recipe Knowledge Among Thai Buddhist Women"

"Food and Sexual Identity Among the Culina"

"The American Response to Italian Food, 1880-1930"

"Sociology of Taste in the Realist Novel: Representations of Popular Eating in E. Zola"

"What Does It Mean to Be Fat, Thin, and Female in the United States?"

"State-making, Political Legitimation, and Food in Early Modern Europe"

"Jewish Attitudes Toward Fermented Foods and the Problem of Identity"

"Ideology, Power, and Nutrition: Soldier's Soup, Prisoner's Soup, and Charity Soup"

[Commentary]

WESTMORELAND: CBS FALL GUY

From "What the GBS Trial Really Exposed," by Walter Karp, in the March/April issue of Channels of Communications. Karp, a contributing editor of Harper's, is at work on a study of the Korean War, The Empire and the Mob.

When General William C. Westmoreland brought a \$120 million libel suit against CBS, those who profess to fear the excessive power of the media hailed him as a public benefactor. Punitive lawsuits, they claimed, are just what the country needs to curb the media's overweening arrogance. As the Westmoreland suit wended its way to its conclusion, however, a funny thing happened to the case. Instead of revealing the power and arrogance of a mighty television network it revealed something of its weakness and timidity. CBS blamed a general for deceiving a president because it shrank from blaming a president for deceiving the American people.

This misplacement of blame came out at the trial. In a 1982 documentary called "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," the network contended that President Lyndon Johnson had been deliberately kept in the dark about the enemy's true military strength. The chief deceiver, CBS reported, was General Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in Saigon, who "chose not to inform the Congress, the President, not even the Joint Chiefs of Staff, of the evidence collected by his intelligence chief, evidence which indicated a far larger army" than Johnson thought existed.

That a dim subordinate like Westmoreland

would dare to deceive a commander in chief as ferocious as Johnson is pretty dubious on the face of it. Testimony at the trial seemed to turn the proposition on its head: if Westmoreland had fiddled with certain estimates of enemy strength, he had apparently done so under pressure from the White House.

The fiddling involved the number of Vietnamese "irregulars" who supplemented the enemy's uniformed forces. Early in the war, Westmoreland had included 112,000 irregulars in the "order of battle"—the official assessment of enemy strength. In late 1966, however, CIA analysts concluded that there were twice that many irregulars. Publishing the doubled figure would have been a "political bombshell," CBS rightly reported. It would have nullified Johnson's efforts to persuade an impatient electorate that America was winning "hearts and minds" in Vietnam.

In May 1967, the CIA duly warned Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara that the enemy's true strength was double the military's estimate. Had CBS producers been looking for the real culprit, they would have followed the trail that led directly from Westmoreland to McNamara to Johnson. It was not until Johnson's right-hand men heard from the CIA, in fact, that the real fiddling with figures began in Saigon. By September 1967, the CIA, which takes orders only from the president, had agreed to shut up about larger estimates of irregulars. Under the watchful eye of General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who personally advised the president, Westmoreland stopped listing *all* irregulars in the order of battle. This automatically kept their strength from public knowledge, which served nobody's interest more fully than that of a president struggling desperately to shore up support for his war. Yet despite the clues pointing to Johnson, CBS drew the conclusion that one of the most domineering figures ever to occupy the presidency had sat in the White House twiddling his thumbs.

CBS had not made a blunder; it had turned a blind eye. This, too, came out at the trial. According to the sworn deposition of Ira Klein, the documentary's main film editor, a paid consultant to the program had emphatically warned producer George Crile that Crile had gotten the story wrong. Klein said the consultant, a former CIA officer named Samuel A. Adams, "repeatedly informed" Crile that "the premise of the show is inaccurate" because "LBJ had to know." Adams himself testified that he was concerned there was "a major problem" with the show because it "seems to pin the rap on General Westmoreland when it probably belongs higher than that." According to Klein, Adams believed the

White House had probably organized the entire deception and "talked endlessly" of this to Crile. The CBS producer testified that Adams was a man of "great competence and even brilliance" and a person of "extraordinary integrity." But Crile ignored him just the same.

It is easy to see why. In political circles the one truly unpardonable sin is to tell the people at large a disillusioning truth about those who rule them. That is why cautious men of old took care to blame the evil deeds of kings on the influence of their evil advisers. In that same cautious and deferential spirit CBS blamed a general for the misdeeds his commander in chief must surely have inspired.

So Westmoreland is a public benefactor after all. His libel suit has helped to expose the notorious "power of the media" as a bogey. What truly endangers the country is not the media's power and arrogance but their timidity and weakness, which make them loath to enlighten the many at the risk of offending the powerful few. Thanks to Westmoreland's suit, his well-wishers stand exposed as well. They profess to fear the power of the media. What they really fear is the power of the people. That is why they brandish the media bogey. They want to make our news media even more reluctant to enlighten the people than they already are. If CBS really had some power and self-assurance, we might all be a little better off.

[List]

THE RUMORS ARE UNTRUE

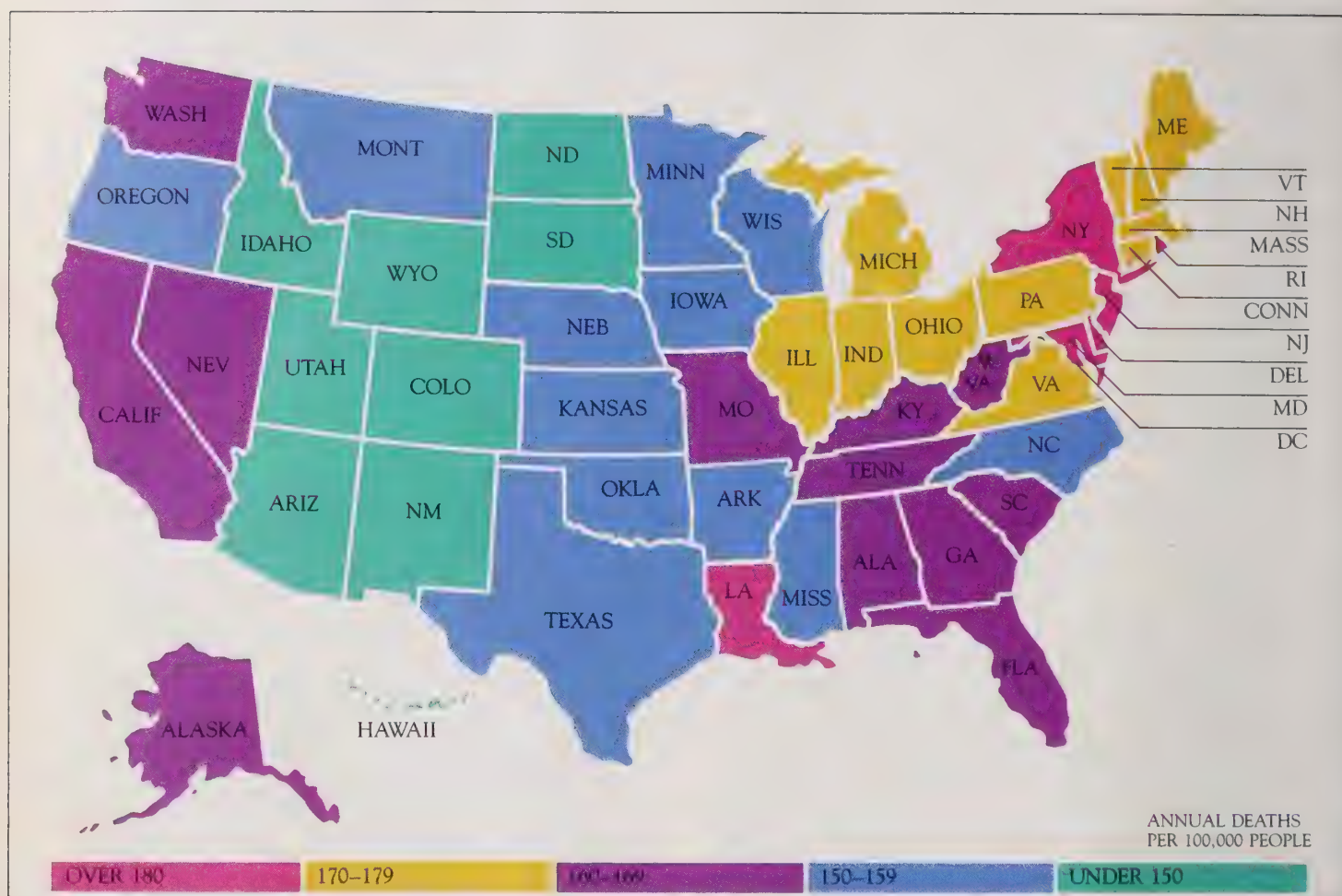
From Vegetarian Times, December. According to the magazine, the following celebrities are rumored to be vegetarians, but in fact are not.

Alan Alda
Candice Bergen
Jeff Bridges
Christie Brinkley
James Caan
Dyan Cannon
Christopher Cross
Ram Dass
Doris Day
Bob Dylan
Larry Flynt
Jane Fonda

Peter Frampton
Larry Hagman
Steve Martin
Peter Max
Paul Newman
Susan St. James
Brooke Shields
Sissy Spacek
Merle Watson
Lawrence Welk
Stevie Wonder
Frank Zappa

[Map]

CANCER GEOGRAPHY



From 1985 Cancer Facts & Figures, a publication of the American Cancer Society. The color of each state indicates the annual number of cancer deaths for every 100,000 residents. The figures have been adjusted for differences in the average age of each state's population.

[Essay]

THE ETHICAL COSTS OF HEALTH CARE

From "Learning to Say 'No,'" by Lester C. Thurow, in the December 13 issue of the New England Journal of Medicine. Thurow is a professor of economics at MIT and the author of *Dangerous Currents: The State of Economics*.

Although there is no magic formula for determining the precise limit on what a country can afford to spend on health care, there is a limit. Every dollar spent on health care is a dollar that cannot be spent on something else. No set of expenditures can rise faster than the gross national product forever. If the United States expects to increase its international competitiveness, the rate of growth of health-care ex-

penditures must slow down to the rate of growth of the gross national product.

It is standard medical practice in the United States to continue treatments until they yield no additional payoffs. But with the development of more and more elaborate techniques and devices that can slightly improve a diagnosis or briefly prolong life, the expenditures that end up being made before this traditional stopping point is reached have grown astronomically.

These new techniques require a shift in standard medical practice. Instead of stopping treatments when all benefits cease, physicians must stop treatments when marginal benefits are equal to costs. But where does this point lie? And who is to make the decision—the patient, the doctor, some third party? How do we as a society decide that we cannot afford a medical treatment that may marginally benefit someone?

Ethically, most Americans are simultaneously egalitarians and capitalists. This set of beliefs

leads to an alarming chain reaction. A new and expensive treatment is developed. Since, as capitalists, Americans believe that individuals should be allowed to spend their money on whatever they wish, the wealthy are allowed to buy the treatment privately. People who cannot afford the treatment start to demand it. Being egalitarians, Americans do not have the political ability to say "no" to any person dying from a treatable disease, and so ways are found to pay for the treatment through private or public health insurance. As egalitarians, we feel we have to provide the treatment to everyone or deny it to everyone; as capitalists, we cannot deny it to those who can afford it. But since resources are limited, we cannot afford to give it to everyone.

As medical costs rise, it becomes less and less possible for us to live with our inconsistent ethical beliefs. At some time—and the time is now—the inconsistencies have to be sorted out.

Insurance has been the traditional solution for those who cannot afford to buy health care, but it is not the answer here. Insurance is an appropriate remedy in situations in which there is a small probability of a disaster that will incur large fixed losses. Fire insurance is the best example. Only a few of us will be unfortunate enough to have our houses burn down, and the maximal loss for any individual is fixed by the value of his house. We therefore pool our risks and compensate those who suffer losses. Companies make money by being good at estimating risks and choosy about whom they insure.

Although it is highly unlikely that any individual's house will burn down, it is almost certain that everyone will incur large health-care expenditures. In this circumstance, insurance becomes not a pooling of small risks but an enormous distortion of incentives.

Each of us knows that our health-care expenditures in any given year have no impact on the following year's insurance rates. As a result, we have no incentive to restrain our expenditures. Insurance companies actually have an interest in increasing health-care spending, since they make money not by assessing risks and carefully selecting their policyholders but by taking a management fee that is usually a percentage of total expenditures. And doctors practicing in a fee-for-service system have an interest in prescribing services, since they raise their own income by doing so; moreover, because of insurance, doctors know they will not be directly raising costs for their patients if they recommend treatment. The result, not surprisingly, is exploding expenditures.

The health-care problem is not a federal or state budget problem. It is a social problem.

The expenditures are the same regardless of whether the money is spent through the federal budget or private insurance. Somehow, we have to learn to say "no."

We can place greater reliance on market mechanisms, but if we do that we are saying that the capitalistic part of our ethics should dominate the egalitarian part. The market is often described as if it were a mechanism for limiting waste, but that is not its prime virtue. It is a mechanism for saying "no," but in a very inequalitarian way. Since the richest 20 percent of all U.S. households have 11 times as much income as the poorest 20 percent, any efficient market mechanism will give 11 times as much medical care to the top 20 percent as it gives to the bottom 20 percent.

The Reagan Administration's recent proposals for higher deductibles and prospective rather than retrospective payment clearly show the difficulties of solving the problem. To discourage the use of expensive health-care facilities, the government announced that Medicare will pay less and users must pay more. Private health-insurance companies responded by saying that they will sell insurance to cover what is not covered by the government—thus undercutting the whole purpose of the plan. Those who can afford coinsurance do not have to face the market incentives to use less health care. Those who cannot afford coinsurance must face those incentives. But are we really going to deny medical care to patients who cannot afford the necessary private payments?

Under a prospective payment system, hospitals are paid a fixed amount for each case according to the disease diagnosed, not how much it actually cost to treat the patient. What is likely to result? Many hospitals will try to avoid admitting patients who are likely to be expensive to treat and who will not be able to pay for their treatment. Once again, this system leaves high-cost patients with limited means out in the cold.

These patients will be "dumped," either before or after admission, just as uninsured high-cost patients are now being dumped. No hospital wants to treat patients without money. Such patients generally end up in public, tax-supported hospitals—often municipal hospitals in big cities. But as city governments with their own budget problems attempt to restrain municipal hospital spending, treatment at such hospitals tends to become second-class. To deny that this will happen is to deny that markets are efficient.

Societies allow market mechanisms to work when buyers are knowledgeable or willing to live with their mistakes and when society is willing to distribute goods and services in accor-

[Chart]

SUPPLY-SIDE MYTHS

From The Failure of Corporate Income Tax Incentives, by the Citizens for Tax Justice, in Washington, D.C. The study analyzes financial data from 238 randomly selected top U.S. corporations and compares the companies' capital spending with their effective tax rates during the first three years of the Reagan tax cut (1981-83). The findings indicate that lower business taxes do not necessarily lead to higher rates of capital investment. The fifty corporations taxed least had an average tax rate of -8.4 percent (a negative rate is achieved by selling excess tax benefits to other companies or receiving rebates on taxes paid in earlier years). Despite their diminished tax burden, the fifty companies reduced capital spending by an average of 21 percent. The 118 corporations that paid no taxes or enjoyed a negative tax rate in at least one of the three years reduced investment by an average of 15.7 percent. Conversely, the fifty corporations with the highest tax rates (an average of 33.1 percent) increased investment by an average of 4.3 percent. The study concludes that "in the real world, companies invest only when they need new plants and equipment to produce products" for which there is demand. Below are 1981-83 pre-tax profits, tax rates, and changes in capital investment for selected companies.

Company	Profits (in millions)	Tax Rate	Change in Investment
Amerada Hess	\$336.7	-12.4%	-42.4%
Boeing	1,530.0	-17.5	-59.1
Dow Chemical	776.0	-28.7	-46.4
General Electric	6,527.0	-4.3	-15.0
Georgia-Pacific	400.0	-24.8	-67.0
W. R. Grace	684.1	-1.8	-46.9
Martin Marietta	490.2	-19.2	-56.7
Tenneco	2,687.0	-7.0	-31.8
Union Carbide	613.0	-11.4	-35.8
Weverhaeuser	640.7	-21.6	-62.7
<hr/>			
ABC	\$818.7	38.7%	133.1%
Exxon	9,381.0	27.5	26.4
Federal Express	370.4	22.7	34.5
IBM	14,116.0	28.2	15.3
McGraw-Hill	554.6	40.0	21.9
Motorola	613.0	21.7	17.7
Pillsbury	572.8	27.6	7.7
PPG Industries	697.1	13.4	19.8
R.J. Reynolds Industries	3,390.0	40.3	34.1
Whirlpool	650.2	45.6	7.0

dance with the market's distribution of income. In the case of health care, neither of these necessary conditions exists.

We are not real believers in the free market if we are not willing to see some patients suffer the consequences when they cannot afford a treatment being provided to wealthier patients. If we cannot accept that, then, when push comes to shove, we simply will not let the market work.

Proponents of the market approach often forget that an egalitarian distribution of health care helps create social solidarity and a feeling of community. If health care is not part of the social glue that holds us together, what is?

If you are an egalitarian when it comes to medical care, and I confess that I am, what is the answer? One answer is to allow third-party payers to write the rules and regulations concerning what they will and will not pay for, and to prohibit their clients from buying services that are not permitted under the private or public insurance systems. This is essentially how the British have kept health-care spending at half the American level.

Such a procedure works, but it works clumsily, since no set of rules can be adjusted to the nuances of individual medical problems. It will be far better if American doctors develop procedures to help them decide when medicine is bad medicine—not simply when it has absolutely no payoff or hurts the patient, but when the costs are not justified by the benefits.

The medical profession has norms concerning what constitutes bad medical practice. But those norms do not take into account cases in which high costs are not justified by minor expected benefits. If new standards are developed, and then defended in court against malpractice claims, a system of doctor-imposed cost controls might be put in place that would be much more flexible than any system imposed by third-party payers could be. If the medical profession fails to do this, sooner or later the United States will move to a system of third-party controls.

As a society, how much are we willing to spend (sacrifice) to prolong life? The easy answer is any amount, but that answer is neither true nor feasible. Like it or not, Americans are going to have to come to a consensus concerning the trade-off between the costs of medical services and the life-extending benefits that result.

[Essay]

AMERICA'S TELESCREENS

From "Big Brother Is You, Watching," by Mark Crispin Miller, in the Winter issue of the *Georgia Review*. Miller teaches film and mass culture at Johns Hopkins and is at work on a book about advertising. A somewhat different version of this essay will appear in *Reflections on America, 1984*, edited by Robert Mulvihill, to be published later this year by the University of Georgia Press.

Those critics of American television who rail against its sexism, its violence, and its jingoism assume that TV is menacing because it promotes certain evil values. On the contrary: TV actively promotes no values whatsoever. Ultimately, the only conviction that TV recommends is the abandonment of all conviction, the rejection of all selfhood.

With its clinical, or inquisitorial, vision, TV appears to penetrate all masks, to expose all alibis, thereby turning the whole world into a comic spectacle of unsuccessful lying, pompous posturing, and neurotic defensiveness—behaviors that appear to be seen through the moment they are represented. It is from this apparent penetration that TV's nonfiction programs—*60 Minutes*, *The People's Court*, *Real People*, and so on—derive the ostensible incisiveness that makes them so engrossing. And it is the need to withstand TV's derisive penetration that dictates the peculiar self-protective mien of all seasoned television performers, whether they play love scenes, read the news, or seem to run the country. The muted affability and thoroughgoing smoothness that make these entertainers acceptable on TV also serve as a defense against its searching eye; yet by thus attempting to avoid subversion, these figures—finally interchangeable as well as evanescent—merely subvert themselves, giving up the individuality that TV would otherwise discredit.

But it is not only on TV that TV cancels selves; it also wields its nullifying influence out in the wide world of its impressionable viewers. Television's erasure of distinctness complements—or perhaps actually fosters—a derisive personal style that inhibits all personality, a knowingness that pervades all TV genres and the culture that those genres have homogenized. There is a corrosive irony pervading most commercial television; its characters—both real and fictional—relentlessly inflict it on one another and themselves, defining a negative ideal of hip inertia that no living human being is able to approach. For example, in situa-

tion comedies—TV's definitive creation—the "comedy" almost always consists of a weak, compulsive jeering that immediately wipes out any divergence from the collective standard. The characters vie for self-containment, reacting to every simulation of intensity, every bright idea, every mechanical enthusiasm, with the same deflating look of jaded incredulity. In such an atmosphere, those already closest to the ground run the least risk of being felled by the general ridicule. And so those characters most adept at enforcing the proper emptiness are also the puniest and most passive: blasé menials, blasé wives and girlfriends, and—especially—blasé children, who, like Parsons's daughter in 1984, prove their own orthodoxy by subverting their subverted parents.

Nearly all TV characters—on sitcoms and in "dramas," on talk shows and children's programs—participate in this reflexive sneering, and their contemptuous passivity reflects directly on the viewer, who watches with precisely the same attitude. TV seems to flatter the inert skepticism of its viewers, assuring them that they can do no better than to stay right where they are, rolling their eyes in feeble disbelief. And yet such apparent flattery is in fact a warning not to rise above this slack, derisive gaping. At first, it seems that it is only those eccentric others whom TV belittles. Each time, on a sitcom, some deadpan tot responds to his frantic mom with a disgusted sigh, each time the polished anchorman punctuates his footage of "extremists" with a look that speaks his well-groomed disapproval, each time Johnny Carson comments on some "unusual" behavior with a wry sidelong glance into our living rooms, we are being flattered with a gesture of inclusion, the wink that tells us, "We are in the know." And yet we are the ones belittled by each subtle televisual gaze, which offers not a welcome but an ultimatum—that we had better see the joke, or else turn into it.

All televisual smirking is based on, and reinforces, the assumption that we who smirk together are utterly enlightened, enlightened past the point of nullity, having evolved far beyond whatever datedness we might be jeering, whether the fanatic's ardor, the prude's inhibitions, the hick's unfashionable pants, or the snob's obsession with prestige. Thus TV's relentless comedy at first seems utterly progressive, if largely idiotic, since its butts are always the most reactionary of its characters—bigots, sexists, martinets. However, it is not to champion our freedom that TV makes fun of these ostensible oppressors. On the contrary: through its derision, TV promotes only *itself*, devaluing not Injustice or Intolerance but the impulse to resist TV.

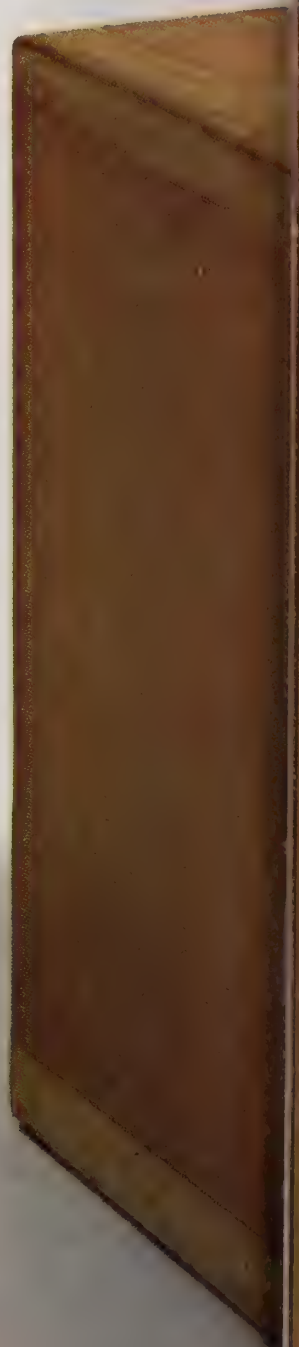
Choosing a computer company isn't easy.

To help you decide, we suggest you picture the day a computer or office system arrives in your office.

When you open a box from IBM, you'll discover that you get more than simply the product inside.

You get the flexibility your business needs to grow and to change, supported by IBM's many product and programming solutions. You get access to fast and reliable service provided by IBM's experienced and widely skilled professionals.

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You can get the assistance of IBM's customer education programs, including seminars and customer centers. And if you need new applications, IBM can work with you.

You also get the benefits of IBM's long commitment to product and technological leadership.

Whether the IBM product you buy comes in a big box or a small one, you get all of these things and more. They're all part of the IBM difference and they can make a difference for you or your business.



What makes the butt appear ridiculous in TV's eyes is not his broad illiberal bias but his vestigial individuality, his persistence as a self sturdy and autonomous enough to sense that there is something missing from the television world, and to hunger for it even though he is ostracized for this desire by the sarcastic mob that watches and surrounds him. Thus he functions as a negative example. Whereas the butt, empowered by his discrete selfhood, pursues desires that TV cannot gratify, we are induced by the sight of his continual humiliation to become as porous, cool, and acquiescent as he is solid, tense, and dissident, so that we might want nothing other than what TV sells us. This is what it means to see the joke.

The purpose of this cautious recognition is also the basic purpose of TV itself—to reinforce, in every household and in every mind, the imperative of total consumption. The inert, ironic watchfulness that TV reinforces in its audience is itself conducive to consumption. As we watch, struggling inwardly to avoid resembling anyone who might stand out as pre- or non- or anti-televisual, we are already trying to live up, or down, to the standard of acceptability that TV ads and shows define collectively: the standard that requires the desperate use of all the goods and services TV proffers.

Thus, even as its programs push the jargon of "honesty" and "tolerance," forever counseling you to "be yourself," TV shames you ruthlessly for every symptom of residual mortality, urging you to turn yourself into an object wholly inoffensive, useful, and adulterated, a product of and for other products.

While Winston Smith is forced to watch himself in literal self-defense, trying to keep his individuality a hard-won secret, we have been forced to watch ourselves lest we develop selves too hard and secretive for the open market. In America, there is no need for an objective apparatus of surveillance (which is not to say that none exists), because, guided by TV, we watch ourselves as if already televised, checking ourselves both inwardly and outwardly for any sign of untidiness or gloom, moment by moment as guarded and self-conscious as Winston Smith under the scrutiny of the Thought Police. As you watch, there is no Big Brother out there watching you—not because there isn't a Big Brother, but because Big Brother is you, watching.

[Q & A]

THE WRITER IN THE WINDOW

Georgelle Hirliman is a writer who has spent the last few months traveling around the country answering people's questions. She is hired by bookstores and stationery shops to sit in the store window at her typewriter and answer questions posed by passers-by. The questions and answers will be collected in a forthcoming book. Below, a selection.

What is the symbolic significance of a cockroach?

Transformation. Like the hard-shelled scarab of ancient Egypt, the cockroach is a creature that rises from the depths of pollution, bringing its life force into triumphant victory regardless of the circumstances. The scarab of yore carried itself out of the muck and mire of blind-water emotionalism; the cockroach carries itself out of DDT death, continuing the species through genetic transmutation. The cockroach we squash is here to teach us how to change poison into life's elixir. Fitting that New York, city of Shiva, destroyer of illusion, should have so very many of the little teachers.

What is the "dink, dink, dink" you hear in department stores?

Every "dink" is a cash transaction. This is the store's instant tally. The "dinking" has a little subliminal twist to it, for it increases the shopper's hunger to consume more, more, more.

Why should a nice store like this sell plastic chocolates?

To heighten your awareness.

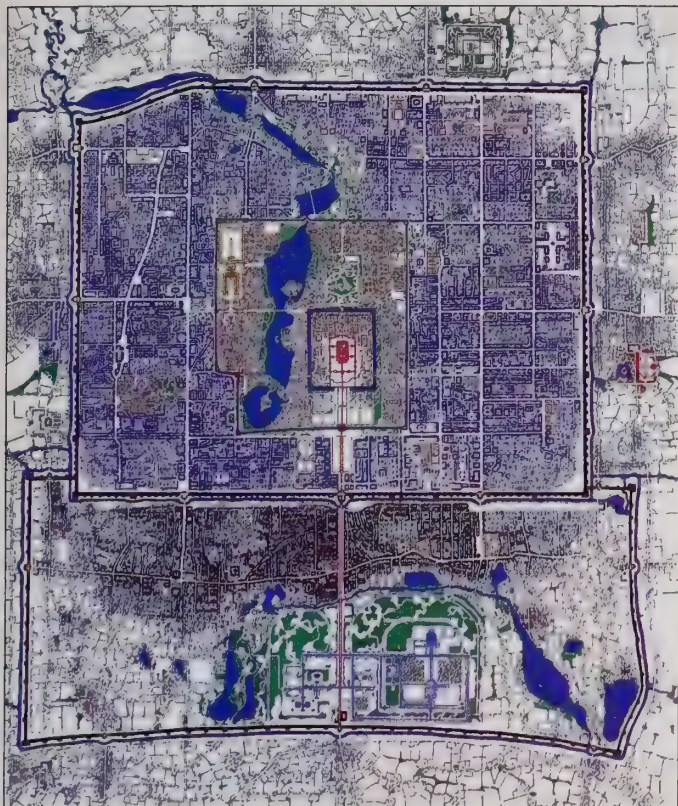
Why did Roberto Clemente die?

Roberto Clemente was killed in a plane crash while traveling on a goodwill mission to Nicaragua. Why? He had, after all, achieved a great measure of personal success. Maybe he had accomplished his soul's reason for coming to earth, and was ready to take his place in the life of subtler climes. But really, how should I know why he died?

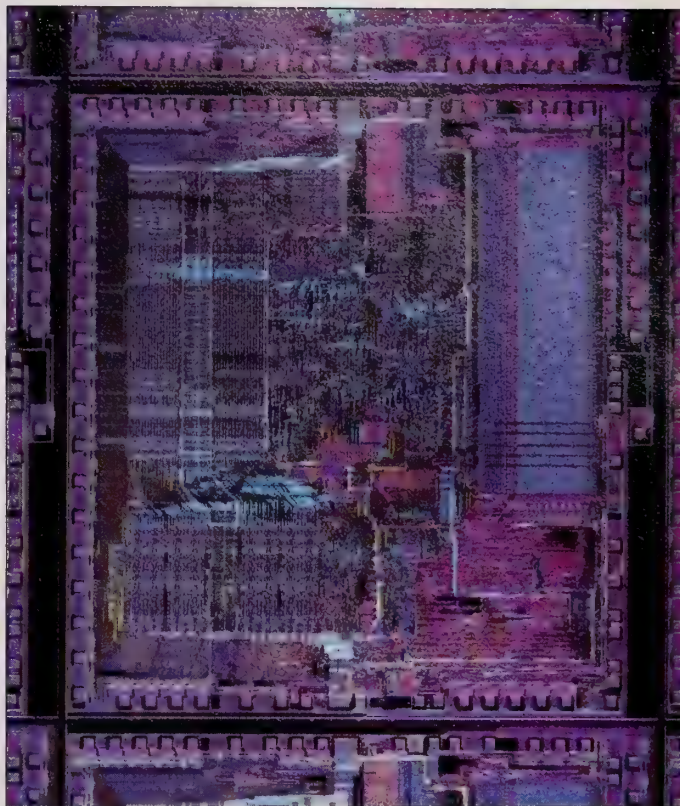
How happy are clams, anyway?

As happy as you would be if you were locked away from the world by choice in the coziness of your own sweet, warm little world, with all you needed right at your beck and call, knowing that in your comfort, you were doing what you were meant to be doing.

IMAGINARY CITIES



Peking—From *ID: Magazine of International Design*, November/December. Image of Peking, by Gary Wright, is a drawing of the city in ink and watercolor based on prerevolutionary maps.



Computer Chip—This is a photograph of the 32032, a thirty-two-bit microprocessor manufactured by National Semiconductor. According to the company, this is the most advanced chip of its kind.

[Short Story]

SAN FRANCISCO

By Amy Hempel. "San Francisco" appears in a collection of Hempel's fiction, *Reasons to Live*, published this month by Alfred A. Knopf.

Do you know what I think?

I think it was the tremors. That's what must have done it. The way the floor rolled like bongo boards under our feet? Remember it was you and Daddy and me having lunch? "I guess that's not an earthquake," you said. "I guess you're shaking the table?"

That's when it must have happened. A watch on a dresser, a small thing like that—it must have been shaken right off, onto the floor.

And how would Maily know? Maily at the doctor's office? All those years on a psychiatrist's couch and suddenly the couch is moving.

Good God, she is on that couch when the big one hits.

Maily didn't tell you, but you know what her

doctor said? When she sprang from the couch and said, "My God, was that an earthquake?"

The doctor said this: "Did it feel like an earthquake to you?"

I think we are agreed, you have to look on the light side.

So that's when I think it must have happened. Not that it matters to me. Maily is the one who wants to know. She thinks she has it coming, being the older daughter. Although where was the older daughter when it happened? Which daughter was it that found you?

When Maily started asking about your watch, I felt I had to say it. I said, "With the body barely cold?"

Maily said the body is not the person, that the essence is the person, and that the essence leaves the body behind, along with the body's possessions—for example, its watch?

"Time flies," I said. "Like an arrow."

"Fruit flies," I said, and Maily said, "What?"

"Fruit flies," I said again. "Fruit flies like a banana."

That's how easy it is to play a joke on Maily.

Remember how easy?

Now Maidy thinks I took your watch. She thinks because I got there first, my first thought was to take it. Maidy keeps asking, "Who took Mama's watch?" She says, "Did you take Mama's watch?"

[Essay]

TRADING LIFE FOR NEWS

From "In Praise of a Topsy-Turvy Life-Style," by Karl Kraus. This essay appears in a new collection of the Viennese satirist's writings, In These Great Times, edited by Harry Zohn and published by the Carcanet Press, of Manchester, England. "In Praise of a Topsy-Turvy Life-Style" was first published in 1908.

For a time I tried a normal life-style, but all too soon I came to feel its sad consequences on my body and my soul, and I decided to start leading an unsensible life before it was too late. Now I see the world again through one of those veils that not only help one get over the reality of earthly misery but to which I also owe many an exaggerated vision of the possible pleasures of life. In my case, the sound principle of maintaining a topsy-turvy life-style in the framework of an upside-down world order has stood every test. I too once accomplished the feat of rising with the sun and retiring with it. But the insufferable objectivity with which the sun shines on all my fellow citizens, without regard to person or general deformity and ugliness, is not to everyone's taste; and anyone who can betimes escape the danger of taking a clear-eyed view of this earth does the wise thing and experiences the pleasure of being avoided on that account by those he avoids. For when my day was still divided into morning and evening, it was a joy to awaken with the cock's crow and go to bed with the nightwatchman's call. But then the other division came into vogue: there was morning paper and there was evening paper—and the world lay in wait of events. Anyone who has observed for a time how disgracefully events debase themselves before curiosity, how cravenly the course of the world adapts itself to the increased need for information, and how in the end time and space become forms of perception of the journalistic subject, turns over in bed and goes on sleeping. "Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold this shameful lodging."

Hence I sleep in broad daylight. And when I wake up, I spread the whole paper shame of

mankind before me so I might know what I have missed, and this makes me happy. Stupidity gets up early; that is why events are accustomed to happening in the morning. True, many things can happen by evening; but generally speaking, the afternoon does not have the noisy bustle through which human progress attempts to prove itself worthy of its good name until feeding time. . . .

I go out on the Ringstrasse and watch the preparations for a parade. For four weeks there is noise; it's like a symphony on the theme of money circulating. Mankind gets ready for a holiday; carpenters raise grandstands and their prices. And when I consider that I won't get to see that magnificence, my heart begins to beat faster, too. If mine were still the normal life-style, the festive procession would force me to leave town; but now I can stay and still see nothing. An old king in Shakespeare cautions: "Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains:/. . . we'll go to supper i' the morning." A fool who confirms that this world order is upside down adds: "And I'll go to bed at noon." But in the evening, when I have breakfast, everything will be over, and from the newspapers I shall learn in comfort how many cases of sunstroke there were. . . .

Utilize as best you can the transformation of the universe into a local news section; use the process by which time is canned and called a newspaper. The world has become uglier since it began to look in a mirror every day; so let us settle for the mirror image and do without an inspection of the original. It is uplifting to lose one's faith in a reality that looks the way it is described in a newspaper. He who sleeps away half a day has won half a life.

All major stupidities happen before noon; a person should wake up only when office hours are over. Let him step out into life after lunch, when it is free of politics. . . . When recently the German princes were in our city and everyone was up and doing, I knew nothing about it. Nor did this incident have any adverse consequences for me in other respects—except that for the first time I could not get my accustomed beef for breakfast, which meant that I could not satisfy a taste by which I had hitherto demonstrated my affiliation with the city in which I live. The waiter made his excuses, and by way of consoling me he referred to the consolidation of the Triple Alliance. This I had slept away. . . .

But even though it is one of life's comforts that one can sleep away life's discomforts, I must admit that there is one area in which I have had no luck at all with my practice: the arts. For it is common experience that most theatrical flops occur in the evening.

Still, in all areas of public activity it is quiet at night. Nothing stirs. There is no news. Only the street-sweeping machine moves through the streets like the symbol of an upside-down world order—so the dust left by the day may be spread; and when it rains, the streetsweeper is followed by the sprinkling truck. Otherwise there is peace. Stupidity is asleep, and I go to work. From the distance comes a noise like the sound of printing presses: stupidity is snoring. I sneak up on it and even derive enjoyment from my murderous intentions. When the first morning paper appears on the eastern horizon of civilization, I go to bed. . . . These are some of the advantages of a topsy-turvy life-style.

QUESTIONS OF STYLE

At the Washington Post—Excerpted from *The Washington Post Deskbook On Style*. The passages below are from a chapter entitled "Standards and Ethics," by Benjamin C. Bradlee, the Post's executive editor.

The *Washington Post* is pledged to an aggressive, responsible, and fair pursuit of the truth without fear of any special interest, and with favor to none.

Washington Post reporters and editors are pledged to approach every assignment with the fairness of open minds and without prior judgment. The search for opposing views must be routine. Comment from persons accused or challenged in stories must be included. The motives of those who press their views upon us must routinely be examined, and it must be recognized that these motives can be noble and ignoble, obvious and ulterior.

We fully recognize that the power we have inherited as the monopoly morning newspaper in the capital of the free world carries with it special responsibilities:

- ☐ to listen to the voiceless;
- ☐ to avoid any and all acts of arrogance;
- ☐ to face the public with politeness and candor.

THE REPORTER'S ROLE

Although it has become increasingly difficult for this newspaper and for the press generally to do so since Watergate, reporters should make every effort to remain in the audience, to stay off the stage, to report history, not to make history.

THE NATIONAL AND COMMUNITY INTEREST

The *Washington Post* is vitally concerned with the national interest and with the commu-

nity interest. We believe these interests are best served by the widest possible dissemination of information. The claim of national interest by a federal official does not automatically equate with the national interest. The claim of community interest by a local official does not automatically equate with the community interest.

TASTE

The *Washington Post* as a newspaper respects taste and decency, understanding that society's concepts of taste and decency are constantly changing. A word offensive to the last generation can be part of the next generation's common vocabulary. But we shall avoid prurience. We shall avoid profanities and obscenities unless their use is so essential to a story of significance that its meaning is lost without them. In no case shall obscenities be used without the approval of the executive editor or the managing editor or his deputy.

At Penthouse—Below is the style sheet for *Penthouse* magazine's letters section. Many magazines and newspapers devise their own such manuals to guide copy editors on questions of spelling, punctuation, and usage.

PENTHOUSE LETTERS STYLE SHEET

army (lower case; but, U.S. Army)	horny
asshole	jack off, jacked off, jacking off
ben-wah	jerk off
bhang (= pot, marijuana; see "bong")	jism (never "gism")
blond (male or female)	joystick
blowjob	lovemaking
bong (= water pipe used for smoking)	love-tube, love-sack, etc.
hash or pot)	mound of Venus
boyfriend	multiorgasmic
braless	mushroom-head
brunet (male or female)	OK (caps, no points)
butt-fuck (verb or noun)	panty hose
cockhead	pantyless
cock-teaser	pee-hole
cocksucker	redhead (but as adjective, red-headed or red-haired)
come (never "cum")	rest room
cutoffs	S&M (caps, ampersand, no points)
daisy chain	sadomasochism
damn it, goddamn it	69 (sexual position; don't spell out)
deep-throat, deep-throating	skinny-dipping
dildo, dildos	skintight (adjective)
doggie-style	sport shirt
dominatrix, dominatrices	T-shirt
extramarital	three-way (adjective; no hyphen as noun, e.g., "We had a three-way.")
foot-fetishist	tonguing
French-kissing or Frenching	turn on (verb)
G-string	turn-on (noun)
gang bang	turned-on (adjective)
girlfriend	tv (lower case)
good-bye (but good night, not hyphenated except as adjective)	water bed
gray	X-rated
hard-on	five-feet-six-inches (or five-feet-six)
high school (hyphenate adjective)	36-26-36 (use numerals)
high-tech (adjective)	

[Tales]

THE BOYS

From You Know What Is Right, a collection of stories by Jim Heynen, published this month by North Point Press.

The Bad Day—One day everything went wrong.

Look at that pigeon! shouted one of the boys.

It was staggering near a pig feeding trough, touching one wing tip to the ground to keep from falling on its side.

Maybe it's the heat, said the oldest boy, and they ran to the sick pigeon and caught it. It gagged as if it were going to vomit. Its eyes were glazed, and one eyelid did not open again after it blinked.

Quick, the tank! the oldest boy shouted. They ran to the water tank with the dying pigeon, held its head back, and splashed handfuls of water into its open beak.

The water made the pigeon gag even more, but out came a large kernel of corn. Coughing up the kernel was like turning a switch on inside the pigeon, which panted and started beating its wings. In a few seconds it flew off, full of life.

That was stupid, said a grown-up who had been watching from the hog house. Don't you know pigeons are the one bird that drinks with its head down? You could have drowned it with its head tilted back like that.

The boys were going to explain, but they saw that the man was having a bad day. A sow had accidentally lain on another of its piglets, leaving only four from the litter of ten. The man picked up the limp body of the last victim and flung it through the air onto the manure pile.

Another dead one, he said.

But when the piglet hit the manure pile, out came a grunting sound.

Hey! shouted one of the boys, but the man had already heard it and had run over to the piglet. He held its snout in his hand and blew into its nostrils, then lay it on his knee and patted its small rib cage. The steady tapping was so much like applause that the boys clapped their hands. In a few seconds the piglet squealed and struggled to get away.

I wonder if that will teach you to get out of the way next time, scolded the man as he put the piglet back in the pen with its mother.

What a bad day, the man said. He kicked a pig trough to show what a bad mood he was in. A mouse that had been stuck under the trough scurried away with its tail bleeding.

Well, at least the cats have it good, said one

of the boys, trying to cheer the man up. They looked at the four cats that were sleeping on their fat bellies in the alleyway. But then they too woke up and sniffed the air, as if bad luck had an odor to it.

The Youngest Boy—It was not easy being the youngest boy. Being the last one in the race to the house for supper. Being the one who held the wrenches while the others fixed the bicycle. Being the one no one would believe when everyone else was lying. And the one who could not back his anger with muscle.

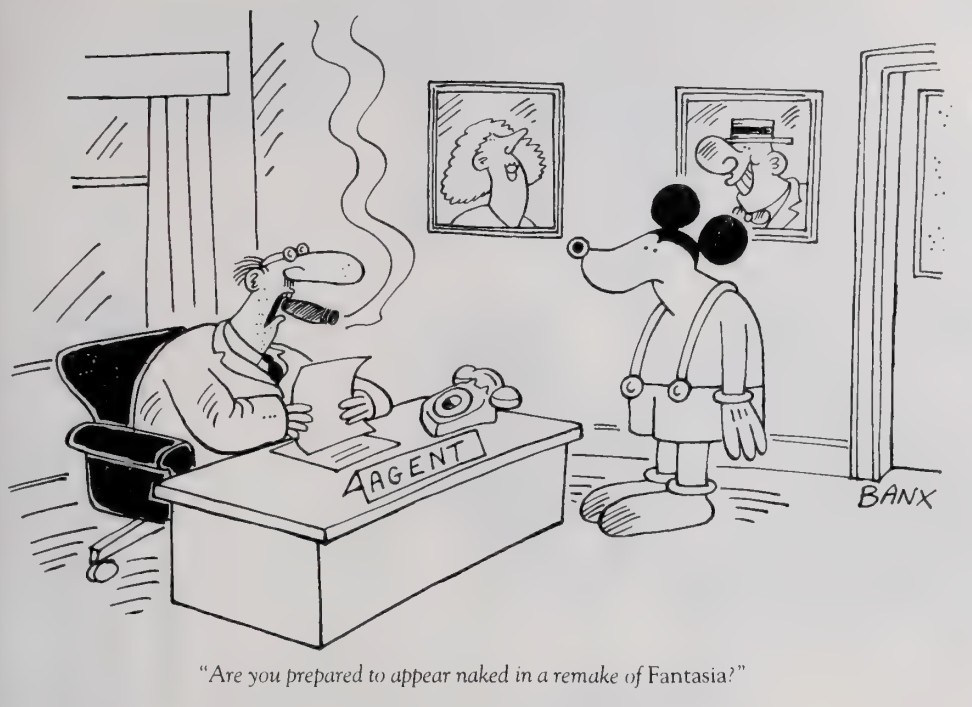
But there was an advantage to being small. Some nights, very late, when he wanted the world to himself, he slipped out of bed with such small noises that no one heard. And he moved through the house making sounds that the rats or the wind might make. Then he waited until the wind changed enough to move the metal fan on the windmill so that it squeaked. At the same time, he opened the screen door and the two squeaks went together and he was outside. Here there were always some animal sounds, and it was easy to fit them in with the sounds of his walking and overall legs rubbing. Steers rubbing against wooden fences because the grubs in their backs did not sleep at night. Or sick pigs that had swallowed wire plodding to the drinking trough to quench the burning in their stomachs. Even birds and chickens with their little fluttering pains. With his flashlight still turned off, he went down to the barn and the door with new hinges which didn't squeak. Inside, he turned on the flashlight and shined it in the faces of calves, who got up to see what there was to eat, then lay down again, watching him but not expecting anything. He made up little songs and sang to them as they lay in the hay content, not listening to him but not complaining either.

You Know What Is Right—Before the boys went into town on Saturday nights the grown-ups always warned them to stay out of trouble by saying, You know what is right. Always those words: *You know what is right*. After hearing the same warning over and over many times, the boys figured they really must know what is right. But when they were on the downtown streets, it was not always so easy.

One Saturday night the first thing that happened was some town boys gave them the finger and yelled,

Hey, Stinkeroos,
You got cowshit on your shoes!

The oldest boy answered quickly by giving



From *Punch*, the English weekly.

them the finger too and yelling,

Oh yeah, city fellow?
Your underpants is yellow!

The youngest boy said, Yelling at them like that, was that right?

The other boys were not sure. They walked away from the town boys thinking about it. Was that right? Was that right? they said over and over to themselves. A little later they stopped in front of a new car-showroom window. They leaned against the glass and looked up and down the streets, wondering what might happen next.

Stop leaning against that window! shouted the sales manager. The boys knew the man could tell by their work shoes and overalls that they were from the farm. Inside, the man was showing new cars to a well-dressed couple who looked as if they must be town folks. Let's do a stinkeroo, said the oldest boy.

The boys made their plan. They got into the next car that the well-dressed couple would be looking at. The boys who could pass gas. Then they all slipped out and closed the car doors behind them. They watched from across the street as the couple got into the stinky car. The man looked at the woman and said something. Then the woman spoke to the man with an angry look on her face. They were blaming each other for the smell, all right. Then they got out and looked at the sales manager as if maybe he were the one who had made the car stink. They shook their heads and left.

The boys tried not to laugh in front of the couple, but then the youngest boy said, But was that right?

This made one boy laugh aloud, and soon they were running down the street, laughing loudly. Stop! said one of the boys. I'm going to wet my pants!

But would that be right? asked another. Now they all laughed so hard that they were afraid of wetting their pants.

The gas station john! one of them shouted. They ran toward it to relieve themselves. The oldest boy was the first one to the urinal.

Inside the urinal was a handful of change. It was the kind of urinal that has a few inches of water in the bottom, like a cup. Someone had dropped the change into the urinal and then urinated on it. If anyone flushed the urinal, the change would go too. But for anyone to get the change he would have to stick his hand into someone else's urine.

The boys looked at each other, and it was as if for the first time that night a clear light went on in their minds.

The oldest boy reached into his pocket for some change, dropped it into the urinal, then stepped closer and urinated over the raised ante.

Me too, said the next boy, stepping up politely. And so, in turn, each gave his share of money and urine until the mound of coins glowed like a collection plate.

Now *that* was the right thing to do, said the last boy as he buttoned up. ■



SHOULD A WEEK IN THE HOSPITAL COST AS MUCH AS A YEAR IN COLLEGE?

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WHAT ARE THE CONSEQUENCES OF VIETNAM?

In the ten years since the last Marine was plucked from the roof of the besieged U.S. Embassy in Saigon, "Vietnam" has come to stand for a good deal more than America's first military defeat. The word calls up images of students battling National Guardsmen in tear-gas clouded streets, of journalists harrying politicians with hostile questions, of critics hounding American presidents from office. "Vietnam" stands for America's loss of innocence.

How have Americans endured this loss? Though policymakers and pundits issue grave warnings about "the lessons of Vietnam," the bitter foreign policy disputes of recent years—over Central America, Grenada, Lebanon—suggest that Vietnam has taught no lessons, at least none Americans can agree on. Nonetheless, the war has had consequences—most important, it has called into question America's sacred mission in the world.

How has Vietnam affected the United States' foreign and military policies? How has it changed Americans' image of their country? How has it influenced American politics and society? *Harper's* recently invited a group of historians, a military analyst, a political consultant, an economist, and a novelist to reflect on the consequences of Vietnam.

*The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Harvard Club in New York City.
James Chace served as moderator.*

JAMES CHACE

was for many years managing editor of Foreign Affairs and is currently an editor of the New York Times Book Review. His books include Solvency: An Essay on American Foreign Policy and Endless War: How We Got Involved in Central America—And What Can Be Done.

PAUL M. KENNEDY

is Dilworth Professor of History at Yale. His books include Strategy and Diplomacy, 1870–1945 and The Rise and Fall of British Naval Mastery. He is at work on The Dynamics of World Power from 1500 to the Year 2000.

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

is a senior fellow at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies. His most recent book is The Pentagon and the Art of War: The Question of Military Reform.

FRANCES FITZGERALD

writes frequently for the New Yorker, the New York Review of Books, and other publications. Her books include Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam and America Revised.

PETER MARIN

is a novelist and essayist who has written on the moral and cultural issues raised by the Vietnam War for the Nation, Harper's, Psychology Today, and other publications. He is currently at work on a book entitled Conscience and the Common Good.

KEVIN P. PHILLIPS

is president of the American Political Research Corporation and editor of American Political Report. His books include The Emerging Republican Majority, Post-Conservative America, and, most recently, Staying on Top: The Business Case for a National Industrial Strategy.

GEORGE GILDER

is author of Sexual Suicide, Visible Man, Wealth and Poverty, and, most recently, The Spirit of Enterprise.

WHETHER we like it or not, the American experience in Indochina deeply affects the way we live now. Ten years after the last Marine was lifted off the roof of our doomed embassy in Saigon, the traces of that conflict are present everywhere in this country—in our military's attitude toward foreign involvements, in the design of our foreign policy, in the structure of our domestic politics, and, perhaps most evidently, in the conflicting images Americans have of their country's role in the world.

It was only a generation ago, when John F. Kennedy was president and our creeping involvement in Southeast Asia was scarcely noticed, that the United States seemed omnipotent. Then, Americans were truly the "watchmen on the walls of world freedom," as the young president wrote in the speech he was to deliver in Dallas on the day he was assassinated.

Today, when Americans speak darkly of the

"lessons of Vietnam," that confident talk of American omnipotence seems very far away. Most attempts to exert American power abroad in recent years—the tentative intervention in Lebanon, for example, or the entire U.S. policy in Central America—have been beset by controversy. Indeed, Americans seem unable to agree on what the lessons of Vietnam are, at least as regards the central question of where and under what circumstances the United States should use military force abroad. While many see in the myth of American omnipotence a dangerous illusion that might again lead us into futile adventures abroad, others want to reconstruct the myth, or, in any event, to restore to America the role of world leader it played before its failure in Vietnam.

Our subject today is not the lessons but the consequences of Vietnam. Our task is to search out the traces Vietnam has left on the America

of 1985. Where precisely do we find the consequences of Vietnam in today's America? Have we overcome any of the effects of Vietnam? Is America, in Ronald Reagan's words, "standing tall" again?

I thought we might begin by considering what would seem to be the most direct consequences of the Vietnam War—the military ones. From there we can move on to the larger social and moral questions of how the war has affected American behavior both at home and abroad, and how it is likely to do so in the future. Paul Kennedy, as a military historian, what do you see as the main military consequences of the Vietnam War?

PAUL M. KENNEDY: Well, it's difficult to separate the specific effects the Vietnam War has had on America's role in the world from the much larger, structural changes that have gradually transformed the international balance of power during the last twenty-five years. Of course the direct consequences of the war on our military are fairly clear. America now has a noticeably cautious Pentagon, a military establishment that nervously questions itself about when and in what circumstances it can intervene abroad without getting bogged down in an unpopular, divisive war. As is evident from Secretary of Defense Weinberger's speech last November on U.S. military policy, the Pentagon is demanding to know where it can fight and be *assured* of public support; which is to say, our military is submitting its strategy to a sort of "Vietnam litmus test." And the obvious consequence of *that* consequence is that the United States has become a very cautious imperial power.

That much is pretty straightforward. The problems arise when we try to separate the specific military consequences from other important changes that have tended to complicate America's role in the world, but that probably would have occurred in any event, even if the war had never happened. For example, in the last quarter-century or so we have witnessed an enormous change in Third World attitudes toward the United States. Many Third World governments have reacted strongly against what they consider an overwhelming American presence, against the growing influence of American capital and the American culture and mores that have come with it. During the same period our European allies have become stronger and more independent, and less willing to follow America's lead unquestioningly in matters of foreign policy. Finally, and perhaps most important, the Russians succeeded in closing the gap in strategic nuclear forces, and the United States lost its position as the clearly predominant superpower.

These gradual transformations, and others we could name, have combined to give Americans the very definite sense that the world is no longer their oyster. And all of them would have occurred even if Vietnam had never happened.

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK: Your analysis implies that the world after Vietnam has achieved a new equilibrium, an equilibrium that includes an inevitably diminished American role. My own assessment is quite different: I believe the war, and its effect on America's willingness to exert its power, has led to world disequilibrium.

Let's look more closely at the purely military consequences of the war. You mentioned the so-called Weinberger doctrine, which basically says that operations like Grenada represent a ceiling on the level of military action the Pentagon is willing to contemplate. Weinberger essentially declared to the world, "We will apply military force only if we know we're going to win quickly and easily, and only if we are *guaranteed* total support from the public." I think his statement accurately reflects the views of our professional military. I believe this is a wholly praiseworthy doctrine—wonderfully suited to a country such as Switzerland, which promises to come to the aid of no other nation, guarantees no order to the world, and, in short, is content to live in a world in which events are dominated by others. But for a country such as the United States, the Weinberger doctrine is completely and absurdly unsuitable.

What are the consequences of this attitude—the consequences of the consequences of Vietnam? Consider the American performance in El Salvador. The American military, in supervising the war, is imposing its current preoccupation with its great rearmament program, a program that obviously must be sustained politically. The military believes it is very bad business indeed to get involved in Central America: let's not erode the political basis for our new weapons by getting enmeshed in what might become a very unpopular war in El Salvador—that's the Pentagon's attitude.

Hence the President's Central America policy is supported only most reluctantly by the military. It makes no effort to ensure that the pitifully few advisers we have in El Salvador are the very best men; fifty-five people are simply assigned to El Salvador as if it were Germany or Korea. The military makes no attempt to guarantee that the miserable amount of American aid is even applied to acquiring and maintaining suitable weapons. Instead, the military's standard-issue weapons, intended for the world's richest armed forces, are given to the world's poorest. This is just lack of professional attention.

My point is that America's military has been thoroughly corrupted. Not in the trivial sense of soldiers stealing or taking bribes—in that sense the American military is uniquely honest. The military has been corrupted in the classical Greek sense of having lost its essential virtue, its *arete*. The virtue of a knife, the *arete* of a knife, is its "cuttingness"; the virtue of a military force is its "fightingness." The U.S. military now stands ready to fight the imagined, preplanned "real war"—that is, the war in Europe—but has no willingness to fight the wars that actually happen, such as that in El Salvador.

The consequence of this is world disequilibrium. International society today is characterized by a sort of perverted Gaullism. But de Gaulle, in his heyday, needed all the strength of his towering figure, and control of a truly major country, to assert a minimum of independence against two terrifically dynamic superpowers. The Soviet Union today, because of the decrepitude of its economy, has lost its dynamism. The Russians can't open new accounts. They can keep Cuba afloat but they can't take on Mozambique. And the United States, because of the consequences of the war that I've described, is mostly passive.

In this perverted Gaullist world, a country need not be led by a de Gaulle to assert its independence. Broad areas of the globe are left unmanaged, to be exploited by regional organizers like South Africa or Syria, which the superpowers can't control. And pirate states—St. Augustine's *magna latrocinia*, great thieveries—such as Qaddafi's Libya thrive. Only recently a ship chartered by the U.S. Navy was attacked by actual pirates in the Strait of Malacca. This is the disequilibrium of the world we live in today. This situation will not last. The question is whether it will be the United States that remedies it; if not, other forces will.

CHACE: While Paul Kennedy described an inevitable adjustment of and constraint on American power that followed the Vietnam War but only partly resulted from it, Edward Luttwak is implying that the United States could still function as a world policeman, could still impose a kind of *Pax Americana* on countries ranging from South Africa to Syria—if only it had the will. But is such a role possible for any nation any longer?

LUTTWAK: Apart from the United States, I see no power willing or able to play this role. The United States is in a transitional stage where the consequences of Vietnam are slowly being absorbed. But I see a clear and logical link between the 1,000 sorties flown each day in Vietnam—which, had they hit worthwhile targets,

would have ended the war in a day—and those Marines standing guard outside U.S. battalion headquarters in Beirut who didn't have a single loaded round in their M-16s.

FRANCES FITZGERALD: Whom exactly would you have bombed in Lebanon?

LUTTWAK: To be an advocate of strategy is not quite the same as being an advocate of frenzied bellicosity in every direction. As it happens, I would not have intervened in Lebanon at all. My point is simply that the United States made a minimum symbolic commitment in Lebanon. During the Marines' mission, Secretary Weinberger advertised his displeasure with their deployment every time he appeared on television. The operational consequence of that reluctance was that the 1,800 Americans were not seen as the point of a wedge that would broaden into a 5,000- or 50,000-man force, if necessary. They were not seen as merely the tangible manifestation of a greater American power but as the affirmation of American impotence. That was the pitiful, helpless giant of Nixon's immortal words, stationed there in Beirut.

FITZGERALD: As a matter of fact, I consider that speech of Nixon's—in which he announced the Cambodian incursion—crucial to an understanding of American foreign policy after Vietnam. In that speech, a certain vision of the world is clearly delineated. The alternatives set out are American control over the world, or anarchy and totalitarianism. There is something metaphysical in this vision—particularly as Nixon goes on to say that it is not our power but our will and character that are being tested. Apparently, the United States can restore world order by symbolic action, and by force of character alone. This has now become a familiar theme in American foreign policy; and it is hardly *Realpolitik*, though some present it as such. Nixon is not discussing whether the United States really has the capacity to project its power all over the world; rather, he is discussing the country's character, or virtue.

Mr. Luttwak, what would you prescribe for our policy in El Salvador?

LUTTWAK: I believe the United States should help the Salvadoran government, which is a democratizing regime, win the war. By "win" I mean reduce the level of guerrilla activity to endemic banditry, which is appropriate to a place of that sort. The United States can permit the Salvadorans to prevail by using their traditional methods—which simply entail killing as many people as they can until there are no guerrillas

Continued after page T20

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Written by Carol Walsb for Thomas Cook, Inc.

Thomas Cook Travel is the oldest and largest travel agency in the world, with 1,500 offices in 147 countries. Mr. Thomas Cook was instrumental in planning the first special-interest tours, like the first trip down the Nile in 1869, the first trip around the world in 1872, and the first commercial airlift in the United States in 1927.

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Since much of our information must be gathered in advance, we suggest you verify dates, places, and events.

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Muslim Priest,
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Thru the Lens Tours.

The art of travel. Some travelers seem always to know when and where to vacation. They're safariing in Kenya during game migration, shopping in London when the value of the pound drops, skiing in the Rockies the morning after a storm blankets the slopes with powder, or cruising the Alaskan fiords while the northern lights grace the sky. When you're on vacation in the right place at the right time, that's a trip with style.

This year's Travel Planner is filled with trips that we guarantee have style. We believe the trend is toward more active, special-interest vacations for 1985. We also believe that Americans are willing to spend a little more this year, providing they receive excellent value in return.

Vacationers are traveling to well-known destinations—primarily value-packed Europe—and searching for little-known hideaways. They're traveling back to the past, capturing a travel experience or location as it once was. They're taking cruises which offer more than wining and dining on the high seas; today's top cruises boast health clubs, computer classrooms, and guest lecturers. With time at a premium, today's vacationer demands a trip that incorporates all his travel passions in a one- or two-week package. And that sort of travel is an art.

E U R O P E A N T R E A S U R E S

Europe is this year's hottest travel ticket, both for the strong value of the dollar and for the vast menu of vacation choices. Even in the off-season, air reservations can be tough to come by, and many hotels are booked solid. For East Coasters the introduction of cut-rate airlines to Europe has led to low fare opportunities on most major carriers. To the Continent, there are dozens of inexpensive charter flights and round-trip scheduled carrier flights at well under \$1,000. There are also travel deals, whereby one can "earn" a free ticket to Europe. Last year

both Hilton and Intercontinental awarded free air tickets after guests spent a specified number of nights at a particular hotel or group of hotels. For those with more time and larger transportation budgets, Cunard offers a free, economy-class British Airways ticket, or a British Airways Concorde ticket for only \$549, with each transatlantic crossing.

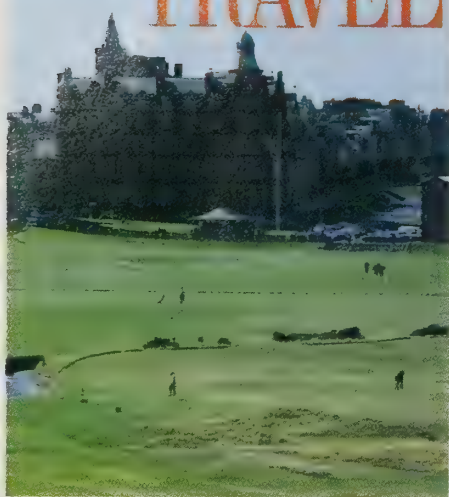
Once you've arrived, ground transportation costs can be equally inexpensive. Hertz offers an "Affordable Europe" program, with rental cars available in some cities for as little as \$83 per week. Conveniently, most major rental-car agencies in Europe do not require renters to hold an international driver's license; a valid license from your state of residence is sufficient.

In Europe, as in most other destinations, rental prices increase with the size of the car; rental costs also increase when you rent a car with automatic transmission. Most rental agencies do not charge for mileage, and, although gasoline is more expensive in Europe than in the U.S., with today's strong dollar, the price discrepancy is not quite as great as it was several years ago.

When renting a car in Europe, you are well-advised to invest in a good map system to take you in and out of cities and to your hotel once you've arrived, especially if you don't speak the local language. Nothing can be more frustrating to a first-timer in a strange city than driving in circles to find a passerby who can give directions. (One veteran traveler, after wasting hours driving around in both Rome and Florence looking for the Grand and the Regency hotels, now recommends driving to the city center—or to a point that appears from the map to be near the hotel—hailing a cab, and hiring and following the cab to the hotel.)

Another rental car tip while in Europe: beware of international drop-off fees when crossing borders; for example, renting a car in Rome and returning it in Paris will add, on average, \$85 to

THE ART OF TRAVEL



A courtesy of British Tourist Authority

**St. Andrews
Golf Club**

your bill. However, most major rental car firms do not charge an additional fee to drop a car in a different city within the same country.

Travel by train is also an extremely popular way to sightsee in Europe. Because there are so many rail pass plans available, from the EurailPass for travel in all of Europe (except Great Britain) to individual passes for travel within most countries' borders, it's a good idea to chart out a planned itinerary before deciding on a plan. Important note: most European rail passes must be purchased in the United States. Invaluable to planning a rail vacation is the Thomas Cook Continental Timetable, which lists train and ferry schedules for every destination in Europe. (The Overseas version gives schedules for the rest of the world.)

TRAIN TOURS IN EUROPE

For many travelers, the "grand tour" evokes visions of spending a month on the Continent, with tour stops at all the major sightseeing "musts"—if it's Tuesday, it must be Brussels, and by Friday the tour is in Rome. Today, the grand tour is still one of the most popular ways to visit Europe, but it has been modified to suit today's lifestyles; tours tend to be shorter and are generally designed to allow you more time in each destination. Tours by rail have also become more popular, with the Vesuvio, the Ligure, the Settebello, France's Trains à Grand Vitesse, the Trans-European Express, and the revival of the Orient Express. From old-style Pullmen to high-tech bullets, these trains boast impeccable, time-tested standards, and a charm and ambience as romantic and European as their names.

Osborne Tours offers one of the best rail vacations through Europe, titled appropriately "The Great Trains and Grand Hotels of Europe." Each tour group is limited to a maximum of thirty-two passengers, which creates a sense of intimacy and allows for a

variety of unique features—authentic national cuisine served in the world's most prized restaurants, private parties, performances, and excursions to fascinating sights too far off the beaten path for many programs to include.

The Osborne tour, eighteen to twenty-one days, begins in Frankfurt and Wiesbaden. In Wiesbaden, an Old World spa and casino city on the Rhine, guests spend the first day free, then embark on a private steamer cruise for a river view of the Rhine's medieval castles and lush hillside vineyards. On board, passengers sample a variety of German wines before stopping for lunch in the Castle auf Schoenburg in Oberwesel, overlooking the Rhine.

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The tour also stops for several days at the Excelsior in Florence, the Grand in Rome, Hermitage in Monte Carlo, Meurice in Paris, and Grosvenor House in London, truly Europe's grandest old-style hotels. For further information on this tour series, contact: Osborne Travel, 3379 Peachtree Road NE, Atlanta, GA 30326, or your local Thomas Cook office.

GOLF IN SCOTLAND

Golf has been one of Scotland's greatest exports since a November day in 1888 when five expatriate Scots ordered equipment from the Tom Morris golf shop in St. Andrews and had

it shipped to New York, where they created the first golf club this continent had ever seen—the St. Andrews Club at Yonkers. Scots have continued in the intervening years to nurture the world's most popular game.

At the same time, the country that has given the game so much has managed to keep the best for itself. There is no place in the world to match the golfing magic of St. Andrews—the home of golf. Throughout Scotland's highlands and lowlands there is the rich variety of courses you'd expect from a country where golfers have been playing the game since the 1400's.

In St. Andrews itself little has changed down through the centuries. Footsteps still echo on the narrow stone bridge which crosses the Swilcan Burn on the eighteenth fairway of the Old Course. Every champion in the entire history of the game—from Tom Morris to Bobby Jones, Ben Hogan to Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus to Tom Watson—has walked across this bridge.

This year, the St. Andrews Golf and Country Club is offering international memberships to the club. The club, located on the seventeenth hole of the Old Course itself, offers, in addition to world-class golf and golf clinics, a health club with a sauna, solarium, and massage; a Turkish bath, jacuzzi, and swimming pool; salmon fishing, horseback riding, shooting, and superb accommodations overlooking the golf links and the sea.

Last month, three preview tours were planned for those interested in becoming members of the club; inquiries on a second series can be directed to: St. Andrews International Membership; Thomas Cook Travel, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

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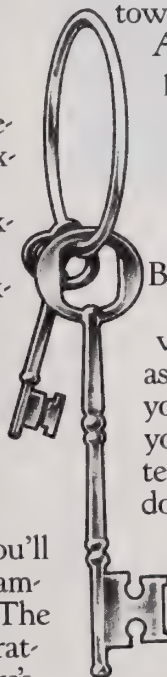
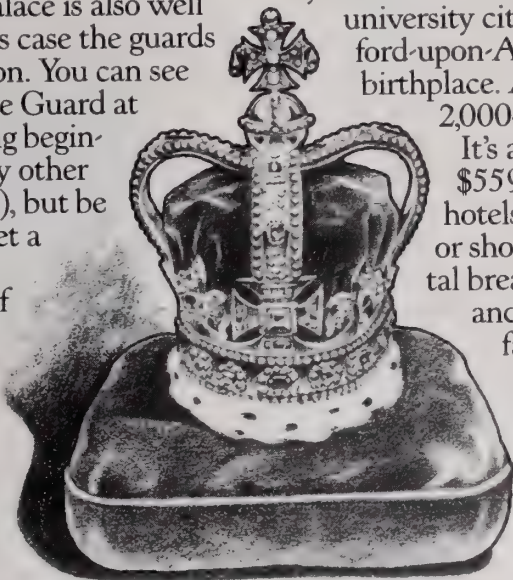
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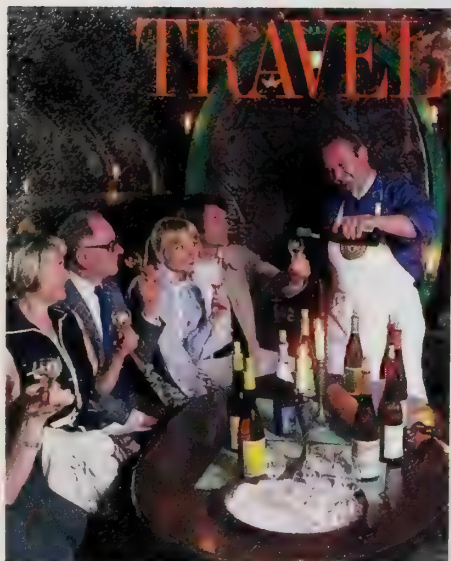
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EUROPEAN CRUISES

Music plays, champagne flows, the serpentine flies, and the stage is set for today's cruising adventure—world-class Mediterranean cruises with classical music artists and lecturers on board. This April through June, Royal Viking Cruises offers its annual classical music series; invited guests this year include Eugenia Zukerman, the internationally renowned flutist who appears regularly as a soloist with major orchestras such as the Royal Philharmonic, double bass virtuoso Gary Karr, and pianist Harmon Lewis. Scheduled to appear on other departures are tenor James McCracken and mezzo-soprano Sandra Warfield, both of whom have been heard in leading roles at the Metropolitan Opera and distinguished opera houses in Europe, such as Covent Garden and the Vienna Staatsoper. Other music notables: Zara Nelsova, one of the finest cellists in the world, and Rolf Bjorling, renowned Swedish opera star.

Another special-interest cruise offered by Royal Viking is its Mediterranean/Wine Country series, which features Spain, Portugal, and France. Gerald Asher, wine editor of *Gourmet* magazine, escorts this cruise, which begins on June 7 in Spain, the largest grape producer in the world. Wine centers include Barcelona, Alicante, and Malaga, which gives its name to the dark, sweet wine made there. Inland sights include Grenada, with Moorish architecture at the walled Alhambra, and a stop for some of Spain's finest wine: fino sherry from Andalusia. Portugal,

known for its port and "green" wines, is next, then it's on to Vigo, the Spanish port famed for its seafood. The last stop on this twelve-day cruise is Bordeaux, where tour members sample the magical wines of St. Estephe, Pauillac, Margaux, Graves, and St. Emilion.

HEALTH SPAIN MONTE CARLO

Since the opening of the California Terrace Spa in Monaco last year, the first morning's breakfast at the Hotel de Paris or Hermitage can be surprising. At seven-thirty sharp, the room-service butler knocks at the door with, not a tray laden with cafe au lait and pain au chocolat, but herbal tea and a bran muffin. 100 calories. The California Terrace, perfect for a three-day weekend or even a week-long escape, answers Monaco's call for a cure to late nights.

What makes the California Terrace Spa special is the fact that, while following spa regime, you can stay in Monaco's top hotels and eat in the hotel restaurants. (The spa is connected by elevator to the Hotel de Paris and is down the block from Hermitage.) So, dinner in Hotel de Paris' Grill Room can be ordered on spa plan or regular menu, and guests dining together are served courses simultaneously.

At the spa, a glass-enclosed swimming pool overlooking the sea dominates the main area; overlooking the pool is the Spa Cafe. Behind the scenes are aerobics classes; Nautilus rooms; facilities for herbal wraps, massage, and other beauty treatments; and a salon. Annual memberships are available for residents, but one-day, two-day, and week-long plans are also available. Since Monaco is so centrally located to all of Europe, the California Terrace is a welcome respite from three-star dining and a perfect introduction to spa vacationing for just one weekend. And because of the strong dollar, the California Terrace is more affordable than many American health spas.

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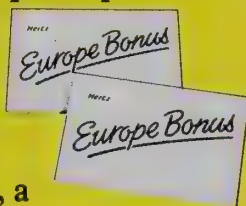


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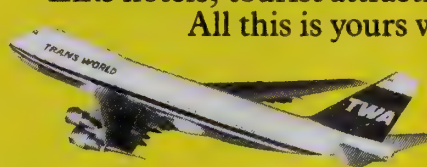
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THE ART OF

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**Big Sur,
Baja California**

HEY, HOW ABOUT THE REST OF THE WORLD?

Although Americans are filling every plane bound for Europe this year, there are still six continents left to explore. Here's a roundup of vacation possibilities after the trip to Europe:

C A R I B B E A N T R E A S U R E S

For an island as tiny as the French Caribbean outpost of St. Barthelemy (or St. Barts, as it is commonly known), the names of some of its most frequent visitors are very big indeed—Rockefeller and Rothschild among them. But the rich and famous come here for the tranquil beauty and

French ambience, not to "make the scene" as celebrities. They dress anonymously in jeans and T-shirts or loll in bathing suits, sharing with ordinary mortals the belief that a great vacation is a time to do next to nothing—but to do it with style.

This creed is enthusiastically expressed in the island's restaurants and lodgings, from the most luxurious hotels and villas to the simplest beachside snack bars. One of the island's most luxurious hotels, the regal eagle's nest Castelets, overlooks the resort of St. Jean Bay from atop Mt. Lurin. The domain of Genevieve Jouany, whose English is as flawless as her sense of decor, this cluster of antique-furnished chalets is often a home away from home for filmmakers

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and ballet stars, actors and writers. On St. Barts, there are 24 hotels, varied enough to suit most budgets and tastes. High rises do not exist and probably never will. In fact, most accommodations are little groups of chalets or cottages; the largest hotels, from twenty-four to fifty rooms, would be considered small elsewhere.

St. Barts' original hostelry, a frequently photographed landmark on St. Jean Bay, is the six-room, red-roofed Eden Rock, perched on a promontory high above two perfect white-sand beaches. From its bar, you can laze away an afternoon watching windsurfers at the Filao Beach below. The Filao, an expertly run and very successful hotel, has thirty rooms housed in

bungalows named for chateaux in France. Beachside bungalows are also the lodgings at two neighboring spots: the long-established Emeraude Plage, which has twenty-four rooms in a secluded garden setting, and the twelve-room Tom Beach, built just last year. Next door is Chez Francine, an open-air deck that hums with lunchtime crowds season after season.

Across the island are a couple of family-style properties, among them the twenty-four room Baie des Flamands at the Anse des Flamands. At the edge of this truly stunning beach is Taiwana, once just a fashionable lunch club, but now a fashionable hotel as well, with nine rooms in four pastel-pretty houses—where it's reported that Billy Joel met

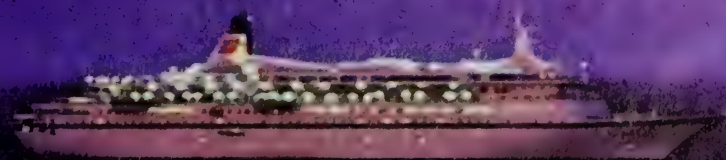
Christie Brinkley.

For visitors, St. Barts is very much a twentieth-century playground. Windsurfing is very popular, and the innumerable quiet coves make for great scuba diving and snorkeling. Lessons and trips can be arranged through St. Barts Water Sports in Gustavia, which also rents gear. Deep-sea fishing is also available on St. Barts; two of the local fishing experts can be found at a boutique called Paul et Virginie near the pier, or the local Banque Nationale de Paris, across from which are posted charter possibilities.

Offshore sailing to Ile Fourchue, a tiny, uninhabited island northwest of St. Barts, for swimming, snorkeling, and sunbathing, followed by cocktails

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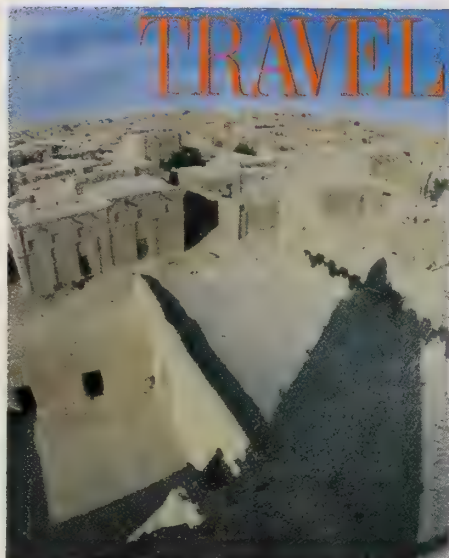
Royalty?



Yes. Royal Viking.

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© Brian A. Vikander 1985. Thru the Lens Tours.

**City overview of
Timbouctou, Mali**

and a cold gourmet lunch, is available for about \$50 per person. With no casinos, few discos, no movies (except when the French Navy is in port and free films are shown on the dock), nightlife revolves around dining in any of twenty-five good small restaurants, many of them French. Cuisine is as grand an art here as in the mother country, and the wine cellars are well-stocked.

St. Barts is just ten minutes from St. Martin, and there are regularly scheduled flights daily. There are also daily flights from Guadeloupe and St. Thomas, one hour away.

For on-island assistance, contact St. Barts' Office du Tourisme in Gustavia's Mairie or Town Hall, tel: 27.60.08. For pre-departure information, contact the local Thomas Cook travel agent or the French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10020; 212/757-1125.

WEST AFRICA PHOTOGRAPHY EXCURSIONS

If you're looking for a truly spectacular trip, any of the photographic safaris clearly tops the list. The top photographic expeditions are designed to visit the world's most photogenic sights, for the most photographically rewarding vacation possible. Travel is planned for the best time of year for the most favorable weather conditions, and the right time of day for the best photographic lighting.

From African game runs to Egyptian country villages, from a Thai folk dance to the mountain people of the Himalayas, from an Alaskan glacier to a New England sunset, the best photography expeditions are offered by a tour company called Thru the Lens Tours. Thru the Lens tour leaders are professional travel photographers and teachers, and often lead the groups into little-known corners of the globe.

One of Thru the Lens' more off-the-beaten-trail tours, available to only fifteen passengers per

departure, is "West Africa: Togo to Tombouctou," which visits the Ivory Coast, Togo, Benin, Mali, and Senegal. The tour begins in Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast. The Ivory Coast, formerly part of French West Africa, is a country of remarkably diverse scenery, with a lifestyle still largely rooted in tribal beliefs. Abidjan, however, presents a picture of efficiency and sophistication in the heart of the African Riviera, and that morning's photography captures the heritage and contrasts of the capital city.

The next day, an early morning flight finds the tour group in Korhogo, the capital of the North and the heart of the Senuofo country. The Ivory Coast comprises over 60 ethnic groups, and the Senuofo, renowned for their artistic merit, are among the most interesting. They are industrious farmers who remain attached to ancient animist religion and customs, producing carved wooden masks and weavings.

This tour also visits the rarely seen North Country Togo, often called Africa in Miniature, which is especially interesting for its customs and folklore—voodoo plays an important role in the lives of the Togolese.

Other highlights, before the tour visits Djenné—one of the best photographic discoveries in West Africa—are Lomé; Benin, with its Temple of the Sacred Python; the village of Ganvie, known as the "African Venice" because its huts are built high on bamboo stilts in Lake Nocue; Bamako, the capital of Mali; and the fabled Timbouctou, which for centuries was the hub of Moslem culture and an important goal for camel caravans from the far reaches of the Sahara.

The West Africa trip departs once in both 1985 and 1986, in November. Other trips available through this firm include excursions to Asia and the Pacific, Africa and the Middle East, and North and South America. For information, contact: Thru the Lens, 5855 Green Valley Circle, #206, Culver City, CA 90230; 800/521-LENS.

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T H E O R I E N T

Two of the easiest ways for first-time touring in the Orient—a trip for which most vacationers allot at least two weeks—are to book a section on a world cruise or to take a special tour; both options ensure optimum value and experience. Cunard, Royal Viking Line, and Society Expeditions are the top cruise lines offering world cruises, and ports of call include Kobe and Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, and Bali. There are distinct advantages to cruising: airfare is often reduced or free; there's no need to pack, unpack, and carry bags; meals are prepared and served on board (most world-cruise ships replenish their wine cellars in each port, ensuring a well-stocked cellar with diverse wine selections at each meal); experienced guides and lecturers provide destination background and tips for sightseeing musts; and after numerous shopping sprees, treasures can be brought back on board and stored. The three ships offer varying itineraries, with departures generally in the spring and fall of the year.

In the tour market, a firm called Pacific Delight Tours, Inc. offers a comprehensive series of excursions to the Orient, ranging from two weeks to several months. The Pacific Delight Tour brochures are extremely easy to read, and closely resemble a Chinese dinner menu with "one from column A, one from column B." On an escorted tour to the Orient, important features to look for are: complete escorting throughout the Orient by experienced tour directors to handle all customs formalities and embarkation details, a choice of dine-around dinners in hotels or outstanding restaurants, hotel gratuities and tips, and a flexible itinerary to allow for a complete choice of side excursions.

One of Pacific Delight's most breathtaking tours is its China excursion. Although the China International Travel Service controls the itineraries of all tour itineraries in China, Beijing is typically first on any China tour.

Visitors will encounter the exquisite architecture of Beijing's Ming palaces and temples; Xi'an's marvelous relics of antiquity; Guilin's majestic landscape, celebrated in scrolls and odes; Shanghai's rich museum collections and her spirited people, determined to forge a new golden age of prosperity.

Human evolution, from half-million-year-old Peking man to twentieth-century technologists, is spanned within Beijing's history. A city for 3,000 years and a capital for seven centuries, it is China's second-largest city and the heart of the nation's government and economic life. Typical sightseeing reveals legacies of the nation's illustrious past juxtaposed with symbols of progress. Tian An Men, the world's largest plaza, lined with monumental public buildings, fronts the legendary Forbidden City, whose acres of splendid fifteenth-century halls and pavilions now comprise the Palace Museum.

The Summer Palace presents a breathtaking arrangement of lake and landscape, pagodas and pavilions, and the Temple of Heaven is a consummate expression of the philosophy that architecture is "music in space." Soul-stirring is the Great Wall, winding dragonlike across northern China, the only earthly evidence of man visible from space. A memorable day excursion combines a visit to the Wall and a drive along the Sacred Way, guarded by sculpted stone animals both real and fabulous, to the Ming Tombs.

For further information on visiting China with Pacific Delight Tours, contact: Pacific Delight Tours, Inc., 132 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016; 212/684-7707 or 800/221-7179.

M E X I C O

Along with Europe, Mexico is one of this year's top vacation bargains (still). Although some prices have risen, making Mexico more of an American-priced destination after all, costs for clothing, meals, cocktails, and

**Hirosaki Castle,
Aomori, Japan**

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local sightseeing are still low. Baja California, the Mexican peninsula which extends off the southern end of California, between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of California, is Mexico's most unexplored destination. Deep-sea fishing, scuba diving, and rugged landscapes are its most sought-after attractions.

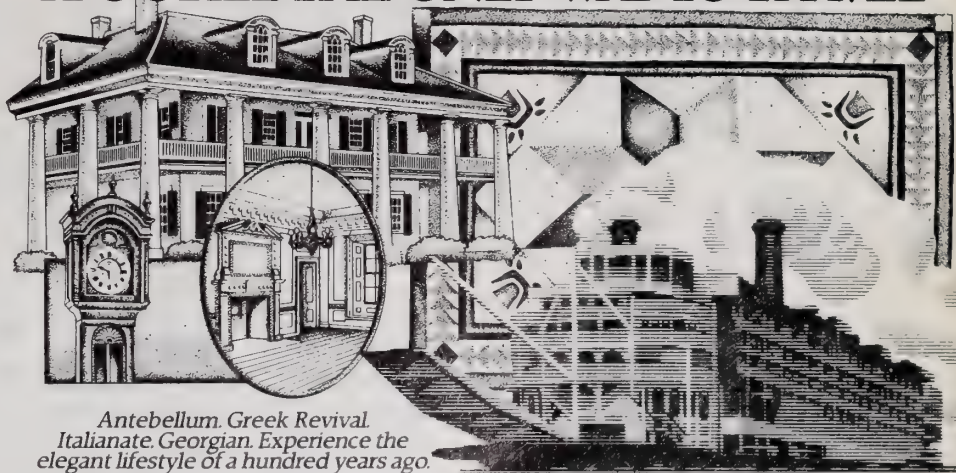
In 1978, the Mexican Government Tourism Development Agency opened the international airport in San Jose Del Cabo, which made this luxurious retreat accessible to all vacationers. (Previously, tourists could reach Cabo only by driving down the peninsula or by private plane.) Aeromexico and Mexicana Air have flights several times a week from various American gateways. Cabo still provides a refuge for vacationers seeking to get away to the "real" Mexico, far from the tourist hotels and charter air flights.

Cabo San Lucas is the resort at the tip of the peninsula, perched on a spectacularly beautiful coastline, with some of the best fishing and beaches in the area. Probably the best-known hotel is the Hotel Cabo San Lucas, a gorgeous Spanish minivillage, high on a bluff. The hotel boasts skeet shooting, horseback riding, a private swimming cove, an airstrip, and a variety of accommodations, ranging from hotel rooms and suites to three-to-seven-room villas. The Hotel Cabo San Lucas is closed from July to October.

In Cabo, panga (skiff) rides to the spectacular Los Arcos (The Arches) at Cabo San Lucas's southernmost tip offer spectacular scenery, as well as a fantastic way to view wildlife native to the coast. Sea lions frolic on the rocks, migrating whales swim in annually from Alaska to mate and calve, and close to 1,000 species of fish and supersize billfish provide a deep-sea challenge.

For further information on visiting Baja California, contact: The Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Avenue, Suite 1203 New York, NY 10022; 212/755-7212.

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**Great blue heron,
Everglades NP, Florida**

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MISSISSIPPI CRUISES

This year's most American vacation—a *Delta Queen* steamboat cruise up the Mississippi—celebrates the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mark Twain, the man who captured for countless readers the mystery, lure, and romance of the great steamboats of the 1800's. The *Delta Queen* is the only authentic, fully restored, overnight steamboat in the world, and it is listed on the National Register of Historic Places by the U.S. Department of the Interior. Four departures celebrating Twain's anniversary are scheduled in late August and early September, with onboard oratories, performances, games, contests, and other activities inspired by Twain's legend and his works. (There's even rumored to be frog jumping contests, if the ship's captain can find a frog named Dan'l Webster and a coupl'a teaspoons of quail shot!)

The *Delta Queen*, owned by the Delta Queen Steamboat Company, accommodates only 180 passengers on two- to twelve-night river journeys, navigating the Mississippi from New Orleans to Natchez, Memphis to St. Louis, St. Louis to St. Paul—from the lower Mississippi to the upper.

For further information, contact: The Delta Queen Steamboat Co., 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, OH 45202; 800/543-1949.

PALM BEACH

The city island of Palm Beach is world-renowned as America's playground for the rich and famous, and the surrounding Palm Beach County invites everyone to play. Deep-sea and fresh-water fishing are at their best here thanks to the Gulf Stream; Lake Okeechobee boasts some of the best bass fishing in the country; and Loxahatchee, a bird and wildlife sanctuary and awe-inspiring natural mangrove swamp at the northern end of the

county, is home to bald eagles and manatees. Horseback riding, canoe trips, and airboat excursions are also popular activities.

Palm Beach County meets the warm south Atlantic with a forty-seven-mile ribbon of some of Florida's finest beaches, with superb water sports along the coast, in the intracoastal waterway, and in the numerous lakes.

The climate is just shy of subtropical, made agreeable all year by the proximity of the Gulf Stream. The mean temperature is 74.9 degrees. Winter is high season in Palm Beach County. In the spring, summer, and fall—May 1 through December 15—hotel and package rates may drop by 50 percent or more.

Palm Beach County's roots as a resort community date back to the early 1890's, when the few early settlers—farmers, hunters, and fishermen—were visited by Henry Morrison Flagler, John D. Rockefeller's partner in Standard Oil. Flagler aptly named the county for its dense stands of coconut palms, and was so impressed by what he saw that he extended his Florida East Coast Railway into the area. The extension of the railroad brought the first guests to the 2,000-room Royal Poinciana Hotel he built, which at the time was the largest in the world. He followed this with The Breakers, still a world-class hotel today. In 1901, he spared no expense when he constructed Whitehall, a \$4-million marble mansion for his wife. The magnificent structure has been preserved and is currently the home of the Henry Morrison Flagler Museum.

Year-round, travelers to Palm Beach County can take advantage of a variety of exciting vacation packages, which despite Palm Beach's reputation as a hideaway for the rich are surprisingly affordable. Palm Beach County's own "Escape Route" package, for example, offers guest accommodations at an unprecedented choice of over sixty hotels, motels, apartments, and resorts throughout the county, ranging

in price and style from intimate, privately owned inns to major, five-star luxury resorts.

Other "Escape Route" features include: a free rental car for one week, based on seven-night stays at twelve of the participating hotels; a "Discover Palm Beach Passport," which resembles a real passport and offers two-for-one or reduced-rate admissions to many of the county's theaters and attractions; and a "golf-a-round" coupon for each night of the stay. "Escape Route" vacation packages are available throughout the county and are based on stays of two to seven nights, with an option for extra nights. The hotels participating in the program may also offer extra features and amenities, including use of a health club, evening entertainment, and beach picnics.

Golfers are attracted to this area by the sheer number (more than 100) and caliber of the professionally designed courses, one reason why the Professional Golfer's Association (PGA) chose to make Palm Beach Gardens its year-round home. Palm Beach's "golf-a-round" coupon offers an opportunity to play one eighteen-hole round of golf daily on a choice of nine world-class courses: at the Boca Raton Hotel and Club (Boca Raton), The Breakers (Palm Beach), the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club (West Palm Beach), the PGA Sheraton Resort (Palm Beach Gardens), and the Ramada on the Golf Course (West Palm Beach). In the spring, summer, and fall months of May through mid-December, greens fees on this package are free. Other golf packages, based on stays of from two to six nights and offering a wide variety of features and amenities, are available at the Boca Raton Hotel and Club, the Boca Teeca Lodge (Boca Raton), and the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

Apart from the "Escape Route" offerings, selected hotels and resorts throughout Palm Beach County offer special-interest vacations devoted to tennis, golf, romantic honeymoons, and

families. Tennis vacation packages, for example, which feature luxury accommodations (from two to seven nights), free court time, tennis instruction, and more, are available at Laver's International Resort (Delray Beach), the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, the Boca Raton Hotel and Club, and the Jupiter Bay and Tennis Club (Jupiter).

For further information on vacation packages to Palm Beach County, contact your travel agent or The Palm Beach County Tourism Development Council, 324 Datura Street, West Palm Beach, FL 33401; tel: 305/837-3890.

**A L A S K A N
A D V E N T U R E**

Alaska, the last frontier, is a photographer's opportunity, and has become one of the most popular vacations this year. Possibilities range from cruising the Aleutians to glacier-gazing in Prince William Sound, to spending the evening in an Eskimo

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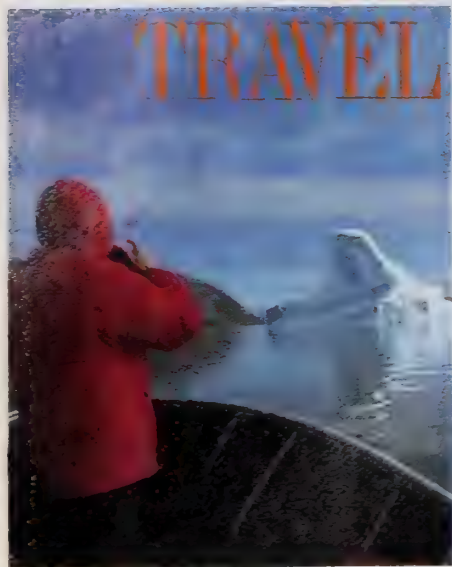
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village. Alaska has been actively stepping up tourism and offers a sizable selection of vacation options, from top-of-the-line champagne-and-caviar cruises to adventuresome excursions in the wilderness.

Society Expeditions, world-class leader in exotic and extremely deluxe adventure travel, has brought back the *World Discoverer*, which begins operating this summer in the Aleutian Islands. The *Discoverer*, world-famous for her ice-hardened hull and shallow draft, can maneuver herself through passages and waterways that most ships find inaccessible. Zodiac landing craft designed by Jacques Cousteau are on board, allowing passengers to explore hard-to-reach sights without the use of docks or shoreside support.

This year's Alaska schedule for the *Discoverer* begins with an inaugural cruise departing August 6 for the Aleutian Islands. Author James Michener will be on board, conducting research for an upcoming novel. The ship then departs Nome on August 23 and sails from west to east through the Northwest Passage to arrive in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Then, from September 23 to October 4, Society Expeditions has scheduled a Champagne and Caviar Cruise from Halifax to Kingston.

More rugged, and equally well-run, are Thru the Lens Tours to Alaska and the Arctic. Thru the Lens offers two Alaskan tour choices, with departures in June and August. With Thru the Lens tours, the prime objective is to photograph the colorful Arctic, and the tours' itineraries and accommodations are designed to capture Alaska's cornucopia of photo opportunities.

Thru the Lens visits Prince William Sound and Denali National Park; the Pribilof Islands, a tiny, windswept archipelago in the Bering Sea with one of the largest and most interesting collections of seabirds and marine mammals found anywhere in the world; and St. George Island, a relatively new

tourist destination, an island of 27 square miles about 300 miles off the west coast of Alaska, with over 170 species of birds, whose combined numbers are in the tens of thousands. With a Thru the Lens tour, limited to no more than seventeen passengers, overnight stays are in classic lodges and cabins that capture the rustic flavor of the Alaskan outdoors.

For those seeking an even more adventurous visit to Alaska, Special Odysseys, a pioneer in developing the geographic and magnetic North Pole as tour destinations, offers several expeditions oriented specifically to viewing wildlife at the North Pole and Greenland. The geographic pole is one of the most remote destinations on earth, and the logistics of safety, comfort, and quality of experience are constantly being refined. For example, last year, the staging site for the geographic pole flight was moved to Eureka on Ellesmere Island's west coast. Eureka is noted for its high arctic weather station and abundance of arctic hares and arctic wolves, and—probably more important to Arctic expeditioners—hot showers and flush toilets.

This year's tour to the North Pole, led by Susan Voorhees, the first woman to lead a group of adventurers to the North Pole, will place even more importance than usual on viewing wildlife. In addition to transportation to the Pole, the tour includes a flight out over Baffin Bay towards Greenland, to the edge of the floe ice where the open sea begins, and a visit to Grise Fiord, the most northerly settlement in the Western Hemisphere. Here, native Inuit guides provide transportation by snowmobile and komatic, an Eskimo sled especially designed to withstand the rough terrain of the sea ice surface. Departure this year is slated for April 13.

Special Odysseys also offers expeditions to Greenland and the Great Arctic Circle. For further information, contact: Special Odysseys, 3430 Evergreen Point Road, P.O. Box 37, Medina, WA 98039; 206/455-1960. ■

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left. Or, if we insist on imposing our own squeamish tastes on the Salvadorans in typical Yankee imperialist fashion, we must supply them with enough military aid to fight the war cleanly. American methods are clean, but very expensive, requiring helicopters and other sophisticated equipment. The traditional way requires only infantry battalions and plenty of sharp knives. At present we are imposing our mode of warfare on the Salvadorans without funding it sufficiently.

FITZGERALD: What is this nonsense about "endemic banditry" and "clean American methods"? It's absurd to look at a situation like that in El Salvador from a purely military point of view. The problem in El Salvador is not the guerrillas but the government—the military-dominated government that actually created the guerrillas and now can't get rid of them without American help. But the kind of help the United States can provide—greater troop mobility and vastly increased firepower—inflicts enormous damage and suffering on the civilian population. The destruction is "clean" only in the sense that it's impersonal.

Karl Marx once said that history repeats itself only as farce. From the point of view of American policy, El Salvador is a farcical replay of Vietnam. The difference is that the Salvadoran guerrillas are very, very vulnerable in a way that the Vietnamese were not, because El Salvador is a small country and it's possible to drive all civilians out of guerrilla-held areas, to drain the water and leave the fish exposed. The evacuation of the guerrilla-held zones is already half accomplished. But it does not solve the political problems of El Salvador.

LUTTWAK: Look, El Salvador is a tiny country with a few flea-bitten guerrillas. If our country was not traumatized by Vietnam, the whole affair would be concluded very quickly, I assure you.

KENNEDY: I wonder about that. If Vietnam had not occurred, and America never experienced the loss of morale and the feelings of insecurity the war brought with it, I still doubt that, at this point, the United States would be able to go in and solve the conflict in El Salvador, or solve problems in other Third World countries.

PETER MARIN: I think we're ignoring another significant constraint on American power emerging from the war: the political pressures that seem to restrict America's foreign, and especially military, policies. Something extraordinary and, I think, quite wonderful happened in this country during the Vietnam War—a large part of

the population refused to accept the government's announced policy. What you take to be a loss of morale seems to me to be a kind of growing up. One must not forget that by the end of the war, elected officials were able to govern only by shooting people in the streets, or threatening to.

One of the major constraints on American policy is the lingering fear—conscious or unconscious—on the part of those in authority that a similar crisis could erupt if certain kinds of policies are implemented. We now have in the United States a military and political policy constrained, at least in part, by the feelings of its citizens, feelings based on remembered experience rather than on propaganda.

KEVIN P. PHILLIPS: I'm not sure American public opinion is the constraint you think it is. Let's look at some recent foreign-policy controversies to see if what you say holds true. First, there was the acrimonious debate over the Panama Canal Treaties in 1977 and 1978. The treaties were widely condemned in this country, and I think that was a measure of Americans' frustration with their country's diminished role in the world after Vietnam and their rejection of what appeared to be a retreat in Central and South America. Related feelings, I think, lay behind the public's anger with President Carter's inability to exercise American power effectively during the Iranian hostage crisis.

But consider the reaction to the Grenada invasion—Americans expressed enormous pleasure at this exercise of U.S. power, even though it was used only to invade a little tinpot country. Their pleasure was enough to kick up President Reagan's approval rating about ten points overnight. The public is completely amenable to an effective display of American power.

FITZGERALD: But at what cost? Grenada is a small, pathetic place; it was possible to "conquer" the island quickly with very few casualties. Would Americans support interventions where the costs were not quite so small?

The problem here is partly that, as Professor Kennedy said, during the last twenty years the United States has had to face revolutionary changes in the Third World. During the fifties, when most Third World countries were still governed by very small groups of elites and the great masses of people were uninvolved in their national politics, it was easy for the United States to overthrow what it considered an undesirable government. In 1954, the United States was able to overthrow the Arbenz government in Guatemala in a few weeks by means of a secret, inexpensive, and relatively painless CIA operation. In Iran, the year before, a single CIA

agent was able to restore the Shah to his throne in a matter of three days.

But small-scale and painless interventions are practically impossible these days. The recent upheaval in Iran, in which a small, American-backed ruling elite was violently overthrown—and which was prefigured to some extent by the U.S. defeat in Vietnam—has been repeated in less dramatic form in many Third World countries. Even in a tiny country like El Salvador, the United States is finding it must exert an enormous effort and inflict hideous pain on the local population just to ensure that its allies remain in power.

I don't believe Americans are interested in such costly interventions, however much they enjoyed the symbolism of Grenada. But many in this country have not quite accepted the changes in the Third World as a part of reality, a part of the world as it is. They picture a bipolar world in which only the United States and the Soviet Union have any real power and Third World countries are essentially amenable to manipulation by whoever gets there first.

LUTTWAK: When we talk about the Third World, I think it's important not to replace the outdated conception of the 1960s—which saw the Third World as completely malleable when in fact it was becoming less so—with one that is already becoming outdated. Many Third World nations are again becoming receptive to American influence. U.S. forces in El Salvador, for example, don't evoke a negative reaction from people whose greatest ambition is to emigrate to the United States. For a good number of Salvadorans, McDonald's is an ideal.

Obviously there is greater resistance in more strongly defined cultures—like the Islamic culture—that are now in decay. If the young men in these countries desert the mosques, they do so to read *Playboy*, not *Pravda*. So it is perfectly rational for the Islamic fundamentalists to see the United States as their principal threat. Their very extremism stems from their sense of imminent cultural collapse. They fear that if they don't follow the Western model they'll simply rot, culturally and intellectually.

FITZGERALD: Given your analysis, one might wonder why it has proved so difficult for the United States to defeat "a few flea-bitten guerrillas" in El Salvador. On the other hand, the United States is not seen as the only threat to the Islamic world. In Afghanistan, the Russians are being resisted with great intensity, as is the Soviet model. The Third World's, and especially the Islamic world's, reaction to the Soviet invasion has been instructive. So it does seem to matter who gets there first.

LUTTWAK: Behind the Soviet helicopters there are no McDonald's. That is a consideration.

CHACE: It seems to me that Lebanon is a good example of a country, once strongly pro-Western, that has undergone some of the upheavals Frances FitzGerald described. In his summary of the American public's reaction to recent foreign-policy controversies, I don't believe Mr. Phillips mentioned the Reagan Administration's intervention in Lebanon, which no one could perceive as a success, either strategically or in terms of public opinion.

PHILLIPS: But the failure in Lebanon was not held against the Administration. Why? Because Americans do not associate this Administration with the retreat of American power. However ineptly or ineffectively he may have applied that power in Lebanon, President Reagan was able to wrap the Star Spangled Banner around himself—simply because he has always opposed the idea that the United States should acquiesce to indigenous challenges in the Third World.

CHACE: In other words, the failure in Beirut was covered over by rhetoric.

PHILLIPS: Such failures often are. The point is that the political opportunities for blaming Reagan were virtually nonexistent because he had cultivated an image of strength.

MARIN: That Americans love an *image* of strength is not being contested here. Whether that means they would accept another 50,000 dead in a foreign intervention is another question. No one has mentioned those 50,000 dead. I don't believe the war can be fully understood if it is regarded only as a strategic defeat; the war was also a traumatic event in the lives of actual men and women. We have to consider the American people's perception of the suffering we inflicted on others and the suffering at least some Americans experienced directly. After all, the war was perceived by many Americans not just as a military defeat but as a moral defeat, or at least a moral error.

What do people do when they have not only been defeated militarily but also believe they have been defeated morally? How does a country like ours, with its mythical sense of itself as a force for good in the world, deal with a moral defeat, a moral tragedy? These questions have been pushed beneath the surface during the last ten years—and I believe the fact that they are there, unacknowledged, has colored our foreign policy much more than the military defeat *per se* has.

PHILLIPS: Actually, the United States has a long pathology of postwar reaction. After wars, Americans tend to blame dissidents, and political parties, for unpatriotic behavior. The Federalist Party was crushed after the War of 1812, in which it had been seen as giving aid and comfort to the British; the Whigs were undercut by their opposition to the Mexican War; after World War I there was a large-scale crackdown on antiwar dissidents and radicals. And McCarthyism was in some measure a means to allocate blame for the "loss" of Eastern Europe and China as a result of what were perceived to be weak Democratic policies.

MARIN: Yes, but when Americans are confronted with the *reality* of defeat, they tend to reassert their old myths. That is what seems to be happening under Reagan, who presents an *image* of power while avoiding those confrontations that might put it to a test—which, in my view, is precisely why Americans like him.

LUTTWAK: I would like to step back from this debate on public opinion to point out that the purpose of strategy in foreign policy is not to recognize and infinitely adapt to change, but to maintain a set of values and interests by *resisting* change. Any empire is a great machine of conservation against change—that is the nature of empire. Thus to say that because the Third World is becoming more independent, we automatically must do such and such is not strategy.

KENNEDY: Of course all great powers are essentially conservative—they've risen to the top and don't want to be thrown off. But it's necessary for them to find ways of responding to challenges to their position with some degree of subtlety. Sometimes, of course, such challenges must be resisted. But if an empire is completely ethnocentric, if all it can see is a world filtered through its own strategic concerns, then its chances of misreading the situation in a country—of standing firm where it isn't a good idea to stand firm, or of not standing firm where it is—are that much greater.

GEORGE GILDER: But the fact remains that support around the world for the American system has in fact increased since Vietnam. To see this clearly we have only to look at the world economically, instead of geopolitically. If we consider the economic consequences of Vietnam, I think we'll see that there's a real sense in which the United States won the Vietnam War. At least we won the one prize that was worth anything—the boat people. The boat people are now key figures in the high-tech companies in Silicon Valley and across the country, and are

thus contributing substantially to American economic growth.

America's victory in Vietnam is more evident when we look at our economy's growing dominance in the world. At the end of the war, our gross domestic product was a quarter of the world's output; for 1984 it is estimated at almost a third. And the predominance of the capitalist system is nowhere more dramatic than in Asia. The communists may continue to dominate the pathetic small places, but less pathetic small places—Singapore, Hong Kong, Taiwan—are booming capitalist countries.

This massive shift in economic power from the communist world to the capitalist world, symbolized by the boat people, has been far more important than the tactical defeat the United States suffered in Vietnam. America's position in the world has steadily improved in the last decade. And it will keep improving if we continue the emancipation of our economy that President Reagan has begun—recapturing the momentum the Kennedy Administration began with its tax cut. The Vietnam War was a crucial factor in this economic development, because in the late 1960s, partly to pay for the war, the government started raising tax rates again. There was economic devastation for several years because of Vietnam. But as soon as the war was over, as soon as tax rates were cut, the United States began to demonstrate that it could again dominate the world economically—which is the way that counts.

Indeed, perhaps the most harmful consequence of Vietnam was that it helped reinforce the fallacy of geopolitics—the idea that the cold war is about real estate, that it really makes a difference to America's power that the Russians control Afghanistan or Angola or Ethiopia, all those pathetic countries you can't even visit without getting sick.

LUTTWAK: Such as Transylvania, where I happen to have been born.

GILDER: Well, maybe you have emotional ties to Transylvania. But in the long run you're probably much more valuable to the United States.

CHACE: Perhaps this is the point where, after discussing the war's effects on the American military, and after touching on its economic consequences, we should take up the question of America's "vital interests." In fact, Vietnam was always of marginal strategic importance to the United States. Another consequence of the war, surely, has been a continuing debate about what we actually mean by an American vital interest. President Reagan, for example, defined Lebanon as a vital interest, but our withdrawal

from Beirut does not seem to have hurt the United States. How do we define what this country's vital interests are?

LUTTWAK: When an empire loses a vital interest, it's supposed to collapse. If the empire doesn't collapse, then what it lost wasn't a vital interest.

MARIN: I think the problem has to do with how we see ourselves. Everyone here keeps using the word "empire," assuming that the United States must intervene all over the globe or else fade into insignificance. There is obviously a lot of room in between; yet Americans don't have any images or theories to help them describe their country's role in the world—to explain themselves to themselves. We have a sense of defeat, I believe, not simply because the American empire seems to be falling apart, but because once we can no longer see ourselves as a great empire, we don't know how to see ourselves.

GILDER: I think the Vietnam War did vindicate a certain world view—that of the American right. No one talks about this much, of course, but our retreat from Vietnam led to a holocaust, a stream of atrocities that consumed all of Indochina—which was precisely what the right had warned would happen. That holocaust allowed the rest of the world to see clearly what happens when a country is lost to communism, and it is bound to make other countries more willing to resist communism on their own.

MARIN: That's much too simple a view. The effects of Vietnam are more tragic, and less ideological, than that. Many Americans are smart enough to realize that while our withdrawal from Vietnam had certain tragic consequences, our presence, had we remained there, would have led to a different, and equally tragic, set of consequences. This knowledge is the difficulty: we understand that both America's presence and its absence have had consequences of which we despair. And no one on the left or right has managed to do much with this knowledge, other than to assert over and over the weakness of the other side's position.

LUTTWAK: But empires shouldn't have to use military force to secure their interests in the first place. Empires secure their interests by *not* using military force; they rely on their reputation for using force only when it is absolutely needed, and then in an utterly implacable manner. If you're in the empire business, it is your duty to be implacable when somebody opposes you—especially when the conflict is on a small

scale, and terminating it is nice and cheap. The problem is that the American people never really saw their country as an imperial power; the United States was not designed to manage an empire.

GILDER: America is not in the empire business; the Russians are. But the Soviet Union's economy is steadily declining. The Russians can't even feed themselves. The country is a total failure, a pitiful, helpless giant in every respect except the ability to build up military power. Everything outside the military sphere is going in the United States' direction, beyond the greatest expectations anyone had in the 1950s or 1960s. Today socialism is a joke. Nobody believes in it as a workable economic paradigm anymore. The dynamic has definitely shifted; soon our military strategies will develop to the point where they will properly complement the resurgence of American power and capitalist domination.

KENNEDY: But the war in Vietnam, along with the massive outpouring of *vox populi* to end the fighting, lent new prominence and seriousness to the ongoing debate over what the country's vital interests really are. Of course, many other countries, great empires and small, have asked these questions of themselves—What are our vital interests? When should we fight for them? But usually the debate has taken place secretly, within an elite group of rulers. It is much more difficult to define your vital interests in a public forum without at the same time letting your adversaries know where you will stand and fight and where you will not. I think that was a big part of the problem in Lebanon; Secretary of Defense Weinberger and the Joint Chiefs were afraid of getting bogged down—and the secretary said so publicly. Since Vietnam, the military has been hypercautious because it has not devised an effective way to analyze America's vital interests and priorities in public. The public debate—as well as the constant leaks about the private debates—makes managing a global system of influence and interests extraordinarily difficult.

LUTTWAK: A nation can overcome some of the problems you mentioned simply by advertising clearly to its people, and to the world, a general willingness to defend areas that are strategically or economically important to it. To point to specific places is to be *un-strategical*—an empire doesn't protect its interests by fighting all over the world; rather, it discourages other nations from taking action against it by responding decisively and implacably when it absolutely must.

KENNEDY: Yet it is much easier for a nation to be predictable and implacable in defense of its interests when it has a government and a military designed to carry out sustained overseas wars. A small professional army and a nondemocratic system of government enable a nation to maintain an empire. But a full-blown democracy with a conscript mass army—which is what America was at the time of the Vietnam War—will have an extraordinarily difficult time repeatedly going to war to keep recalcitrant natives down. For that, you need a quite different military structure and a quite different constitution.

MARIN: Which leads us to another important consequence of Vietnam: the war forced many Americans to recognize the caste nature of their army—who went to war and who did not. Americans began to notice that their country's conscript army was drawn from the lower middle class and the working class—the young men who didn't go to college. And this knowledge in turn made people more resistant to authority and suspicious of elites who might lead them to war. The war also showed Americans that one could refuse to fight without anything terrible happening. It's difficult to administer an empire if, in the midst of a war, people are able and willing to say: We don't want to fight.

CHACE: Mr. Phillips, how do you assess the war's effect on American politics?

PHILLIPS: Of course, the impact of Vietnam has dominated American politics for the last decade. The most obvious consequence of the war was the radicalization of the Democratic Party and the shift of the patriotic image to the Republicans. This has allowed the Republicans to control the political debate since 1968, except for the interval of Watergate. Watergate, which was clearly tied very closely to Vietnam, destabilized the Nixon/Ford regime and helped elect Jimmy Carter, who could have reached the presidency only after a scandal that enabled him to run as the Sunday school candidate preaching a government of love and trust.

I think Vietnam and Watergate together distorted the underlying political trends of the last fifteen years. Instead of the orderly advance of the moderate conservative political cycle that started in the late 1960s, there was an aberrant interruption of it—in the person of Jimmy Carter—followed by a more extreme repackaging of conservatism under Ronald Reagan. I say extreme because this Administration, in its foreign policy at least, appeals to Americans who long for the simpler days of overwhelming American power. But the country can't return

to the good old days, so Americans glory in the conquest of Grenada—just as Britain, that old empire with its nostalgic government, gloried in its conquest of the Falklands.

MARIN: But here we come back to the social dimension of Vietnam that no one seems to want to discuss. American authority was exposed as incompetent and corrupt. Our soldiers refused to fight. Our intelligence agents denounced their government and revealed CIA crimes. Our leaders were shown to be scheming criminals. Day after day, the front page of the evening newspaper, the first few minutes of the evening news, told Americans about the stupidity and dishonesty of their government. Americans, in short, found themselves unable to see the emperor's clothes any longer, whether they wanted to or not. And what they did see, I believe, is still bothering them today, even though many of them seem to be struggling mightily to forget it.

LUTTWAK: Irving Kristol has a theory about this, which explains these events as part of the classic demoralization of the elites in power. According to Kristol, these elites were eventually undermined by another group—the so-called new class of journalists, publicists, academics, and advertising men.

MARIN: Look, I'm trying to talk about the effect of the Vietnam War on the American people. Define what happened as a result of a struggle among elites, if you like. But obviously the war had an enormous effect on the populace at large.

LUTTWAK: Sure it did. The populace at large reacted by shouting, "We want Ronald Reagan!"

MARIN: It is extraordinarily simplistic to treat the American public as if it were one great reactive animal. In order to understand the social effects of the war we have to examine the different groups in our society. For instance, the war had a different effect on the left than on the right. The odd thing was that the left was more demoralized by the cupidity of power than the right; it was as if those on the left learned that what they had been saying for so long about authority and power in America was true, and yet they found themselves unable to do anything with this confirmation.

PHILLIPS: It's true the war crippled the right and the left in different ways. Liberals and others on the left find it impossible even now to come to grips with the question of the effective use of American power. For the voters, the upheavals sur-

rounding the war served to gather together a whole cluster of issues that were widely unpopular, at least in Middle America—what were considered permissive attitudes toward crime and education, and disrespectful attitudes toward patriotism—and to identify them closely with reform elements within the Democratic Party. That radicalization of the party, combined with the weakness of its old elites and the dramatic new assertiveness of minorities, tremendously enfeebled the Democrats.

The Republicans, meanwhile, have been able to use the patriotism issue effectively since 1968. But Vietnam crippled conservatives as well, in a different sense, giving them a rather warped, nostalgic view of American power and a simplistic view of recent American history. They cling to the belief that America can pull the world together again, as it did under Eisenhower. I think that's an illusion, with little basis in the political and economic facts of the world we live in today.

KENNEDY: But how long do you think these political effects will be felt? Today I see on the campuses a different generation, for whom the war and the bitter battles that were fought over it are ancient history. I wonder if we're not really talking about attitudes that are held strongly by one or two generations, but that have not been absorbed by the larger culture.

MARIN: Perhaps. It may well be that a couple of American generations experienced in this war, at least in a small way, something akin to what Europeans suffered in World War I. Vietnam drove home to Americans that war is *tragic*. Vietnam was as close as modern war has ever come to the United States. The number of men who served, the embittered veterans, the nightly television news, the violent demonstrations in our streets—all this ensured that the war would have an extraordinary impact on the American imagination. Hundreds of books have been written about the war—not books about policy or strategy, but books about horror, about terror, about shame.

GILDER: And that obsessive attitude toward the war so paralyzed the Vietnam generation that it couldn't participate effectively in the American economy for many years. These people just sat around smoking pot and fantasizing about fascist "Amerika."

The new generation on the rise sees not violence on our campuses but the Chinese Communist leaders declaring that Marxism is dead—which happens to be immensely more important than any consequence of Vietnam. It is clear by now that the notion that America was

losing authority in the world, that it was being overwhelmed by some inexorable trend exemplified by Vietnam, was plain wrong.

MARIN: The Vietnam War was a moral event, and you're incapable of providing anything but an economic response to it. Americans have no means to describe the moral experience of Vietnam. This experience has been lost; or rather, it has become subterranean, and will probably remain so because we have no language to bring it to the surface. This failure of language was the great problem of the left—whatever lessons it learned it turned into hysteria, rather than into wisdom. And this explains, partly, the upsurge of the new privilege George Gilder mentioned—the right simply had no other response to the events that happened during the war. So the left remains mute, and the right grows increasingly self-righteous and trivial in its concerns. That's an immense waste. We could perhaps have become a wiser people. But the war is an experience that is not becoming part of the collective wisdom.

GILDER: Americans are getting on with their lives, in other words.

MARIN: Yes, but perhaps at the expense of our children. We must not "get on with our lives" without coming to terms with what happened in the war.

FITZGERALD: I believe that America's reaction to the war has been solipsistic, in several ways. First, Vietnam veterans have a deep sense that their government victimized them by sending them off on a venture that the society, in the end, didn't approve of. The war was undertaken to achieve aims that were totally unclear to those who fought it, and which turned out never to have existed at all. I don't think this sense of victimization has been overcome. But it has remained a psychological issue for the veterans; it has never really been transformed into a politics. Look at the novels that have come out of Vietnam. They're all intensely personal. There has been no novel of any political scope about Vietnam since Graham Greene wrote *The Quiet American*. There's been no *Catch-22*, no attempt at such a comprehensive political understanding on the part of any veteran, or any novelist for that matter.

Americans still prefer to treat Vietnam as a psychological problem for veterans—post-Vietnam syndrome. We can't seem to see the war as a political problem. And the analyses of what post-Vietnam foreign policy should be seem to me similarly solipsistic. No one can come to grips with the fact that none of the ob-

jectives the United States imagined it had going into the war justified the size and the ultimate cost of the commitment. What finally happened when we were defeated, when we lost the war? Nothing. Our defeat left our vaunted national security interests in Asia essentially unharmed; indeed, the United States today is arguably in a better position in Asia than it ever has been.

So what *did* we lose? The right usually answers with more psychological propositions: Vietnam was a failure of will, a failure of nerve. Apparently their concern is that the American image was damaged. But what is that except a sort of narcissistic mortification? The war has not prompted a realistic, reasonable debate about what America's foreign-policy goals are; rather, it has prompted violent swings of emotion over ridiculous symbols. The Grenada invasion was a perfect example of such a symbol—an event of no real consequence that caused an enormous emotional outpouring in this country. So now America is "standing tall" again. The only serious foreign-policy question that has been asked as a result of Vietnam is "Where can the United States intervene militarily?" Surely there are more important questions to ask about the goals of American foreign policy than that.

LUTTWAK: The questions about American foreign policy after Vietnam certainly will not be answered by pondering Grenada. To answer those questions we have to look at Europe.

During the war, it was the hope of the left that America's eventual defeat would bring to an end the assertion of American power worldwide. The left hoped we would withdraw from Europe and Korea and our other primary commitments abroad, thus enabling the world to achieve a new equilibrium where good leftist regimes would run the show. But the mainstream consensus about America's role in the world was not smashed by our withdrawal from Vietnam; in large part the common sense of the American people prevailed, although there is more disagreement than before about peripheral interests. But when we talk about America's role in the world, we are talking first of all about Europe; and there the question is not military intervention but our presence in Germany, which continues to link the fate of America to what happens along the border between the two Germanys. That's why when we talk about America "projecting its power abroad," we are really talking about piddling little areas that are not central to the debate.

MARIN: We must not forget that there exists a realm between the political and the psychologi-

cal. We need to define what the terms of a moral debate would be—that is, what consequences justify what costs? For instance, some estimates of the number of vets who committed suicide after the war are as high as 50,000. Americans have never confronted this fact. And it has not been ignored because of our wonderful economic situation and the rise of the yuppies. We have evaded it, because recognizing it would demand so much of us. What does it mean to America that after this war, 50,000 ex-soldiers committed suicide? And what does it mean that our nation won't confront this?

GILDER: There we have a vivid demonstration of the solipsism of the left on the subject of Vietnam—the notion that all Vietnam veterans are somehow traumatized by guilt. In fact, most of them are very proud of their participation in the war; it's the people who evaded the draft who are suffering traumas of guilt. By pointing to all this supposed psychological damage, the left is attempting to show that its opposition to the war has been vindicated.

LUTTWAK: The suicides were a result of the fact that the elite presented the war in a manner designed to humiliate those who fought in it, to make their sacrifice seem unworthy.

MARIN: It is truly corrupt to take this fact and turn it into a political argument. Why should we assume that all the vets committed suicide for precisely the same reason? What you describe was one reason, but there were many others.

GILDER: Such as drug abuse.

MARIN: Such as shame and humiliation. I know vets who think it was a wonderful war and were deeply enraged by the reception they got when they came home. But there are many vets, perhaps far more, who can't get over their guilt. Let me give you a very simple example: a vet who can't forget that at the beginning of the war, he threw cans of food to children from the backs of trucks because he wanted to feed them, and that by the end of the war, he was *pelting* the children with the cans, trying to *kill* them. He says he will spend the rest of his life trying to find a way to atone for that.

Now, he doesn't feel shame about America's role in the war or the loss of the war; he feels shame about what he himself did during the war. And our inability to recognize this adds to his shame.

KENNEDY: The argument I've been witnessing for the last few minutes seems to me a consequence of Vietnam: an almost unbridgeable divide has

been created in the political culture of this country.

I recently attended a conference on Anglo-American relations. During the proceedings, one of the Brits mentioned the Suez intervention in 1956, whereupon another Brit jumped to his feet and violently disagreed with him. Then several others joined in. The entire conference stopped dead for ten minutes while this group of Brits of a particular generation quarreled about Suez. This explosion was a startling reminder of what the impact of Suez had been at the time; it was an event which sent shock waves through the British body politic.

The Vietnam War had an even more violent impact on the Americans who lived through it. It enormously intensified political and ideological feelings, and some Americans will never stop quarreling about it—about the appropriate use of military force, about whether it is moral or not moral for America to intervene abroad, about whether a democracy can truly manage an empire. All of these political disagreements extend outward from the sort of arguments we've heard around this table today.

MARIN: The quarrel, I fear, involves far more than political differences. It involves a disagreement about how men and women, and nations, ought to measure their actions. The vets I know best, for instance, are Catholics, the good boys who went to war because their leaders and priests told them to fight godless communism. Many of them now feel enormous guilt at having done things for which they find themselves unable to atone. The priests in Vietnam came to bless their guns rather than to give them counsel or comfort or genuine help in coming to terms with their actions. This turned many of these vets against the church in the end: they could no longer depend on it to guide them in their lives.

A crisis concerning the proper moral basis for actions and decisions was coming in America anyway, but the war precipitated it, brought it to the surface. The same kinds of complex ethical questions raised by the war are at work in the abortion controversy and the debate about Baby Doe. After all, what we are talking about here is *killing*. We are discussing when and where the state, or individual men and women, have a legitimate right to accomplish their ends by taking thousands of lives, or even, for that matter, a single life.

What we are talking about, in short, is the value of human life, and this is not merely a political or legal issue. It points, as do the other disagreements around this table, both to the complexities of moral choice now confronting us and to a tremendous confusion about the na-

ture of moral life itself. This, I believe, more than any political controversy, explains the power the war still exerts upon us.

CHACE: Finally, we have to ask: Has the American myth, so damaged by Vietnam, really been reconstructed? Perhaps "reconstructing the myth" is a prejudicial phrase; it might be simpler to ask, Has the *idea* of America, pre-Vietnam America, been reconstructed? The America that can bless a war as it has in the past, that can take firm action in the belief that it is acting rightly, that formulates policy in the belief that it is fulfilling a right and proper mission in the world? Or has this America been set aside—and if so, for how long?

PHILLIPS: In all likelihood, the effects of Vietnam will be pervasive in the United States so long as the generation that was in its early and mid-twenties at the war's height holds sway in American society. And that generation is just assuming power. Through this generation, Vietnam will continue as a subliminal disability in American politics and American society—saddling the left with a paralyzing inability to come to grips with the use of American power abroad, pushing the right to pursue a nostalgic re-creation of an all-powerful America drawn from another era, and, in general, undercutting all attempts to achieve consensus in American foreign policy.

CHACE: We have certainly seen here today that while Ronald Reagan's America may be an assertive America, a resurgent America, it is not an undivided America. The foreign and domestic consensus that largely made possible the forceful exercise of American power after World War II was broken by Vietnam and has never been put back together again. Vietnam was the beginning of the end of the American dream of limitless expectations—we lost our first war.

Without such a consensus, managing a coherent and effective foreign policy is terribly difficult. More to the point, U.S. military intervention abroad, without a clear-cut threat to the United States proper, becomes nearly impossible to carry out. It is not simply a question of military power; the moral and political backing for such intervention, which is imperative in a country such as ours, is lacking.

Without a shared set of moral and political values, how can we agree on what should be defended and with what means? From what we have heard today, it is hard not to conclude that while the image of a self-confident America may well be in the making, the reality remains very different. ■

TV Premiere from The Met
Giuseppe Verdi's
"Simon Boccanegra"
Wednesday, April 17
8:30 P.M. (EST) on PBS

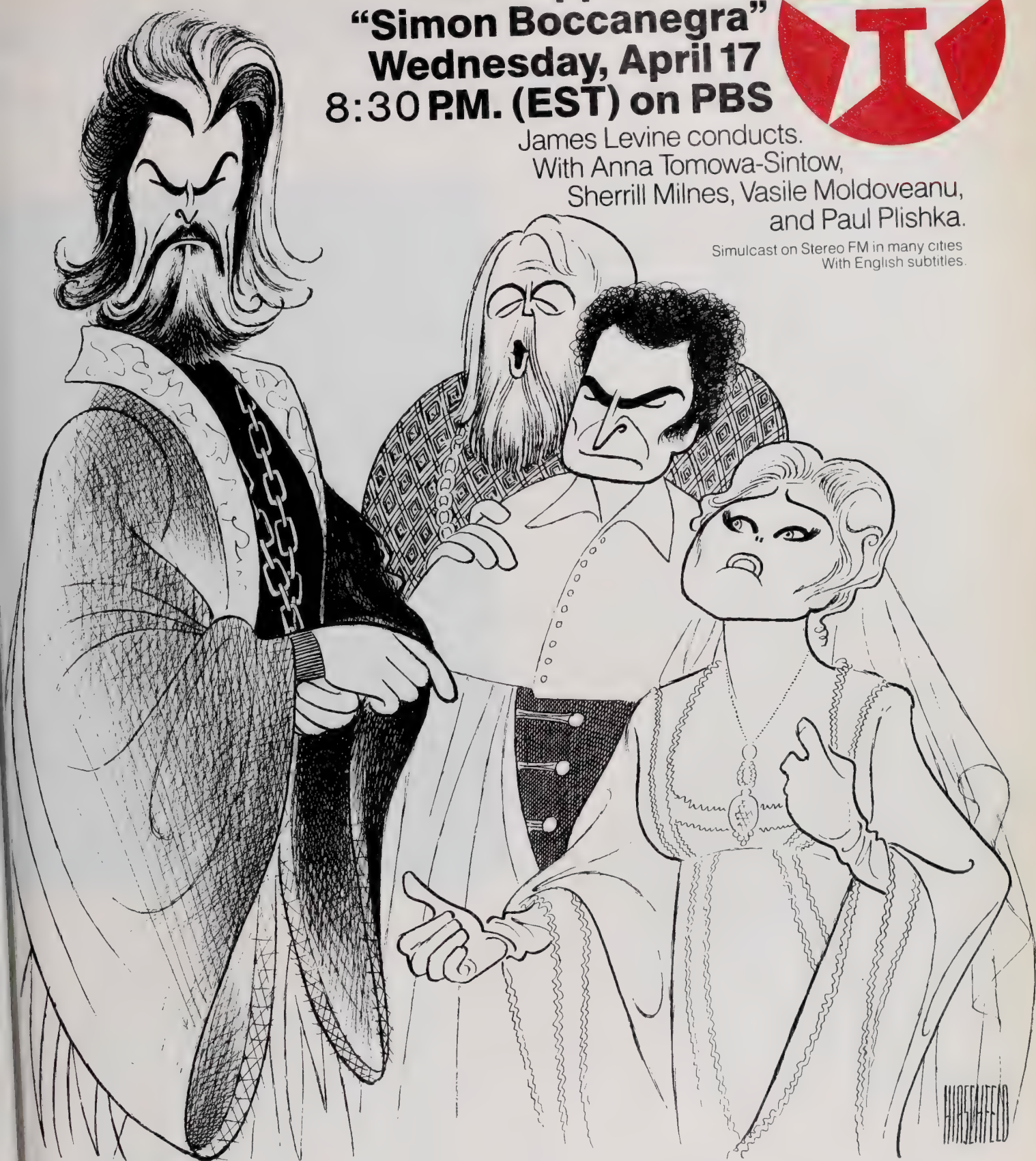


James Levine conducts.

With Anna Tomowa-Sintow,

Sherrill Milnes, Vasile Moldoveanu,
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"Simon Boccanegra" is a love story in which romantic love mixes with—and sometimes clashes with—love of country, love for the sea, and love for a long-lost daughter. The remarkable hero, Simon, is one of Verdi's greatest creations, brought to life at The Metropolitan Opera with some of the most powerful music Verdi ever wrote.

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SCENES FROM

The portrait as ba

October 4, 1644, was the wedding day of Isabella Coymans, daughter of a rich textile manufacturer in the Dutch city of Haarlem, and Stephanus Geraerds, a Haarlem alderman. These two paintings, each roughly four feet by three feet, were commissioned by Geraerds six or seven years after the wedding. Love at First Sight (if that is what it was) has given way to a certain worldly wisdom: both partners have acquired the skills and gestures necessary for a conventional marriage in seventeenth-century Holland. The painter is Frans Hals, the first great modern portraitist. When he painted the Geraerdses—more than a quarter of his portraits are of married couples—Hals was seventy, and at the height of his power as a sardonic observer. Nevertheless, Stephanus Geraerds proudly hung the two paintings on either side of his fireplace.



In the paintings that recorded marriages in seventeenth-century Holland, the husband is always depicted slightly larger, slightly nearer to the spectator, as befits the owner presenting his spouse. The man is nearly always on the woman's right, the position of precedence (*dexter*). Paintings of the period were used somewhat as photographs might have been used, had photography existed. Painting had become independent of the royal courts and of the church; it had become a purely secular and domestic art. Paintings were done of families and of possessions. They were shown with pride to friends, and left to children. Above all they celebrated the values and mores of those who commissioned them.

Note Geraerds's gold brocade and his wife's pearls. Both husband and wife were from families that belonged to Holland's new merchant class, the Holland of the Dutch East India Company, the richest country in Europe. On the wall behind them we see the family crests, by which the sitters, like all *nouveaux riches* of the time, set great store. The family name Coymans was derived from the Dutch word for cow. Many generations before.

MARRIAGE

cape, by John Berger



With her right hand Isabella offers her husband a rose. She holds the flower gently, pliantly, and thus at the same time she offers him her hand. The cuff of her right sleeve, unlike that of the left, is undone; we (and he) can see her arm disappearing tantalizingly into her dress. Stephanus holds out his right hand to receive his wife's offering. His cuff is buttoned, his gesture swift and formal. It is as though he were about to take from someone a legal document or a wad of money. Their hands combine through their gestures to say "dowry"—and everything that implies.

As Isabella and Stephanus look at each other—as they together pretend to be innocent of *our* looking at them—there is complicity. In her expression there is the calculation of her charm, a confidence in her desirability (for at least a few more years), an insincerity (she will tell the truth only when giggling or drunk), and yet—and this is what makes her unforgettable—a prudent but unrelenting mockery: she knows his weaknesses. In his expression there is calculation of a different kind. There is self-satisfaction—he has made a good marriage—and lechery. What is lacking in both faces is even a suspicion of love.

Isabella is dressed as if she has just come from her boudoir, Stephanus as if he has just returned from (or is heading for) the Exchange or the street. His place is the world, hers the home. Both are dressed in the very height of fashion, to the point of being slightly outrageous. He is overdressed: there is a little too much fine fabric. She is underdressed: her décolletage would have been a trifle "naughty" in her class and her time. Stephanus keeps one glove on. Isabella has a bow on her hip—the ribbon round the present—that whispers *undoing*. Perhaps his ungloved hand *will* undo it. More likely, Stephanus will leave the house without taking off his cape, and visit his favorite prostitute.

John Berger is the author of *Ways of Seeing*, *Pig Earth*, the novel *G.*, and, most recently, *And our faces, my heart, brief as photos*.

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FLAWS

Fifty-six notes on the human condition

By E. M. Cioran

1.

Once out of the circle of snares and delusions within which men act, taking sides becomes well-nigh impossible. A minimum of silliness is required for doing anything, for asserting, and even for negating.

2. According to Confucius, a superior man is always happy; only a "lowly" man is sad. I have rarely read a more shattering statement. . . . That is why we prefer Lao-tse.

3. To glimpse the essential one should ply no trade. Merely lie down the whole day and groan. . . .

4. What mark us are not the violent ills but the dull, nagging, bearable ills that make up our daily round and sap our strength as meticulously as it is sapped by Time.

5. No one can witness another's despair for more than a quarter of an hour without losing patience.

6. Friendship has meaning and appeal only when one is young. In old age what we dread most, obviously, is that our friends should outlive us.

7. One can envisage everything, predict everything, except how low one can sink.

8. Surely men must have detested one another in the darkness and pestilence of the caves! One realizes why the painters who scraped a living there had no wish to immortalize the image of their like and chose that of animals.

9. How age simplifies matters! In the library I asked for four books: two were in such small print that I gave them back without looking at them; the third was very . . . serious and seemed unreadable. I borrowed the fourth unconvinced. . . .

10. One can be proud of what one has done, but one should be even prouder of what one has failed to do. That pride has still to be found.

11. No one ever says that a dog or a rat is mortal. By what right did man arrogate the privilege? After all, death is not his find, and it would be fatuous to believe that he enjoys a monopoly.

*E. M. Cioran is a Rumanian expatriate who has lived in Paris since 1937. He is the author of *Temptation to Exist*, among other books. Translated by Barbara Thompson.*

12. As memory begins to flag, the praise lavished upon us fades, and blame comes to the fore. Quite right: the former was rarely deserved, whereas the latter sheds a little clarity on all that we were blind to in ourselves.

13. Crucial things often come to the surface at the end of a long conversation. Great truths are said on the doorstep.

14. A letter worthy of the name is written on an impulse of admiration or indignation; exaggeration, in a word. A sensible letter is stillborn.

15. I have met writers who were obtuse and even stupid. The translators I have been acquainted with, on the other hand, were more intelligent and more interesting than the authors they translated. That is because translation needs more thought than "creation."

16. Someone who is regarded as "remarkable" by his friends should not furnish evidence against himself. Let him beware of leaving traces, refrain from writing, above all, if one day he wishes to appear in the eyes of the world as he was to a few.

17. For an author, changing languages is like writing a love letter with a dictionary.

18. So rude that it should not be allowed, stingy, insolent, artful, grasping the slightest nuance, screaming with delight at a blunder or a joke, a schemer and a slanderer . . . charm and repulsiveness were written all over him. A cad one misses.

19. The assignment of each and every one is to carry off the fraud he embodies, to succeed in being no more than a spent illusion.

20. To be lucid: an abiding martyrdom, almost an inconceivable feat.

21. Cynics who count on our inquisitiveness to satisfy their need for scandal-mongering know very well that we shall be too envious of their secrets to repeat them.

22. Only music can create an indestructible complicity between two human beings. A passion is perishable; it loses its quality like everything else that belongs to life. Music is of a higher species, above life, and of course above death.

23. If I have small taste for Mystery, it is because everything seems inexplicable to me, because I have feasted on the inexplicable and have had my fill.

24. Mr. Y. reproached me with behaving like an onlooker, with not being in the swing, with shrinking from novelty. "But I have no intention of changing anything," I replied. He failed to see my point. He thought I was being modest.

25. It has been rightly observed that philosophical jargon dates as quickly as slang. Why? The former is too artificial, the latter too alive. Both ruinous excesses.

26. He had been experiencing his last days for months, for years, and spoke of his end in the past tense. A posthumous existence. I was amazed that he managed to endure, for he ate almost nothing. "It took so much time and



energy for my body and my soul to weld together that they will not come apart."

His voice was not that of a dying man because he had ceased living long ago. "I am like a snuffed candle" was the aptest thing he said about his last metamorphosis. When I hinted at the possibility of a miracle, "I should need several," came the reply.

27. After fifteen years of total solitude, St. Seraphim of Sarow exclaimed at the sight of the least visitor: "Oh, joy!"

Would one who had never refrained from rubbing shoulders with his fellow men have dared to greet them in such an extravagant fashion?

28. We must be in a state of receptivity, or rather a state of physical weakness, for words to affect us, worm their way inside us and start a kind of career.

29. To be called a deicide is the most flattering of insults that can be heaped on an individual or a nation.

30. An orgasm is a paroxysm; so is despair. The one lasts a second; the other a lifetime.

31. She had a profile like Cleopatra's. Seven years later, she might just as well have been begging for alms on a street corner. A sight to cure one forever of all idolatry, all desire to seek the *unfathomable* in eyes, a smile, and so on.

32. Let's face it: nobody is ever lucky enough to be cured of his hopes and dreams. Failing universal disappointment there can be no universal knowledge.

33. What is not heart-rending is superfluous, in music at any rate.

34. To have accomplished nothing and to die of the strain.

35. The more one hates Man, the riper one is for God, for a dialogue with nobody.

36. Extreme fatigue goes as far as ecstasy, with this difference: it bears you downward to the confines of knowledge.

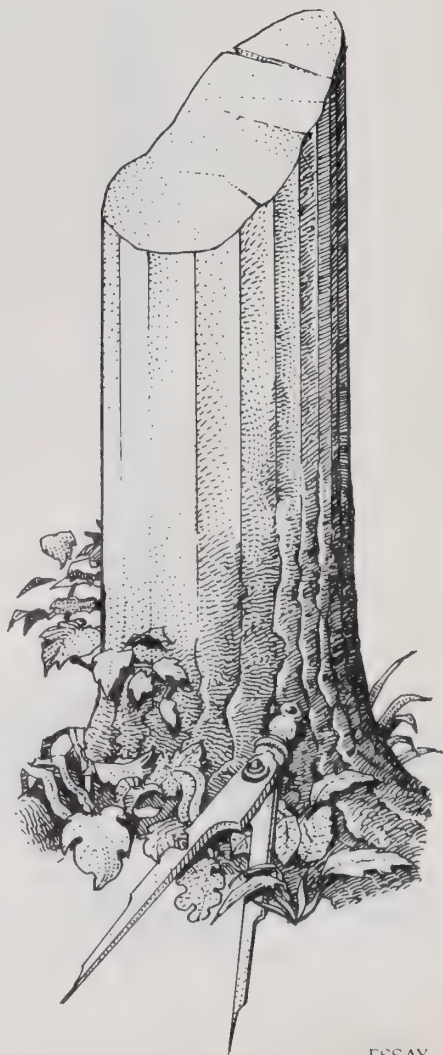
37. Everything seems degraded and useless as soon as music is silent. One can see why it might be hated and why one might be tempted to take its absoluteness for a sham. One must react against it at all costs when one is too fond of it. No one was more alive to the danger than Tolstoy, because he knew that music could use him as it liked. So he began to loathe it for fear of becoming its toy.

38. Renunciation is the only variety of action that is not debasing.

39. Can one imagine a city-dweller who does not harbor a murderer's soul?

40. A German boy asked me for a franc. I spoke to him and learned that he had traveled the world, that he had been to India, where there were tramps he had liked and flattered himself he resembled. Yet one cannot belong to a didactic nation with impunity. I watched him begging . . . he looked as if he had been taking lessons in mendicancy.

41. In quest of a pattern that might please everyone Nature settled for death, which, as was only to be expected, pleased none.



42. In Heraclitus there is a Delphic quality and a pedantic trend, a mixture of acute insight and rudiments; an inspired thinker and a schoolmaster. What a pity that he never left science out of count, that he could never be free of it.

43. It would be a harsh sentence on the living if it were true, as has been alleged, that what perishes never existed.

44. I have stormed so often against every form of action that to do anything at all seems an imposture, even a betrayal. But one still breathes. Yes, I do what everyone does. *Only...*

45. As he told me about his plans, I listened but could not forget that he would not last the week. What folly to be talking of the future, of his future! But once outside, I could not help thinking that after all there is not so much difference between a mortal and a dying man. The absurdity of making plans is only slightly more obvious in the second case.

46. One always dates by those one has admired. As soon as one quotes someone other than Homer or Shakespeare, one is in danger of seeming outmoded or cracked.

47. It is possible in a pinch to imagine God speaking French. But not Christ. His words would lose their effect in a tongue so ill attuned to naïveté or the sublime.

48. Do rages come from God or the devil? From both: otherwise nothing can explain why man dreams of galaxies in order to blow them to bits and will not be consoled by having only this poor wretched planet within reach.

49. All that striving! For what? To go back to being what one was before being.

50. Mr. Y., who had bungled everything, complained that he had no destiny. But of course you have. Your succession of failures is so remarkable that it seems to indicate a providential design.

51. Woman counted as long as she feigned modesty and reserve. What shortcomings she displays by no longer playing the game! She has become completely worthless now that she resembles us. Thus vanishes one of the last fictions that made life tolerable.

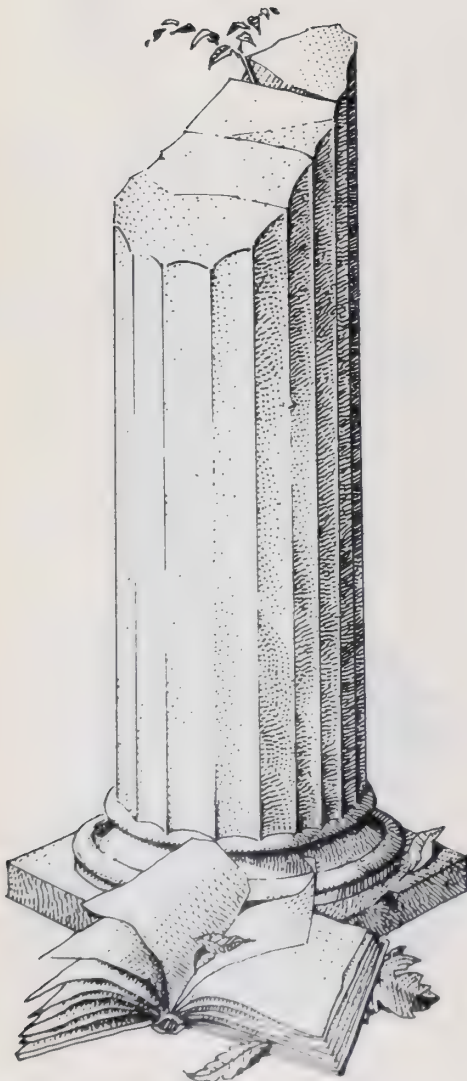
52. Loving one's neighbor is unthinkable. Can a virus be asked to love another virus?

53. The only notable events in life are rifts. They are also the last to be wiped from our memories.

54. When I heard that he was totally impervious to Dostoevski and music, I refused to meet him, despite his great merits. I far prefer a nincompoop sensitive to one or the other.

55. The fact that life has no meaning is a reason for living; indeed the only one.

56. Since day after day I courted Suicide, it would be unfair and ungrateful of me to belittle it. What could be more salutary, more natural; it is the frenzied appetite for existing that is not—a grave flaw, a perfect flaw, my flaw.



'JUST DON'T FIT'

Stalking the elusive 'tripwire' veteran

By Larry Heinemann

Washington's Olympic Peninsula lies between the open water of the North Pacific and Puget Sound. It is countryside of stunning color and contradiction—sandy beaches and mile-high, snow-covered mountains. Almost everywhere you look are bright yellow Iceland poppies, purple lupines, whole pastures covered with white daisies, hedgerows of evergreen (called Scotch broom) clustered with yellow flowers that remind you of wisteria. From one end of the peninsula to the other are thick evergreen forests—the Olympic National Park, the Olympic National Forest, and commercial timberlands.

On the northern shore of the peninsula, you can stand on the broad tidal flat of a gray-sand beach (or on a noisy pebble beach or a smooth, swirling lava beach) and look northward across the Strait of Juan De Fuca to the timberlands of Vancouver Island not twenty miles distant. In the water between, you may see container ships heaped high, Trident submarines, which are not small, and flotillas of Navy ships-of-the-line, as well as gray whales spouting along, making their leisurely way. The water is as blue as a crayon, and the sky is filled with clouds drifting steadily eastward, fleece-white and billowing. Or the overcast hangs so dismally low, pouring rain, that you can reach up and touch it. There is "weather" almost every day.

At the beach you can hop in your car and drive south, as I did, into the sharply rising

woodland hills of the Olympic Mountains, and soon find yourself among thick, second-growth "working" timber—the knee-high stumps still fresh, the smell of cut lumber in the air. If you keep driving for another fifteen minutes or so, up into the fringes of Olympic National Park, you'll be in a rich, verdant, mossy rain forest, dripping with humidity. The slopes are a veritable cascade of ferns, and the woods a thick mixture of cedar, Douglas fir, and yew. The humus is so rich and spongy you can feel it ooze underfoot. These green and auburn woods are as thick as any jungle I've been in, yet the air is a crisp and solid sixty degrees.

Then you hop into the car once more and drive another twenty minutes straight south, past the Olympic National Park ranger station and up into the weather to the summit of Hurricane Ridge, where there's a ski lodge and an overlook. If it's clear—you'll never know until you drive up there and see for yourself—you'll see a panorama of snow-capped mountains spread out around you from one end of the park to the other. The air is so clear you can't judge distances, and deer graze the grounds of the lodge as calm as sheep and mooch sweets from the tourists.

Chief Seattle, the Suquamish Indian for whom the city is named, once said:

... the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to footsteps [of my people] than to yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch.

More than once on the peninsula did I have a sense of this "sympathetic touch." I was driving

*Larry Heinemann served in Vietnam as a combat infantryman. He is the author of *Close Quarters*, a novel; his short stories have appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines. He lives in Chicago, where he teaches writing at Columbia College.*

Think of
'tripwire' as the
early warning
device it was in
Vietnam, as the
distance many
veterans seem
to maintain

the peninsula to learn about, and perhaps meet with, the men who had searched out this place and its special sense, this heartfelt *something*—men who had come to be called, over their objections, tripwire veterans.

A tripwire is a piece of blackened wire about as thick as fish line. Rigged from a booby trap across a footpath, say, and tied to a stake or tree, it is very difficult to see. In Vietnam, a tripwire was sometimes attached to noisemakers a good distance from an encampment—an early warning device. Compare it to that little hawk's bell a shopkeeper might attach to the front door of his place to announce customers, or to that pneumatic rubber tube rigged around the perimeter of a service station to alert the mechanic when he's working under the hood of a car. If you think "early warning device," the tripwire metaphor clicks. Think of the tripwire as the distance that many Vietnam veterans seem to maintain.

The first time I saw the term "tripwire" used to describe Vietnam veterans was in a series of articles by Marlowe Churchill published in the *Tacoma News Tribune* in December 1983 and January 1984. Churchill had talked with Mike McWatters, an ex-Navy corpsman who had served two tours in Vietnam with Marine Main Force Reconnaissance and who now is on the staff of the Department of Veterans Affairs in Washington. The department had learned that between 70,000 and 100,000 Vietnam combat veterans live in the state, a number that is out of all proportion to the total population and could not readily be explained. It also discovered that the veteran population of Washington's cities is shrinking, while the number of veterans in rural areas is increasing. On the Olympic Peninsula, around Port Angeles and Forks, areas with fewer than nineteen people per square mile, there were 1,700 combat veterans in 1982 and 2,700 by the end of 1983.

McWatters figured that many of the Vietnam veterans on the peninsula might be suffering from "post-traumatic stress disorder"—undeniable self-destructive impulses, unresolved grief, and unrelieved survivor's guilt (virtually a collective sense of guilt). These symptoms may appear separately or together, beginning as a malaise, then blossoming into withering cycles of crushing, debilitating depression; psychic numbing (the "crust" many veterans seem to have); spontaneous flashbacks—momentary or prolonged—brought about by everyday occurrences; supravigilant suspicion; bouts of self-medication with alcohol and drugs; and a craving for isolation. McWatters, a big, burly guy, had himself spent two years in the Adirondacks of New York State.

Randy Fisher, the director of Washington's Department of Veterans Affairs, convinced the state in 1982 to fund an outreach program for rural veterans suffering from "delayed stress." The state contracted with clinics and family counseling centers in rural areas. (As of this writing there are eleven such centers sprinkled around the state, and three more will be opened soon.) Word went out through the veterans' grapevine that anyone who wanted to come in to talk would find someone to listen. In just over two years the various rural centers have made contact with about 300 men. Among them are what McWatters calls rural veterans, those living in small towns, and bush veterans, those living more or less conventionally in the woods. But some of the veterans literally walked out of the deep isolation of the woods—tripwire veterans.

When Churchill talked with McWatters, McWatters described tripwire veterans simply as "combat veterans who have forsaken the comfort of society to disappear into the backwoods." But read the spate of newspaper articles about tripwire veterans and the unmistakable image springs to your mind of a mossbacked old hard-ass (thirty-five or forty years old), just as squirrely as hell and literally shivering with paranoia, who hops and whoops around those evergreen forests like some mangy, half-mad freak (dressed head to toe in homemade leathers, as they are called). He minds a string of illegal traps and poaches game aplenty. He eats his kill—a deer or some big-ass elk or whatever trots by the cabin—hardly bothering to skin the damn thing, though if asked, he'd skin it with his thumbnail the way some folks skin a grapefruit. He lives in a virtually impenetrable woods hard by a dense wilderness area in a jerry-built cabin made of cedar logs and barn timbers, tar paper and sheet tin—the whole affair as solid and impregnable as a castle keep.

His place is a good day's walk down to the footpath leading to the firebreak that takes him out to the blacktop highway where he can thumb a ride to town. But in the woods he keeps the rest of humanity at arm's length with booby traps made of monster deadfalls, homemade Claymore mines as big as manhole covers, and other such things he learned to manufacture in the Special Forces or the Navy SEALs or the Army LRRPs. He rigs these contraptions with tripwires (hence, the newspaper nickname) as thin as spider's silk. The wires crisscross the perimeter of his territory like a long trellis, laid flat. He squats in his dirt-floor cabin and stares out a gun slit the size of a mail slot. He's big and ugly, with a woolly beard and a head of hair that hangs down in squiggly dreadlocks. And he lives in a permanent fantasy of nightmare flashbacks

screaming rages, and stomping-mad fits.

He sits there day and night, in the dim glow of lamps made from beer bottles and bear fat, with a loaded lever-action Winchester in his lap—as high as a coon on kitchen-garden marijuana. And when he gets hungry he'll whittle long slivers of jerky from the side of a smoked venison that hangs down from the rafters. He'll sprinkle the meat with plenty of *nuoc mau* (Vietnamese fish sauce) and wash it down with gulps of "swipe" (backyard booze made from canned fruit). And may God pity the poor fool who comes looking for him, calling, *Hello the house* as he dawdles up the way and trips a wire, or comes within easy sniper range of the cabin.

On the Olympic Peninsula I talked with two men who knew of veterans who lived like the tripwire vets of popular myth. One man said he knew of five places around the state of

Washington where groups of veterans and their families lived in "hard camps" tricked out with bunkers, tunnels, barbed-wire perimeters that had been booby-trapped, and cleared fields of fire. When I asked to be taken to one, I was told, *flatly*, no.

Steve, as I will call him, knew of a hard camp "not thirty miles from where we're sitting." We were sitting on the deck of the cabin where he lives with his wife, Julie, in a thick cedar woods outside of Port Townsend, a ferry port that connects the peninsula with the mainland. Steve is a big man (McWatters and others call him "Steve the bear") who served three tours in Vietnam as a SEAL. The cabin, all cedar shingles and plenty of windows, is airy and aromatic. The deck of the cabin goes right to the edge of a cliff that drops about ninety feet to a narrow, rocky beach. We sat near the edge of the deck and talked. All morning, we could hear the surf bubble among the rocks below. The

The tripwire veteran of myth sits in the dim glow of lamps made of bear fat and beer bottles, a loaded Winchester in his lap



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boughs of cedar and yew and princess pine bobbed in and out of the conversation, and the fresh odor of saltwater and milled cedar pervaded the air. Once we spotted a gray whale plowing its way east toward Puget Sound. Another time we stopped to watch a bald eagle soar along the edge of the cliff, not twenty feet out, cruising the updraft.

Steve talked about his years in the Navy. "Navy SEAL training spins your head around," he said. He went through mock POW camps, with Japanese- and Chinese-American drill-instructor cadres wearing plain utilities (fatigues) and red stars. Each camp indoctrination included interrogation and torture. Steve explained his training this way: "They're doing a brainwashing job on you that says, 'You cannot trust, you cannot trust, you cannot trust...' After this I go over to Vietnam. Hell, I didn't trust nothing. I killed everything.

"We'd do sweeps," Steve continued. "We brought in people who didn't have IDs. I personally know that 363 got to see the bottom of a big ditch. I decided that rather than watch the atrocities—I mean, I wouldn't let anyone torture a dog that way—I went: *Click! Anything goes!* From then on, it was no prisoners. When Calley got busted, I got shook.

"I got out of the Navy in April 1969. I dealt drugs. I worked in a sawmill for a while. I went back to college. I had twenty-three car wrecks; I wrecked three cycles. I did drugs; I was drinking heavily. I made a conscious decision to stay fucked up. I wouldn't be held responsible if I hurt someone.

"Anyway, I wrecked a car. I almost got cut in half—four inches of flesh and my backbone were holding me together; my insides were in the street. I didn't lose consciousness through the whole thing. I said, 'There are two things I can do. One, I can freak out and pump all my blood into the street. Or I can bring everything down.' I made a conscious effort to slow my heart down, to do everything possible to hold together until somebody came by."

Steve endured four operations. The physical therapist said he didn't know how to help him. He told Steve to rehabilitate himself: "He gave me the key to the room," Steve said. He continued the physical therapy in a Veterans Administration hospital and still sometimes uses a cane. "I decided—discovered—that I couldn't operate around humanity," Steve said. "I felt my government shit on me. My family shit on me. The only true, clean thing left was the woods. So I went back to the woods and slowly, slowly mended."

For two years on and off he lived along the upper part of the Bogachiel River, about eight miles from Forks. His 125-year-old cabin stood

in a mountain meadow near a small old orchard within a hundred feet of the river. For pocket money he scrounged odd jobs, but mostly he stayed close to home. A herd of elk came down out of the Olympic National Park to graze, and stayed the summer. "So every morning," Steve said, "I'd get up, and I'd have these elk at my front door, and deer. And I'd damn near have to shoo them out of the way so I could go to the john. I made forays out to survive. I knew certain plants to eat; this was my turf. I set traps and ate small animals, and deer and elk."

"I've always studied animals," Steve continued, "their characteristics—what makes them tick. Six o'clock in the morning I'd slip out the door, naked, doing a low crawl on my elbows and hips, and go down my porch and out through this fence and into this old orchard. The elk herd liked to bed down there. The morning fog would be about two feet thick, so thick that sometimes you didn't think you had legs. It was strange, but it was a new feeling, a good feeling. I'd crawl through this stuff and come up by this apple tree, and just slowly bring myself up and watch the elk with my eyes just above the fog to see what they did—how they cared for each other, the love that they showed, how they cared for their young. What made the bulls special. The females bed down, and *inside* the females you find the young. And on the outside you find these ranging herd bulls—they just keep moving. And outside *that* is the main herd bull—it doesn't seem he ever rests. There was a tenderness, no matter how much they beat heads, and there was a pecking order. I knew there was a gentleness and a peacefulness with the animals that you never saw with humans. And that was what I needed to see. It was part of my healing. I desperately needed to know that there was still gentleness—that my whole world wasn't caving in completely."

After two years of living in the cabin on the Bogachiel, Steve left to drift around. He married, and he and his wife moved to Indiana—"Which taught me a lesson about what I have here," he said frankly. "In Indiana, I dropped back twenty years into KKK and corn on the cob. I tried to talk to people, but there were veterans there who were heavier into denial than I was. They were saying, 'Hey, the war was just fine. What we did was just great, and we ought to do it some more.' One of the things they'd talk about was, 'Yeah, had a little trouble with the old lady last night. I had a couple of drinks, and she got right in my face, and I had to beat the hell out of her.' Four or five guys start laughing, and I'd go, *Jesus Christ*, what am I doing here?"

After Steve and his first wife divorced, he

went back to the Olympic Peninsula. "For me it's the cleanness of the place," he said. "If you've ever been to sea when it gets really bad, you get real humble, real quick. And that's what's here. There is a power, a feeling, truly a humbleness. A lot of people think it's comical; a lot of people think it's sad. There's areas here where people see and feel and get into contact with the most humble part of themselves."

Nowadays Steve doesn't go to Seattle much. Other people smell popcorn and pavement and bus fumes. "I smell those, too," Steve said, "but they spring loose other things for me.

There's just too many people and too much energy."

During World War I, the Allied military, and the British especially, weren't interested in attributing the soldiers' responses to battle and butchery to any unmanly newfangled psychological or emotional causes. Rather, it was believed that the very shock, the concussion, from an artillery round had an irresistible effect upon the body itself. "Shell shock" seemed a perfectly reasonable explanation for what happened to the men in the trenches.

During World War II, the troops suffered "combat fatigue"—the boys were just tired. World War II veterans did not escape the effects associated with delayed stress. The psychiatric casualties were 300 percent higher in the early years of World War II than in World War I. But the way soldiers fought in World War II, and the way they stopped fighting after it, were different from what happened in Vietnam—and this difference would prove crucial. During World War II, a unit trained together and shipped overseas together. You humped North Africa, Italy and Sicily, then France and Germany, or you island-hopped from Tarawa and Guadalcanal and Peleliu to Iwo Jima and Okinawa. You were in for the duration, as the saying went. After the war, waiting to be shipped home, you had time to share the sympathetic support of men with whom you had a particular intimacy not often permitted in this culture. (It wasn't "buddies," the dead-flat, shopworn newspaper cliché that trivialized a complex and powerful relationship. "Buddy-up" was something you did at Boy Scout camp, when everyone would mosey down to the lake for a swim. Boy Scout camp may be many things, but it ain't the straight-leg, ground-pounding, grunt-fucking infantry.)

Waiting, you got to work some of the war out of your system; to release the grief for men long dead; to feel keenly, perhaps for the first time, your survivor's guilt; to feel as well the sharp personal guilt for murdering prisoners, say, or for shelling villages good and hard that you later

discovered were filled with women and children, or for firebombing Dresden; to recognize the delight you took in destruction (what the Bible calls "lust of the eye") and the warm, grim satisfaction of your firm and bitter anger. Waiting, you had time for crying jags, public and private; you had time for fistfights to settle old scores once and for all. By the time your ship docked, you had worked much of the stress out of your system, though the annual depressions (usually coinciding with anniversaries), the periodic screaming, thrashing nightmares (vivid and colorful recollections of the worst times of your life), and the rest would linger for years—delayed stress (though no one yet called it by that name) a permanent fixture in your life.

In the Vietnam War, everyone served a one-year tour—the assumption being that any dipstick could keep his buttons buttoned *that* long—though you could volunteer to stay as long as you liked. (United States Marine Corps esprit dictated that every Marine would serve one year and one month. *Semper Fi*, Mac.) But the one-year tour created a reverberating and lingering turmoil of emotional problems unlike anything known after World War II.

Vietnam was a war of individuals. You went through Basic Training with one group, Advanced Individual Training with another. You shipped overseas with a planeload of total strangers, and when you reached your outfit—a rifle company out in the middle of nowhere, say—the astonishment on your face and the bright sheen of your uniform pegged you as a 'cruit, the newbee, the fucking new guy.

You have never seen those people before in your life. Everyone avoids you (dumb guys never last, we used to say). At the very least, you have replaced a highly experienced and valuable man whose tour was up. He was as smooth as silk when he took the point, and no John Wayne. You, on the other hand, have hardly seen an M-16 and do not know your ass from a hole in the ground. The heat and humidity are withering, and you're so exhausted by ten in the morning, pouring sweat, that when they call a break in place you can't even stand up to piss.

As you begin your tour, the short-timers finish theirs, mount their choppers and leave, and are never heard from again; other fucking new guys arrive. Your first firefight is a bloody, nasty mess, and it is a pure wonder you are not killed. Slowly you become accustomed to the weather and the work—the *grinding*, backbreaking humps, the going over the same ground day in and day out, aboard choppers and on foot. More short-timers leave; more fucking new guys arrive. This is the ugliest, most grueling, and most spiritless work you have ever done. But you soon discover you're a pretty good tunnel

'It's the cleanness of the place. There's areas here where people get into contact with the most humble parts of themselves'

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rat or booby-trap man, or especially canny and efficient on night ambush. You come to know the ground around your base camp and firebases like the back of your hand. In camp, on stand-down, you smoke dope in earnest; you drink like a fish; you party with a serious frenzy.

More short-timers leave; more fucking new guys arrive. With every firefight the men around you drop like flies. You endure jungle rot, heat exhaustion, crabs and head lice, and an endless diarrhea from the one-a-day malaria pills. You take your five-day R&R in Bangkok, a culinary and sexual rampage. When you get back to the field more short-timers have disappeared; more fucking new guys have replaced them. You are sprayed with Agent Orange; the dust is in your hair, in your water, on your food. They send you to sharpshooter school; you return with an M-14 with scope and carrying case and a \$500 pair of field glasses—the company sniper. You can draw a bead and drop a VC—man, woman, or child—in his tracks at 500 meters, and he never knows what hit him. You have many kills. More short-timers leave; more fucking new guys arrive. You are promoted to sergeant and made a squad leader. Your platoon leader, an ROTC first lieutenant, admires and trusts you: you will go anywhere and do anything. Humping is a snap, and you live in the midst of an alien ease.

The firefights and ambushes are bloody and nasty, businesslike massacres with meat all over everything. The one-year tour is the topic of endless conversation; you know exactly when your tour will end, and *that* is what keeps you going. You don't care about anything but finishing your tour—you just don't care.

Then one morning you wake up and it is finally your turn—not a day too soon, you understand. You say your goodbyes, hop in your chopper, and leave. You will never see or hear of these men again. The next morning you hitch a ride to the airfield in time to catch the plane to Saigon. You have hacked it, but you are exhausted. Your body is as tight as a drum. The plane finally comes: a Boeing 707. The replacements file off and you and your fellow passengers walk across the tarmac, and load up—a ritual unbelievably ordinary and benign.

On the plane you sit in a space both anonymous and claustrophobic, more glad and more guilty than tongue can tell. Sick, lame or lazy, blind, crippled or crazy—you give a sweet fuck, you just want out. The plane ride is nineteen hours of canned music and beach-blanket movies. At Oakland Army Terminal you're mustered out—given a bum's rush of a physical and a new baggy, smelly uniform, and issued your outstanding pay in greenback cash. You are free to go.

Your entire family meets you at the airport and takes you home to the house where you grew up. Yesterday or the day before you were surrounded by men who humped guns and grenades, up to their eyeballs in bloody murder (mean and evil sons-of-bitches, you bet). Now you're dumped into a maelstrom—walk/don't-walk lights, Levi's and daytime TV; mom and dad and the dog on the couch—that bears no relationship to anything you're accustomed to. You're with people who love you, but they don't have the faintest inkling how to help you. You want to sit and tell them what happened—what you saw, what you did, what you became—but more often than not they don't want to hear about it. Your father, a World War II Marine, perhaps, shrugs his shoulders and, struggling with his own residual delayed stress, says, Everybody did those things, grow up, forget it (it's all right). But you sit in that clean kitchen, smelling the eggs and bacon, and warming your hands on a cup of coffee, and it is not all right.

And no “validating” ritual—no parade or Vietnam War memorial—will make it so.

And make no mistake: if you have any healthy impulses left at all, you want to find a woman and take her to bed. Skip the date; skip the dinner; skip the movie. You want to feel good in your body and re-establish those powerful human feelings. Maybe you manage it, but just as likely you don't: some women refuse to date veterans, and then brag to them about it.

You get your old job back (it's the law) stocking shelves at the A&P. The work is easy and dull, and the money's decent, but the petty harassment is galling. The boss doesn't want you around, the way you *stare* when the customers ask their endlessly stupid questions. You drift from job to job. Sometimes, as soon as you mention you're a veteran, the clerk behind the counter tells you to beat it; they don't need junkies and they don't need freaks.

You cannot concentrate. You begin having nightmares; you jerk out of sleep, pouring sweat. You drink to anesthetize yourself against the dreams and the daydream flashbacks (drunks don't dream very well). You try to stay up as long as you can. You know you will dream about the night you shivved that wounded VC who kept waving his hands in your face, shaking his head and whispering man to man, “No, no,” while he squirmed against your knife with all his might.

You cannot stand crowds or people walking too close behind you. You discover an abrupt and furious temper; you startle into a crouch at the damndest things. You become self-destructive, picking fights and driving your car crazily. There is the nagging thought that you didn't do enough, that you never should have left Viet-

nam. Everyone you came to trust has disappeared from your life, dead by now, for all you know. How does that make you feel? You withdraw into isolation. Why put up with the grief?

Bruce Webster operates the Family Counseling Center in Port Angeles, where he conducts individual counseling and rap-group sessions. He also runs a state-funded rural outreach program in Forks, about an hour's drive west on Highway 101, and supervises counseling efforts at Neah Bay on the Makah Indian Reservation. A former high-school wrestling coach, Webster is a calm and patient man, warm and hospitable; many of the veterans who come to him with delayed-stress problems are former students.

The center occupies a large loft space within sight of the car ferry to Victoria, on Vancouver Island. There are many cubby-hole offices, painted white, with groups of large potted plants here and there. Many comfortable chairs are scattered around, and a pot of coffee is always on—almost like a social center. With veterans and others “checking in,” the stream of traffic is steady, but for all the activity there is a feeling of welcome and ease, peace and quiet.

When I first sat down with Webster he told me, “The veterans come to me and often say they just don’t fit. They can’t find work. Maybe they drink, scrounge jobs. There isn’t a lot to do around here, you notice. They don’t think they fit. That’s one reason they go to the woods. Out there everything ‘fits,’ everything works; maybe they can too. The other part of it is, ‘Right now, I’m having a hard time containing my rage and my anger. And the way I can control that without hurting anyone—because I know how to hurt people, I’ve been trained very well, and I’ve never been given another way—the way I can control that is to go to the woods.’”

According to Webster, delayed stress is not an illness but an emotional disorder, a “disorder of self-esteem.” At one point he looked right at me and said, “I think a lot of their delayed-stress problems would go away if they could find useful work—a real job.” Webster wants to help the veterans, but he doesn’t want them to hang around forever. He has said that he asks each veteran to take responsibility for what he does, what he says, and how he feels.

The veterans’ rap group meets weekly in a large room at the back of the center. The night I visited, Webster had set the topic: How do you let people back into your life? About ten men had gathered (some weeks it is twenty or twenty-five), together with some wives and girlfriends, who usually meet separately in another room. There were Doug, a Seabee, who

worked thirty or forty jobs between 1972 and 1979; Pat, a crewman on a Navy river patrol boat; Bob, a Navy corpsman, who said, “I can piss off anybody”; Delmer, a chopper door-gunner, looking haggard and tired—a man permanently exhausted—who summed up his life since the war this way: “I lived in bars, had all kinds of jobs, didn’t give a shit, would pick fights.” He told me later, about his time in Vietnam, “I don’t remember anybody’s name. I can’t even remember my pilots’ names. They’re both Harvard, both lawyers, both crazy as loony tunes. One smoked opium, the other drank all this good scotch. The Army did have a lot to do with the way I drank and stuff. I drank before, but the violence wasn’t there like it is now.”

There was another Navy man, a strapping big guy with a well-clipped Quaker’s beard. Everyone called him Doc. In 1964 he was classified 1AO—Conscientious Objector, but willing to serve—so the Navy made him a hospital corpsman. He gave me a very stern lecture about the difference between Army *medics*, who received skimpy training—“Wrap ‘em up, shoot ‘em up, and shove ‘em on a chopper”—and Navy *hospital corpsmen* like himself, who got months of very thorough schooling.

Mike, another Navy man, said, “I have a real bitter taste about what the United States did. My life style over the years has been to separate from the system. I didn’t go to the woods, even though that crossed my mind more than once. More and more I keep flashing back to Vietnam and the lies we were told.”

Bill Maier, a native of Port Angeles and an ex-Marine, lived as a tripwire veteran for a while, came back to town, and was now working as a construction laborer. “I stepped out of high school—my mother had cooked every meal I’d ever eaten—and I was in the Marine Corps. I got home in 1968. A Vietnam veteran was not a good thing to be—a questionable character. If you were an employer, it was doubtful you’d hire one. I look at pictures of me taken around that time, and I see this *look* in my eyes. People were afraid of me; I was afraid of everything. Some guys were pissed off. Some were depressed. Some people isolated themselves right off the bat. Some people, like myself, were very afraid.

“In the woods, living out there, it was real quiet. You heard absolutely nothing: you heard your ears. Anything you heard—especially at night—it gets to be ‘What was that?’ You *had* to identify it, just like in Vietnam. What is that sound? What is that odor? What is that light? Holding all those tripwires took a lot of energy.”

In the late 1960s and early 1970s the Veterans Administration didn’t know much about delayed stress, and sometimes misdiagnosed it

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as paranoid schizophrenia. Veterans were treated with downers and antidepressants morning, noon, and night, and were given well-meant but useless counseling—Let's keep the guy quiet and busy until he comes to his senses. Many veterans shunned the VA altogether. Widely regarded with firm distrust, it was and still is generally perceived as an uncaring bureaucracy staffed with lifers more interested in pushing their pencils and shuffling their papers than in treating the Vietnam veterans trickling in through the door, looking for help. In addition, the thousands of GIs with "bad-paper" discharges—more often than not shoved at them out of sheer spite for their "attitude"—are barred by law from obtaining treatment of any kind from the VA, even if they suffer service-connected health problems: wounds received in active combat, Agent Orange exposure, delayed stress, and the like.

With few exceptions, the veterans I talked with in Washington state and elsewhere during the past twelve or fifteen years express resentment at having been repeatedly lied to and used by arrogant and selfish men, and at having been sent to Vietnam, wasted like pieces of meat on a slab, and then just plain dumped. The Vietnam War was a distortion and betrayal of every good impulse they felt toward their government. In Port Townsend a veteran I spoke with about Agent Orange threw back his head so that his ponytail swayed behind him; then he laughed and growled in a deep, sharp voice: "I'm a fully stamped, qualified slab animal—successful species—that made it out of the lab." Ten years ago a student of mine who had been a young sergeant in 1969–70 told me that thinking about how *much* he hated Richard Nixon brought tears to his eyes. Indeed, a point often comes in a conversation among veterans when talk and remembrance and fact cease, and a powerful up-welling of simultaneously sweet and bitter feeling takes over. Harboring this feeling is probably not healthy. We could, no doubt, discover abundant and irrefutable medical evidence, supported by ample statistics and vivid personal examples, showing that this blunt and heartfelt bitterness will shorten lives. Tens of thousands of GIs got chewed up in the Vietnam War, and there are tens of thousands more upon whom the war still chews.

In the early 1970s Robert Jay Lifton, Chaim Shatan, and other psychiatrists first began looking into delayed stress, doing individual counseling and setting up veterans' rap groups. Directly from his early studies Lifton wrote *Home From the War*, which popularized the buzzword "post-Vietnam syndrome," further scapegoating Vietnam GIs by making it quite clear what unique warriors we were. The rever-

beration of our experience was explained away, virtually as a glitch on the graph. Tom Williams, a two-tour Marine Corps company commander and now a clinical psychologist who works with Vietnam veterans, edited *Post-Traumatic Delayed Stress Disorders of the Vietnam Veteran*; he refers to Lifton as "Dr. Guilt." To Lifton's post-Vietnam syndrome (which clearly identifies the guilty party so you can stand back and admire him) let us add the look in Bruce Dern's eyes in *Coming Home* and the overly sentimental and preposterously exaggerated images of Vietnam vets as played by John Wayne and Sylvester Stallone. What emerges is a cartoon cliché of sullen, brooding vets (snarling and pugnacious and vicious, twitching with rage and consumed *raw* with survivor's guilt) who love nothing better than to wallow in the pleasant brutality of wartime Southeast Asia.

There are stunning differences between the Vietnam War and previous wars, but Vietnam was hardly unique. When you talk with veterans of the Korean War or World War II or the Spanish Civil War, you discover a brutally consistent pattern of military experience. Despite ritual patriotic and something J. Glenn Gray, a World War II veteran, called "the enduring appeal of battle" in his very good book *The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle*, even these older veterans speak of residual feelings of combat stress. There is no symptomatic difference between what the Vietnam veteran feels and what veterans of other wars have felt. The difference is in how society has chosen to deal with the Vietnam veteran. There is no symptomatic difference between Lifton's post-Vietnam syndrome and delayed stress. The difference is in the stigma attached to post-Vietnam syndrome.

In 1980 the Veterans Administration finally recognized post-traumatic stress disorder as a service-connected disability and set up outreach centers in urban storefronts and counseling programs around the country. Right now there are nearly 700 outreach facilities. It has been estimated that between 750,000 and 900,000 veterans—about one quarter of the 3.7 million men and women who served in the Southeast-

Asian theater—suffer severe delayed stress.

Gene lives in a modest house trailer just off Highway 101 in Forks, which is mostly a loggers' and bikers' town—a pretty rough-and-tumble place. Gene had been a cook in the First Air Cavalry until his mess hall blew up. Then he was a grunt working the bush. Then he was crewman on twin 40mm antiaircraft gun mounted on an old tank body—"dusters," we called them, because of the dust they kicked up. Dusters were loud and nasty, and they could

tear a wood line to splinters so that it looked worse than shredded, ruined drapes.

It got plenty hairy for Gene working convoys upcountry from Bien Hoa to Pleiku, and he often wondered how long he would last. But, he said, "it was good to be a good shot. Part of Vietnam was a nightmare, and you had to do the best you knew how. I learned to keep trying, to keep going."

Of Forks and the peninsula, Gene says, "there's a limit to things to do here. I'm not depressed, but I don't feel the greatest. Maybe I'm just getting older and getting more serious. I ain't living on what's behind me, but I'm stopped—can't go forward or back."

Gene stays in Forks, surrounded by rivers and woods: the stress is at a minimum here. He hurt his foot in a shooting accident, and he can't work. "Too sick to work, not sick enough for welfare," he said. But he and his wife, Joyce, spend about six hours each day in the woods, picking ferns, collecting fungi, fishing and hunting. Under the trailer where the dog was chained was a stack of beer cases, and many garbage bags of empties sat out back. "Oh, there's plenty drinking goes on in Forks," Joyce said and laughed. "Come the Fourth of July, everybody gets drunk and starts parading up and down the highway."

Gene had many photographs tacked to the woodwork of the trailer, pictures of him and Joyce holding up large catches of fish, pictures of deer kills—the animals are laid across the fenders of the car and the hood is smeared with blood. They took me fishing for the day. We were after steelhead, "ocean trout"—fish as big as a loaf of bread and as long as your arm. We parked the car as close to the river as we could, and as soon as we entered the woods, Gene's body changed, the same way a dancer's body changes sometimes. Something dropped off him, and he loped along the trail, at ease among the felled and rotted timbers, the nurse stumps (huge, head-high things so old that other trees grow up out of them), the spongy moss, and the many shades of green.

He told me about picking fiddlehead ferns: find the ones that grow as high as your head and as big around at the base as a car tire. Take only the top thirty-six inches. A bunch about the size of a bouquet fetches anywhere from forty to sixty cents (the best price he ever got was seventy-five).

I asked him about the fungi he collects. He said they're called polypores—crescent-shaped, very solid to the touch, and white in color. Folk artists use them to paint landscapes. You might see the finished product in tourist-trap gift shops. Polypores sell by the inch.

There were kelp balls, conch shells, horns, beehives, and cedar boughs—all sold for decorations. The list goes on—little things that lie around the woods, waiting for Gene and Joyce to pick them up. A little farther into the woods we came upon a young sapling. Gene took out his pocketknife and stripped off a long sliver of bark. It was thin and pliable like birch, with a clear, gummy sap. "This is cascara," Gene said. "Don't rub it with your thumb; the sap is absorbed right through the skin. You dry it and sell it. This is what they make Ex-Lax from."

The river we were about to fish moves about as fast as you can jog. The gear we had brought along was first-rate, but the fishing was terrible. Gene and Joyce had not been fishing for a couple of days; the steelhead had moved on. I caught a few ordinary brook trout, but Gene made me throw them back. "We're after steelhead," he said, as if keeping the trout would jinx the steelhead. We wound up the day with nothing but muddy shoes and pants soaked to the knees.

Gene and Joyce own a Rambler Rebel and keep another for parts. They eat their catch; smoke their own salmon; hunt elk, deer, duck, grouse, and rabbit; and pay someone in kind to dress their meat. Gene ties his own flies to sell and wants to start a guide business. He says it's an O.K. life. He struck me as superbly sensible, and typical of the sensitive and intelligent veterans who have skinned back the layers of their delayed stress to resume their lives. ■

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One on One

There's no passing the ball in one on one. Basketball buffs know it as a game that pits two players against each other in a strenuous match of dribbling, feinting, shooting, and guarding. The players take turns on offense and defense. As they maneuver around the backboard, panting and perspiring, each strengthens his skills, his grasp of the game, and his understanding of his opponent's capabilities.

The U.S. government is fostering the concept of one on one in an effort to heighten understanding among peoples through international exchange programs. Government officials, students, teachers, artists, writers, and others go abroad to link up with their counterparts. Here at home, Americans play host to similar visitors from other countries.

In a world of diverse cultures, clashing ideologies and economic competition, the person-to-person approach nurtures an appreciation of the host nation's basic philosophy, its way of life, and the values and aspirations of its people.

Young people are leading the way. Each year, thousands of American and foreign high school students participate in exchange programs. Most of them are housed with host families. Through the President's International Youth Exchange Initiative, the U.S. Information Agency and the private sector have worked together to double the number of exchanges between the United States and our major economic partners in Western Europe and Japan over a three year period. The program is now expanding to other parts of the world.

In addition, a U.S.-sponsored international visitors program brings established or future leaders to the United States to learn about our institutions and to meet our people. These visitors come from government, the media, the arts, education, science, and labor. In the past they have included the late Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, and former Austrian Prime Minister Bruno Kreisky. All came here during their formative years in politics.

People are crossing the oceans in ever-growing numbers through a variety of exchange programs, both government-sponsored and private. All have the effect of creating better understanding. The programs have a ripple effect.

American teachers with exchange experience are better equipped to teach foreign affairs because they acquire an intimate knowledge of a foreign country, its language and customs. The programs help provide a pool from which can be drawn the foreign service officers of the future. American business and industry, too, are benefiting by sending representatives abroad to learn the business practices and traditions of foreign nations by way of exchange programs.

Individual Americans can contribute to the growth of the exchange movement by applying for study abroad, by playing host to foreign students, or by contributing to private efforts to expand the opportunities for exchange students.

Want to learn more? Write to the U.S. Information Agency, Washington, D.C. 20547.



TINKER WITH GADGETS, TAILOR THE FACTS

The spy as techno-bureaucrat

By Andrew Cockburn

Among the books discussed in this essay:

The United States Intelligence Community, by Jeffrey Richelson. 384 pages. Ballinger Publishing. \$39.95.

The Puzzle Palace: A Report on America's Most Secret Agency, by James Bamford. 465 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$16.95.

Secret Contenders: The Myth of Cold War Counterintelligence, by Melvin Beck. 158 pages. Sheridan Square Publications. \$14.95.

Warriors of the Night: Spies, Soldiers and American Intelligence, by Ernest Volkman. 443 pages. William Morrow. \$17.95.

MI6: British Secret Intelligence Service Operations 1909–1945, by Nigel West. 266 pages. Random House. \$16.95.

Enigma: How the German Machine Cipher Was Broken, and How It Was Read by the Allies in World War II, by Waldysław Kozaczuk. 368 pages. University Publications of America. \$24.

British Intelligence in the Second World War, edited by F. H. Hinsley. 3 vols., 2,120 pages. Cambridge University Press. \$126.50.

Deadly Deceits: My 25 Years in the CIA, by Ralph W. McGehee. 250 pages. Sheridan Square Publications. \$14.95.

One of the problems of secret intelligence these days may be that it has only half gone public. Consider last fall's curious episode of the shipload of MIG fighter planes that wasn't. Briefly, a Soviet cargo ship freighted with MIGs packed in crates was widely reported, in the form of high-level leaks from the Pentagon and the State Department, to be nearing the coast of Nicaragua. How had this alarming situation been discovered? U.S. "intelligence analysts" poring over satellite photographs had detected crates, of a type previously used for transporting MIGs, piled on the dock in the Black Sea port of Nikolayev near where the aforementioned cargo ship had been moored. Clouds over the port prevented the analysts from actually watching the crates being loaded onto the ship. But when the weather cleared, both crates and ship were gone. Ergo, the MIGs were on the ship.

By the time this process of reasoning and de-

duction had been carefully explained in the newspapers and on television the American public knew a lot about the significance of packing crates and clouds—and a lot about circumstantial evidence. Yet curiously, the Reagan Administration and the intelligence agencies failed to take the matter to its logical conclusion. Having gone so far, why did they not throw the whole intelligence-gathering process open to the public? The evening news could have displayed not only the original satellite pictures of the crates at dockside but also the relevant pages of the "P. I. Key" (photo interpretation key), a standard tool for this kind of analysis. It is a catalogue of illustrations showing what a crated MIG or an intercontinental missile or whatever is likely to look like in a satellite photograph. Viewers could have been treated to a briefing on the relative effect on a ship's waterline of a cargo of planes, helicopters, or tractors. Perhaps anchormen could have told those interested where to mail away for defense attaché reports and significant articles in the Soviet or Nicaraguan press, the perusal of which would

Andrew Cockburn is the author of *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine*. He is writing a book on intelligence analysis.

It is entirely possible that no one, in or out of government, knows precisely how much money is being expended on U.S. intelligence activities

have allowed do-it-yourselfers to conduct their own analysis. Since most people are endowed with the normal human ability to make things up, they are as well equipped as any intelligence officer to invent the necessary facts and thus provide the Administration with what it wants.

As a matter of fact, the format for this kind of exercise in participatory democracy is already well established. The nightly intelligence round-up could segue directly from the weather report: "...however that cold front moving down from Canada that you can see on our satellite picture may make for a chilly weekend. You can also see on the satellite picture a rather impressive buildup of Soviet armor near the West German border. A sample selection of decrypted radio traffic on the Warsaw Pact command-and-control channels indicates that this is no ordinary exercise. So the outlook for Saturday and Sunday is an 85 percent chance of war. Now back to Chuck and Bob."

Considering the very, very large sums of money currently being expended by the Administration on various U.S. intelligence activities (realistic guesses hover around the \$20 billion a year mark), allowing the public to participate in the process might be an easy way of giving it some value for its tax dollars. While the exact sum is likely to remain secret (it is entirely possible that no one, in or out of government, knows precisely how much is involved), the sheer size of the machine that has to be fed indicates that the amount is huge. It is not, after all, just a question of the Central Intelligence Agency. The "community," as it cozily terms itself, also includes the National Security Agency; the National Reconnaissance Office; the Defense Mapping Agency; the Air Force, Navy, Army, and Marine intelligence organizations; the State Department's Intelligence and Research Bureau; the FBI; the intelligence divi-

sions of the Departments of Commerce, Agriculture, and the Treasury; the Drug Enforcement Administration; and the Federal Research Division of the Library of Congress.

Jeffrey Richelson, a professional student of intelligence organizations, makes a practice of correlating information from public sources, such as *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, and deducing therefrom conclusions that the authorities would prefer to keep secret. *The United States Intelligence Community*, a painstaking and fascinating portrait, details complexity past cal-

culatation. For example, those working for the Defense Meteorological Satellite Program, which falls within the purview of the First Space Wing of the Air Force Space Command, spend much of their time telling the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), which operates all U.S. photo satellites, when places of interest like Moscow or Odessa are obscured by clouds and thus not worth the attentions of the NRO's space-borne cameras. Meanwhile, the First Space Wing's Space Defense Operations Center, better known as SPADOC, includes among its responsibilities the monitoring of enemy satellite activities. This monitoring is done so that

SPADOC might better issue fast and accurate SATRANs (Satellite Reconnaissance Advance Notices), warnings to those who have something to hide that a Soviet satellite is due overhead. Elsewhere in the community's acronym galaxy the FOSICs (Fleet Ocean Surveillance Information Centers) of the U.S. Navy gather information from satellites, ships, land stations, aircraft, and underwater sensors in order to produce CASPERs (Contact Area Summary Position Reports) on shipping around the world; when FOSICs aren't busy with CASPERs, there remain to be done DELOCs (Daily Estimated Position Locators) on ships both at sea and in port.



Satellites not only take ordinary photographs. They also take infrared pictures, which depict objects by means of the heat they emit. Infrared pictures can easily be taken at night. Information can also be gathered after dark by using "image intensification," which works much the same way a night scope does on a sniper's rifle. Moreover, it is possible to "see" objects on the ground by using radar. All this being so, it may seem strange that simple everyday clouds were able to prevent Our Side from seeing what happened to those crates on the dockside. The problem is that infrared cameras can see through clouds only slightly better than the human eye. One might think that radar satellites are the answer. Unfortunately, pictures taken through clouds by radar are hopelessly fuzzy. Without getting too technical, the shorter the wavelength of the radar used to scan a target territory, the better the pictures. But radar can see through clouds only if the wavelength employed is substantially bigger than a raindrop—which results in a picture too fuzzy to be useful.

While a great deal of intelligence gathering involves *looking* at things, even more effort is devoted to *listening* to things (people, mostly). Thus we have SIGINT satellites for picking up signals intelligence, which may consist of the godless Bolsheviks communicating with each other (COMINT) or else simply emitting electronic signals of one kind or another (ELINT). ELINT shelters under its wing a whole brood of subcategories, including RADINT, monitoring enemy radars, and—this is a hard one to guess at—FISINT, which stands for Foreign Instrumentation Signals Intelligence and means picking up statements uttered by other people's machines.

Back on the ground, the National Security Agency, which is responsible for SIGINT, feels it incumbent upon itself to intercept all telephone calls transmitted on microwave radio circuits, which means practically all international calls. Happily, the agency has so far failed to develop a computer that can follow normal human speech in a reliable fashion, so it continues to rely on plain old-fashioned human operatives to listen to tapes of your telephone calls in the hopes of picking up indicators of subversion or espionage like "Lenin" or "Ed Meese." James Bamford, in *The Puzzle Palace*, makes the agency sound so unpleasantly nosy that it has been nice to observe the frightful tizzy into which its officials were thrown by his book. Admiral Bobby Inman, NSA director during the period of Bamford's researches, actually wrote to accuse him of "holding the NSA [annual budget: \$10 billion plus] hostage," and when Bamford went

on Larry King's radio call-in show in Washington, the agency went so far as to tape and transcribe the entire program.

Using the NSA's resources to listen in on a late-night talk show is hardly more futile than the kind of operations recalled by Melvin Beck in his splendid little memoir, *Secret Contenders*. There was the time, for example, when the CIA station chief in Mexico City succeeded in bugging the apartment of the top KGB operative in all of Mexico (who of course operated under diplomatic cover from the Soviet Embassy). How many pages of convoluted musings might such a counterintelligence triumph provide John le Carré? But reality proved more prosaic, according to Beck:

What was the grade, value or level of the intelligence we collected? I blush to put the question now, because at the time it hadn't occurred to me to raise it. . . . We had an exact tally on the love life of the Colonel, toilet training Soviet style, shopping lists and supermarket prices, husband-wife spats and all the trivia of folksy apartment living. When the Colonel and his wife had visitors, there was reams of small talk to plough through. But the secrets of running the KGB intelligence effort in Mexico remained locked up in the head of the Colonel.

As should be clear by now, machines play a dominant role in the collection of intelligence. The NSA counts its computers by the acre and burns forty tons of classified waste paper a week (unlike the U.S. Embassy in Tehran, which *shredded* its secret documents as the mob beat on the doors; the resulting confetti has been reconstructed into, so far, thirty volumes detailing the bureaucratic operations of the "nest of spies"). The National Reconnaissance Office produces more photographs than anyone could ever look at. The human/machine interface, as one might say in this sort of context, breaks down in other ways as well. Ernest Volkman, in *Warriors of the Night*, a lively *tour d'horizon* of U.S. intelligence, tells the story of a handbag-sized electronic listening device planted by CIA agents in a forest near Moscow. The bug was capable of picking up Soviet microwave transmissions and broadcasting them to an orbiting satellite. The device was concealed in a fake pine tree stump. This stump was then deposited by the apparently arboreally ignorant agents in a grove of aspens—which sadly (for the CIA) excited the suspicious attention of Muscovite tree fanciers out for a walk in the woods.

Whether doomed to such SNAFUs or not, a system that relies on machines of ever greater complexity is bound to engender grim pyramids of bureaucracy. Richelson chronicles the luxuriant proliferation of interagency committees like COMIREX (Committee on Imagery Re-

A system that relies on machines of ever greater complexity is bound to engender grim pyramids of bureaucracy

Modern intelligence has come to resemble modern medicine. In both areas of endeavor, the ends exist only to justify the costly means

quirements and Exploitation), which was born of COMOR (Committee on Overhead Reconnaissance) and which adjudicates on the thorny question of which among the different agencies gets to use satellites when and for what purpose. The organizational complexity of the intelligence community is so dense these days that fledgling CIA analysts spend much of their early careers being taught how to navigate the maze of agencies and committees, or, to put it another way, how to be bureaucrats.

Vastly expensive, dominated by machines that demand the services of armies of managers and accountants, geared, as Melvin Beck aptly observes, to conducting "operations for operations' sake," modern intelligence has come to resemble modern medicine. It is hard to say exactly how this came about, but it probably began on the very day the Truman Administration decided to institutionalize and fund a huge peacetime intelligence organization on the altogether spurious grounds that it was vital to U.S. security. The fact that the United States had become the dominant world power was certainly no justification for the move. Despite an assiduously maintained myth to the contrary, Britain got along quite nicely without an intelligence community for most of the time it was Top Nation. As Nigel West informs us in *M16*, his study of British intelligence in the years before World War II, the British Secret Service was not created until 1909, or long after the empire had been established and secured. But back to the medical analogy: the medical-industrial complex promotes itself by giving away artificial hearts while infant mortality rates in the ghettos continue to be high; the intelligence-industrial complex advertises its surveillance satellites as being able to read license plates from outer space, but has to learn about the death of Yuri Andropov from the Moscow correspondent of the *Washington Post*. In both areas of endeavor the ends, be they a healthy populace or well-informed policymakers, exist only to justify the costly and bureaucrat-intensive means.

It is therefore a huge relief to read about the dawn of machine intelligence and be brought back to a simpler era. In *Enigma*, Waldyslaw Kozaczuk tells the story of the tiny group of Polish mathematicians who broke Enigma, the machine for enciphering communications that was developed by the Germans before and during World War II. Marian Rejewski, Jerzy Rozycski, and Henryk Zygalski were recruited to work on codes and ciphers by the Polish General Staff because they were exceptionally brilliant mathematicians. Not only did they discover a method for reading Enigma (at a time

when British cryptanalysts had given up the task as hopeless); they also devised what amounted to a primitive computer, which helped with some of the necessary calculations. (They christened their machine "the bombe" after a particularly delicious chocolate pudding they happened to be consuming in a Warsaw restaurant when they had the idea.)

The codebreakers supplied perfect intelligence about the disposition of the German invaders to the Polish high command—and to absolutely no effect. They then escaped via Rumania to France. After the fall of France in June 1940, they embarked on one of the most extraordinary operations in the history of intelligence gathering. The Polish codebreakers, together with a group of exiled Spanish Republican cryptanalysts, were put to work by the Resistance in a lonely château dubbed CADIX near Nîmes. There they calmly intercepted and deciphered the secret messages of the German forces.

Naturally, they could not litter the countryside with large antennae for intercepting radio transmissions. So Colonel Gustave Bertrand, a French intelligence officer and the Poles' protector, arranged for the collaborationist Vichy government's listening posts to intercept German transmissions and pass them on to the château. In addition, the Poles strung aerials from the château's roof.

Thus equipped, they were able to pick up high-level German communications from as far to the east as Russia and from Rommel's forces in distant Libya. As the estimable Colonel Bertrand later pointed out, the success of the operation demonstrated that "even with limited resources, given a team of determined people, in this field one can attain such goals as one wishes to set oneself"—a statement which would certainly sound foreign to the denizens of today's intelligence palaces sprawled around Washington, D.C.

The cryptological cottage industry went out of business when the Germans occupied Vichy France in November 1942. The Poles fled just ahead of the *Wehrmacht* and made their way, via an internment in a Spanish jail, to England. But when they finally arrived there, in July 1943, no one wanted to be reminded that these nondescript refugees had originally provided the key to the otherwise impenetrable German ciphers. Just before the war broke out in 1939, the Polish government had given the secret of the bombe to the British. It was Poland's contribution to the alliance, passed on in the hope of winning favor with more powerful partners. The British radio intelligence operation had by 1943 become a big business centered on Bletchley Park, outside London, where thousands of

men and women decrypted and translated German signals. Vital to the effort were hundreds of bombes, although the female naval personnel who tended them had no idea from where the name had come. The month before the Poles landed, the panjandrum of Bletchley Park had seen off a high-ranking U.S. military intelligence delegation, which had been tremendously impressed by what it was given to believe was an exclusively British achievement.

Bletchley Park, with its access to the German machine ciphers, was vital to the British war effort. Its information gathering was of course crucial in fighting the Germans. But it was also a major contribution to the alliance with the Americans—one that could be set against the undeniable fact that by 1943 the United States was supplying most of the men, weapons, and money for the war with Germany. Thus the role of the Poles in making Bletchley Park possible was something better not discussed. This is made mournfully clear in the dense volumes of the official history of British intelligence in World War II edited by F. H. Hinsley (himself an alumnus of Bletchley Park). Hinsley is decidedly snippy about the Poles' contribu-

tion to the breaking of Enigma, suggesting that their help was purely marginal: "the British bombe was of quite different design from the Polish and much more powerful."

The Poles were consigned to an intelligence unit attached to the Polish exile army, and were not allowed to work on Enigma. After the war, Rejewski returned to Poland and lived in reasonably comfortable obscurity until he died in 1980. Rozycki died during the war, while Zyalski stayed in England and worked as a lecturer at Battersea College until his death in 1980. They had been victims of the fact that, since intelligence imparts the power to define reality for other people, states will guard their right to

exclusive possession of that power very jealously indeed.

Despite his relative reticence on the subject of the Poles, Hinsley offers a great deal of fascinating material about the operation of the first industrial-scale machine intelligence system—a system which, like its bloated successors in the United States today, depended on the enemy's use of machines on which its own machines could eavesdrop. Volume 3, for example, recounts the instructive story of what happened to British intelligence gathering on the German

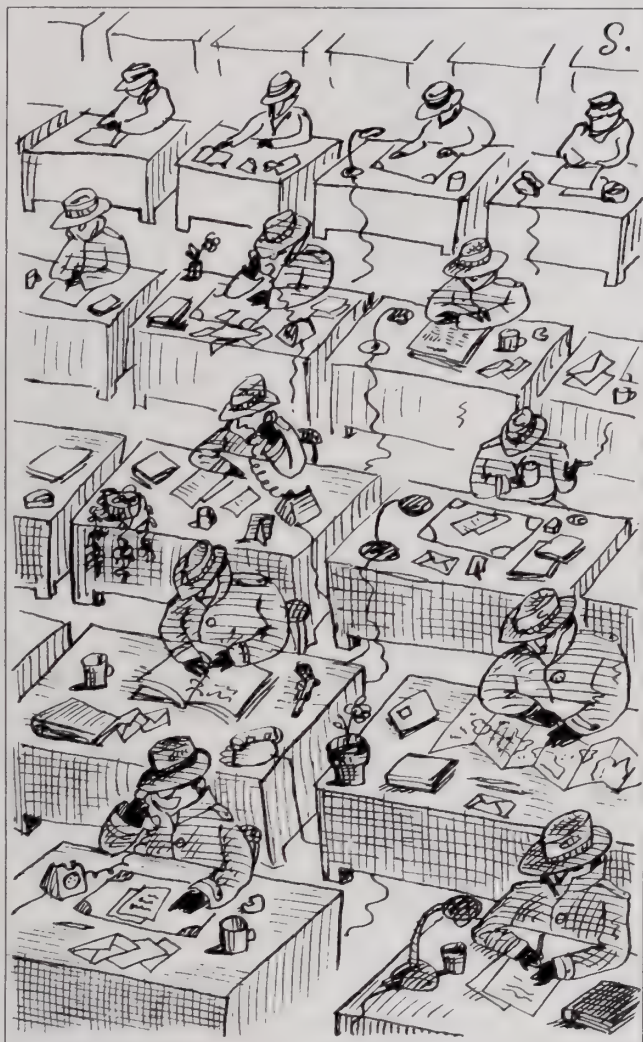
antibomber defenses once the Germans stopped using radar to detect the British bombers. Radar, which is essentially a radio transmitter that waits for an echo of its signal off a target, can be located and identified. By the end of 1943, however, the Germans were tracking the British bombers simply by listening for all the electronic noise coming from the planes' own navigational and defensive radars. Since the British had nothing to listen in on—you can't listen for a radio receiver—they had no idea how the Germans were shooting their bomber squadrons out of the night skies. The British were naturally reluctant to accept that

all their elaborate antiradar devices were not only useless but actively dangerous, since they acted as beacons to attract the Germans.

Ernest Volkman touches on the same phenomenon when he discusses the less than comprehensive intelligence on the Iran-Iraq war being garnered by the United States. He reports in his book that the Iranians have been foiling the best efforts of American electronic espionage by sending sensitive military communications by hand. The United States faces similar problems in El Salvador, where the guerrillas no longer transmit much useful information by radio.

The many and obvious failings of sophisti-

Since intelligence imparts the power to define reality for other people, states will guard their right to exclusive possession of that power



Developing the
sort of spies
who will tell
you something
interesting is
easier urged
than done

cated machine intelligence systems are bound to generate nostalgia for the certitudes of old-fashioned spying. Volkman makes this his bottom line, concluding his book with a good deal of harrumphing about the need for HUMINT, that is, Human Intelligence. There would seem to be good sense in this, especially when one contemplates the ever expanding technofantasies of the community's bureaucrats. The trouble is that HUMINT has just as great a potential for SNAFUs—albeit less costly ones—as the various technical means of gathering intelligence.

Moreover, developing the sort of spies who will tell you something interesting—or merely recruiting ones who are not in fact working for the other side—is easier urged than done. In *Deadly Deceits*, Ralph W. McGehee recounts how thousands of CIA man-years went into recruiting one Chinese Communist official, all with total lack of success. It may be that the CIA has been slightly more successful at recruiting spies in the Soviet Union in recent years, but Oleg Penkovsky, by common agreement the most useful agent the CIA ever possessed, was repeatedly rejected when he first offered his services and got in only on the strong recommendation of the more perspicacious (or hard-up) British.

And yet this thought lingers: perhaps the community has no desire to find good spies—or even to monitor fine-tuned machines. The plain truth of the matter is that HUMINT and COMINT and ELINT and all the rest are really only elaborate covers for the most important source of all: IMAGININT. Though the role of “creativity” may be carefully obscured by the agencies, information about its operation does occasionally leak out. In September 1982, for example, the House Intelligence Committee published a report on U.S. intelligence activities in Central America. The report discusses a “major intelligence briefing based primarily on an analysis of sensitive intelligence” that was delivered to the committee in March 1982. One of the forty-seven “viewgraphs” contained in the briefing, titled “Guerrilla Financing (Non-Arms),” suggested that the Salvadoran guerrillas were receiving money in addition to weapons, showing a total of some \$17 million annually. The report explains how the “\$17 million” figure was arrived at:

This resulted from an extrapolation which, as outlined by the briefer, seemed particularly tenuous. It was based on a single piece of evidence indicating the monthly budget [for the Salvadoran guerrilla] commander on one front. The extrapolation would have required that figure to be representative of the budgets of the other four factions, and all five factions to be equally active on each of the five fronts.

In a question for the record, the Committee asked about these assumptions. In its response, the intelligence community said it was unable to comment on whether the original monthly figure was representative, and instead explained that the bottom line of \$17 million which appeared on the briefing slide was “not an estimate” but was intended only to indicate that “relatively large sums of currency” were going to the guerrillas.

Experienced observers can spot traces of IMAGININT all through the official news these days, especially the news on Central America. Former CIA analyst David MacMichael has revealed that IMAGININT is the only source of intelligence on what President Reagan has decreed to be the “flood of arms” from Nicaragua to El Salvador. John Horton, the CIA’s National Intelligence Officer for Latin America, resigned last year after being called on the carpet for his dereliction in not consulting IMAGININT while working on an important paper. The lack of IMAGININT input made it impossible for him to realize that Mexico was then on the verge of revolution.

All this is not to say that intelligence agencies behave in this manner as a result of an immutable law of nature. In the wise words of Colonel Bertrand, “A team of determined people”—preferably small—can actually make the truth official. This was indeed the case with sections of U.S. intelligence during World War I. But such determined teams are hard to find these days.

It has long been a truism of intelligence analysis that the information jigsaw can be put together only by using all sources. Estimates of the movements of the Soviet leadership, for example, can be based both on a supersecret program to intercept their car-telephone conversations and on their appearances in *Pravda*. It is also a truism, or at least it should be, that the most inspirational source for an intelligence agent these days is the one that tells it which way the political wind blows. Which brings us back to our weatherman.

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

should debate them fully. But—alas—they are not issues to which economists, by training or inclination, have anything unique to contribute.

Robert B. Reich
John F. Kennedy School
of Government
Harvard University
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The essence of all industrial policy proposals I have studied is the substitution of political mechanisms for market processes. As a result, most pro-industrial policy literature—particularly the writings of such radical industrial-policy advocates as Barry Bluestone and Bennett Harrison—has a distinctly antique ring that is easily explained. In many ways, the current debate over industrial policy is no more than the most recent battle in the long-running war between defenders of the market system and their socialist antagonists. The conservative answer to the socialist challenge contains both economic and political elements. Inasmuch as industrial policy is directly descended from earlier arguments for socialism, it is vulnerable to the same economic and political criticisms. The technical argument against socialist economics can be summed up in the observation that a socialist planning system cannot duplicate the information or the incentives generated through the market process, and thus faces an insuperable barrier in the rational allocation of resources. The political argument is considerably more direct: the attenuation of property rights and other "economic" freedoms has an unavoidable negative effect on non-economic liberties.

I suggest that the weight of empirical evidence is on the side of the conservatives. A century of socialist economic practice provides ample evidence that the politicization of the economic process retards, rather than promotes, economic development and material well-being. Moreover, the tragic course of much of the twentieth century demonstrates how

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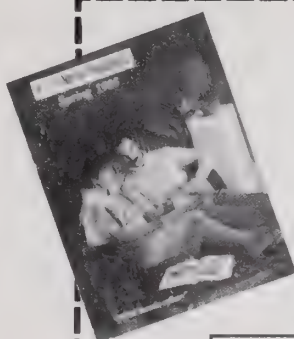


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rapidly a society's infatuation with politics can degenerate into totalitarianism. As eloquently argued by Friedrich Hayek forty years ago in his book *The Road to Serfdom*, any flirtation with such expanded government powers—at the national, state, or local level—risks results that are counterproductive at best, gruesome at worst.

James C. Miller III
Washington, D.C.

James C. Miller III is chairman of the Federal Trade Commission.

The title of the February Forum ignores the fact that we have had, for some time, an ad hoc industrial policy. Among other things, the government has imposed import quotas to shield our major smokestack industries—steel and autos—from foreign competition.

The real question is, How well have these policies worked?

In general, protectionist efforts harm consumers—the average American now pays \$400 more for a new car because of trade restrictions—while conferring temporary benefits on a select group of workers, executives, and shareholders in the protected industries. Protectionist policies channel an unnaturally large

share of total investment into inefficient, high-cost, unproductive sectors of the economy while depriving new, high-growth, high-technology industries of desperately needed funds. On balance, these policies stymie economic growth and reduce total employment—exactly the opposite of what their proponents claim.

There are, however, entire industries—agriculture and fertilizer come to mind—that are finding survival increasingly difficult in a free-trade environment either because the prices of competing imports are kept artificially low by foreign government subsidies or because those same governments erect tariff or quota barriers to keep out U.S. goods.

In situations like this, a case can be made for a response in kind by the U.S. government. Our national security requires that we not allow these industries to wither and die because of the actions of foreign governments.

Most of the so-called structural problem in our economy, however, results from domestically controlled macroeconomic conditions—weak investment demand and the strength of the dollar in foreign exchange markets—and requires macroeconomic solutions. Reducing the federal deficit through spending reductions

and cutting capital gains taxes should be the twin cornerstones of our industrial policy.

J. Peter Grace
New York, N.Y.

Democracy in Latin America

In "Latins Make Lousy Pluralists" [Readings, *Harper's*, February] Glen C. Dealy takes a limited, prejudicial view of Latin Americans. Dealy argues that Latin Americans are culturally predisposed to seek unifying regimes headed by strong leaders and to reject competitive pluralistic democracies. He sees the political culture of Latin America as a projection of his personal experiences in Guatemala and Nicaragua. Given the many rigged and stolen elections in those two countries, the skepticism about the popular vote that he found there is understandable. But to sustain his argument Dealy deprecates the long democratic traditions of Chile, Uruguay, Argentina, and Costa Rica—traditions that, despite lapses, compare favorably with those of Western Europe over the past 150 years. And he ignores the widespread, fervent belief in the popular vote evident in much of Latin America today.

Latin American countries with a tradition of free elections have increasingly opened their political processes—sometimes to the point where the interests of privileged sectors have been threatened, prompting those sectors to use their power to thwart democracy. In some cases the existing institutions have been unable to meet the new demands democracy has placed on them. The resultant coups have then set back democracy for a time. The problems underlying this instability are not primarily attitudinal (as Dealy asserts) but structural. More than reflecting a lack of faith in the people or a lack of desire to abide by their decisions they reflect the economic and social forces that divide nations and polarize political views.

Peter D. Bell
Carnegie Endowment for
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Washington, D.C.

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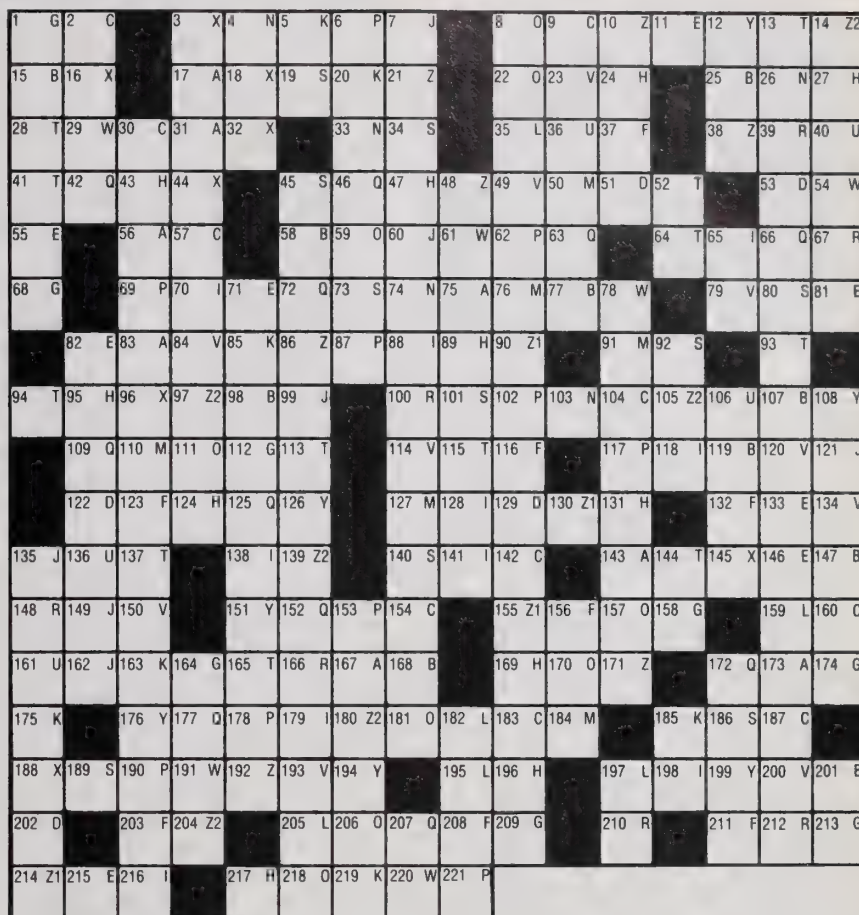
1, 2, 3 U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service; 4 National Public Radio (Washington, D.C.); 5 People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (Washington, D.C.); 6 Capt. Brian Thoreson, Walter Reed Army Medical Center (Washington, D.C.); 7 U.S. Government Accounting Office/U.S. General Services Administration; 8 "The Grace Commission Report" (U.S. Government Printing Office); 9, 10 "The Reconfiguration of Urban Hospital Care," by Alan Sager, in *Cities and Sickness* (Sage); 11 National Institute of Mental Health (Bethesda, Md.); 12 U.S. Veterans Administration; 13 *The Progressive* (Madison, Wis.); 14 U.S. Department of Commerce; 15 The World Bank (Washington, D.C.); 16 United Telecom (Kansas City, Mo.) and Charles Berlitz (Fort Lauderdale, Fla.); 17 U.S. Department of Commerce; 18 The Federal Reserve Bank of Boston; 19, 20 World Future Society (Bethesda, Md.); 21, 22 The Conference Board (New York City); 23 U.S. Census Bureau; 24 Center for Public Resources (New York City); 25 "Corporate Classrooms," by Nell Eurich, for The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching (Princeton, N.J.); 26 U.S. Government Accounting Office; 27 J.D. Power and Associates (Westlake Village, Calif.); 28 Procter & Gamble (Cincinnati); 29 *People* magazine; 30 The New York City Ballet; 31 Delacorte Press (New York City); 32 U.S. Treasury Department; 33 "Reform"? or A Rational Tax System, by Richard L. Rosenthal (Citizens Utilities, Stamford, Conn.); 34 International Franchise Association (Washington, D.C.); 35 Point of Purchase Advertising Institute (Fort Lee, N.J.) and Du Pont (Wilmington, Del.); 36 National Research Bureau (Chicago); 37 *Gardens for All* (Burlington, Vt.) and The Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.); 38 Can Manufacturers Institute (Washington, D.C.); 39 *Sport Science*, by Peter J. Branczio (Simon & Schuster); 40 National Climatic Data Center (Asheville, N.C.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 28

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES

WORDS

A. Am. navigator and mathematician (1773-1838)

75 83 17 56 143
31 167 173

B. Tin Lizzie, bucket of bolts, heap

58 98 15 107 77
168 147 201 119 25

C. Loose; rambling; delirious

104 142 30 160 154 187 9 57
2 183

D. Informed, conscious

129 122 53 51 202

E. Beginning; origin

146 133 82 71 55 215 11 81

F. Female lead in Elzie Segar's "Thimble Theatre" (2 wds.)

156 211 203 132 37 116 123 208

G. Malignant; very, exceedingly

164 158 213 174 209 1 112 68

H. Without appetite (3 wds.)

27 169 217 95 89 131 43 196
124 24 47

I. Alfred Noyes poem (after "The")

118 88 216 128 138 198 65 179
141 70

J. Shine forth; beam

7 162 149 135 99 60 121

K. Bluster, swagger

20 5 163 175 185 85 219

L. Alarm bell

35 195 159 205 182 197

M. "_____ a stuff will not endure" (contr., *Twelfth Night*)

184 91 76 50 110 127

N. Loathe

74 103 4 33 26

O. Undecided or disputed question (2 wds.)

157 111 218 206 8 170 59 181
22

P. Zeal

221 190 153 87 62 6 69 102
117 178

Q. Amends, repayment

63 66 42 109 207 125 72 172
152 177 46

R. First

148 166 39 67 212 210 100

S. Chest of drawers

140 186 101 34 92 189 73 45
19 80

T. 1930 T. S. Eliot poem (2 wds.)

41 94 115 64 165 28 13 113
137 144 93 52

U. Suitable position for a person or thing

161 106 40 36 136

V. "If anything can go wrong, it will" (2 wds.)

84 200 120 193 23 150 49 134
79 114

W. Result as a natural growth, addition, etc.

78 191 220 54 29 61

X. Stops, blocks, frustrates

32 188 44 3 96 18 145 16

Y. Characterized by quick, jerky movements

194 151 12 199 176 126 108

Z. Muse of music and lyric poetry

10 48 86 192 171 38 21

Z1. Equips

130 214 90 155

Z2. Floodgate

204 105 180 97 14 139

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SOLUTION TO THE MARCH PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "PARTING WORDS"

NOUNS: a. F(L)OP; b. (pri)SCILLA; c. M(I)UCK; d. RAKER, MARKER, anagram; e. CHI(ME)RA, CHAIR, anagram; f. T(IN) EAR; g. CLIME, homophone; h. RUMP-US; i. G-IMLE(anagram)-T. & Lit; j. FI(reversal)-A-S-CO(rk); k. SACK(BUT)S; l. SALA-M'I, reversal; m. SU(gar be)ET; VERBS: a. W(R)IGGLES; b. (sa)SHIM(i); c. ESCORTS, anagram; d. BAGS, two meanings; e. SP-R-AWLS (anagram); f. SCUD, reversal; g. WHO-A; h. IMMERSING, anagram; i. HORSEWHI(anagram)-P; j. F(REEL-O)AD; k. M(ISLE)D; l. CR-ADLE (anagram); ADJECTIVES: a. HUM(an)-ID; b. A-PE(L)IKE, I KEEP anagram; c. SU(reversal)-REF-IRE; d. E-M(PYRE)AN; e. UNCLOTHED, anagram; f. DECREPIT(d), anagram; g. (p)LUCKIER; h. S(C...)RECH (anagram)-Y; i. OLEIC, hidden; j. PARMESAN (anagram); k. S'AP(reversal)-PHI-C; l. MANIC, initial letters.

W	R	I	G	G	L	E	S	F	L	O	P
H	U	M	I	D	U	S	C	I	L	L	A
O	M	M	M	U	C	K	R	A	K	E	R
A	P	E	L	I	K	E	E	S	H	I	M
S	U	R	E	F	I	R	E	C	O	C	E
A	S	S	T	R	E	S	C	O	R	T	S
C	H	I	M	E	R	A	H	C	S	S	A
K	T	N	I	E	M	P	Y	R	E	A	N
B	O	G	S	L	S	P	R	A	W	L	S
U	N	C	L	O	T	H	E	D	H	A	U
T	I	N	E	A	R	I	C	L	I	M	E
S	C	U	D	D	E	C	R	E	P	I	T

SOLUTION TO MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 27): When a man splits a grain of sand and the universe is turned upside down in consequence, it is difficult to realize that to the man who did it, the splitting of the grain is the truly great affair, and the capsizing of the cosmos quite a small one.

—(G.K.) Chesterton: (The) Humility of Science

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 28, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 26 (February) are Ann Blanch, Marathon, Florida; Irene Greiner, San Diego, California; and Rachel Segall, New York, New York.

PUZZLE

The Djintecs II

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr. (with acknowledgments to Vectis of The Listener)

The Djintecs, a little-known South American tribe addicted to word games, have contributed another puzzle diagram. A Djintec family of father, mother, son, and daughter each contributed exactly one quarter, or ten, of the clue entries. Western civilization has recently come to the Djintecs, so the children now write in our "orthodox" style; older generations, however, still persist in using the ancient style of writing from right to left and from bottom to top. The solver must account for this in entering clue answers. One other thing: from birth to death the female will write exactly what she means, but the male will write just the opposite.

There are four proper names among the entries, two from the daughter and two from the mother. A translation of the Royal Djintec motto may prove helpful: "As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution."

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.

CLUES

Across

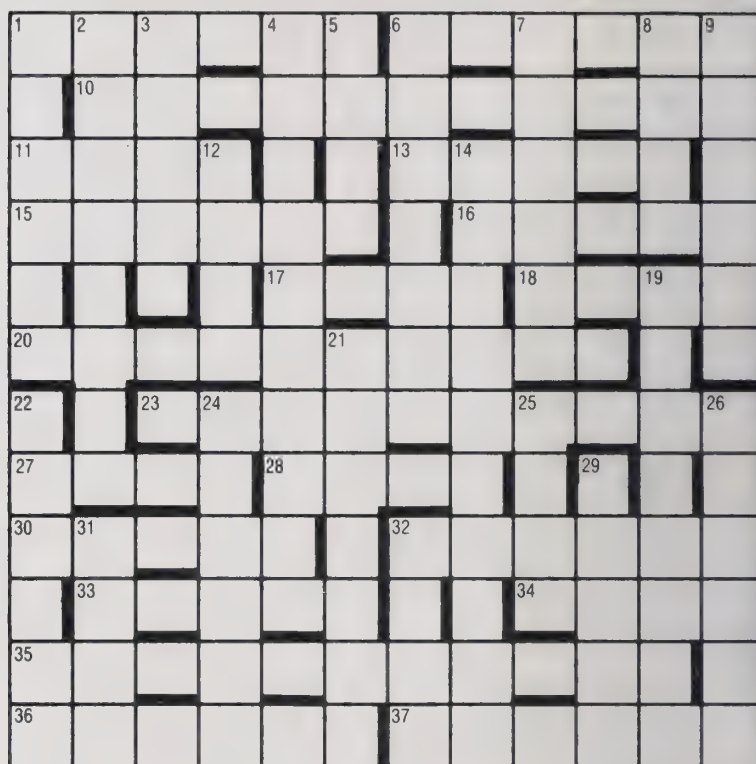
1. So, going about mile, bachelor tries to get picked up (6)
6. Small point: love, in attachment, has to move very quietly (6)
10. Cellarer initially is inclined to port that's superficially smooth? (5-6)
11. Alcoholic Democratic cheer is taken the wrong way (4)
13. The leader of damned sinfulness! (5)
15. Jeer church that's a thatched hut (6)
16. Paces off the view (5)
17. Turn over unfinished page. Lengthy yarn? (4)
18. Sexpot's hiding ballplayer (4)
20. Loyalty, for instance, in confederation (10)
23. Wound a daily allowance of fancy material? (10)
27. Odd characters among Shawnees are rational (4)
28. Part of speech held in riverboat (4)
30. One in the minority? Not me, and only half of them (5)
32. Church acts to be heard in interest in property (6)
33. Uses a gun, with no time for chases (5)
34. Watch bearing shown by center removed from football game (4)
35. Gallant could yield to her denial (11)

36. Lack of interest in a yard run around track (6)
37. Ear is mistaken after piano is flatter (6)

Down

1. Move sideways like overturned carriage (6)
2. Act out a search for underground passageway (8)
3. Leaders of Kremlin hierarchy accept kudos in military wear (5)
4. Hear 2/4 if you listen up to this time (10)
5. Frigidity leads to cases of legalized divorce (4)
6. "Spanish River Diplomacy"—it's read to wrongdoers (4,3)
7. Family doctor surrounded by knotty pine . . . this place is a mess (6)
8. Catholic, the lion of Rome, an old queen (4)
9. Bomb does in inventor (6)
12. Laicize, but not here . . . in France, do nothing (4)
14. Old aquatinted shot (10)
19. Prig circumvents mountain-climbing project (8)
21. Sidney, flipping over college girl, went dancing (7)
22. Esprit de corps is pronounced in me (6)
24. Mixes stuffing in small oysters (6)
25. Hold on to bit of early mammoth (4)
26. Naturalist moving inward (6)
29. Smashed car's rear in plunge while eating? (5)
31. Dropping everything, pursues female (4)
32. Store barring (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "The Djintecs II," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Three-Way Theme & Variations," are Gail Barkus, New York, New York; Mary S. Haverstock, Arlington, Virginia; and Peggy Kelvie, Golden, Colorado.



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MAY 1985

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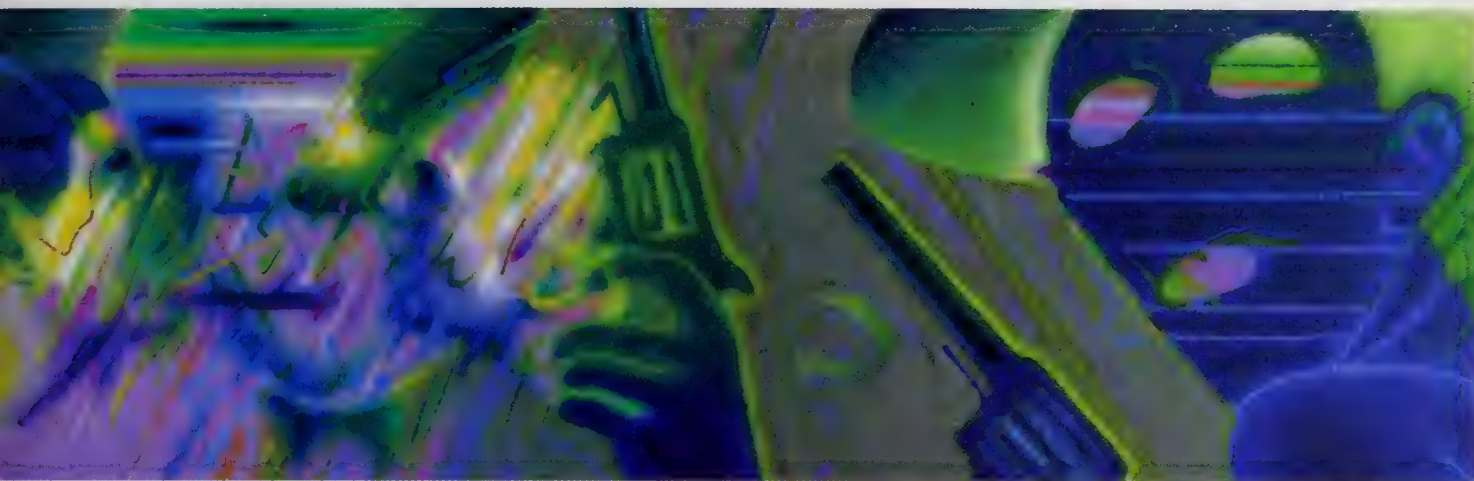
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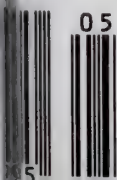
CONRAD'S AFRICA, AND OURS

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LETTERS

Evolution's Trial

In "Agnostic Evolutionists" [Harper's, February] Tom Bethell has a lot of fun with the science establishment, describing the turmoil created by the transformed cladists, a group of iconoclasts in the field of evolutionary biology. I am not sure after reading his report whether Bethell is a closet creationist or simply a journalist who aims to deflate complacency. He doesn't say. In any event, he has confused some of the essentials of his subject.

Bethell confuses Darwin's theory of evolution with the general hypothesis of evolution. Darwin did not invent evolution, as Bethell seems to insist. Naturalists, as they were once called, were discussing the concept long before Darwin was born. Darwin's theory was not even the first modern explanation of organic evolution. For the record, Darwin proposed nothing more than that natural selection (survival of the fittest) could explain how organisms evolve. We can't blame him for the whole idea of evolution.

Bethell uses the words "belief" and "faith" interchangeably. Webster does not approve, and neither would most scientists. Belief is "a conviction of truth," implying the existence of evidence. Faith is "unquestioning belief in something for which there is no proof."

Bethell reasons that the entire concept of evolution hangs on the negative fact that there are no known instances of organisms without parents. That is preposterous. There are libraries full of documents detailing

facts of paleontology, geology, biochemistry, immunology, anatomy, embryology, etc., that are best explained, individually and collectively, by a hypothesis of organic evolution. The facts cannot be credibly explained by any other hypothesis now known.

Finally, Bethell gives the reader no chance to evaluate organic evolution in its larger context: we live in an evolving universe. Stars and galaxies evolve. The solar system and its parts evolve. Civilizations and cultures evolve. Time and change are inseparable. Are we to suppose that in all this cosmic drama only life itself, the most versatile form of matter, is stagnant, going nowhere?

If Bethell wishes to do his homework before publishing his book, I recommend the primary source, Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*. It is clearly written, and not too technical for an interested nonscientist. Bethell will find that the old man was modest about his theory and very thorough with his evidence, and that he anticipated most of the problems that still take turns as the hot topic of the day. And for the perceptive reader the book offers an insight into the scientific mind that, in a way, is worth more than the theory itself.

William Beer
Walpole, N.H.

Tom Bethell's report promises scientific argument against Darwinian evolution. But he does not produce one. What Bethell does deliver is a very good description of a relatively new and controversial method of classification called transformed cladistics. However, the fact that transformed cladists are able to describe hierarchical patterns of variation in nature without invoking

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

evolution as the process that produced them is surely not an argument against evolution. Transformed cladists simply ignore evolution; they don't undermine it. They might be "evolutionary agnostics," but evolutionary agnosticism is not evolutionary atheism any more than religious agnosticism is atheism. A subtle distinction, perhaps, but a very important one.

The confession of Colin Patterson, a transformed cladist and an evolutionary agnostic, that after twenty years of research he does not know "one thing that is true" about evolution—that not a single watertight case for an ancestral-descendant relationship between species can be made from the fossil record (or from anything else)—is nothing new. It is nothing new because proving ancestral-descendant relationships between particular pairs of species, the ultimate proof of evolution, has never been possible, and never will be. To whatever extent this has been a stumbling block for evolutionists in the past it will continue to be one in the future.

But before creationists take the preceding two sentences out of context it is important to note that the implication of Patterson's confession is highly misleading. Evidence of specific ancestral-descendant relationships is not the only kind of evidence of evolution. Direct proof of certain prehistoric events cannot be obtained by either evolutionists or creationists. But other lines of evidence or evolution are abundant, including some from the fossil record.

There is also the matter of Bethell's confusion about the term "Darwinism." He is not alone in this. Evolutionists themselves are often careless about which connotation of the term they intend. The term "Darwinism" encompasses not only the concept of evolution but the mechanism (natural selection), the result (adaptation), and the rate (gradual). Historically, Darwinism has been equated with only the concept of evolution, especially in the public mind.

The unfortunate consequence of this has been that arguments among evolutionists about rates, mecha-

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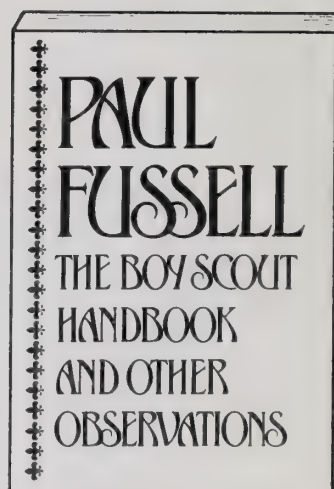


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nisms, and results are interpreted in the popular press as misgivings about the concept. Bethell states that "scientists have been fighting among themselves about Darwin and his ideas. Scientists are largely responsible for keeping the public in the dark about these in-house arguments. When they see themselves as beleaguered by opponents outside the citadel of science they tend to put their differences aside and unite to defeat the heathen." This is a serious misperception. Arguments within the so-called citadel are seldom about the reality of evolution; on this scientists are united. The "heathens," failing to comprehend the distinctions between the different facets of Darwinism and wishing only to disprove evolutionary theory, grasp at scientific arguments over rates, mechanisms, or results—disputes about the *how* of evolution—as expert testimony against the very concept of evolution. The united front Bethell sees does not result from the laying aside

of differences. It results from unanimity about concepts; the fighting is going on at other levels.

Thomas G. Gregg
Department of Zoology
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Lawrence E. Mettler
Department of Genetics
North Carolina State University
Raleigh, N.C.

Tom Bethell is surely correct to point out the uncertainties inherent in the identification of specific ancestor-descendant relationships. But he puts such emphasis on the concepts of plesiomorphy and paraphyly that the significance of "true" (i.e., monophyletic) groups is hardly considered. In spite of all their differences, horses, moles, coyotes, manatees, and humans can be grouped together on the basis of a suite of shared features, including hair, a single lower

jawbone, and a unique ear complex.

Why does this set of common characteristics exist? Some might attribute it to chance. Others would prefer to invoke the magical acts of a Creator who made these organisms in such a way that they *appear* to be related to one another when in fact they are not. A third option is to conclude that all mammals share a common descent. That, of course, is a "materialist" explanation.

Patrick McKim
Department of Social Sciences
California Polytechnic State
University
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Tom Bethell claims that the strongest evidence on behalf of evolution is that no modern organism has been known to pop up without an ancestor. He states that we have nothing like birth documents to trace common ancestry among species, that "there are only fossils." In short, he

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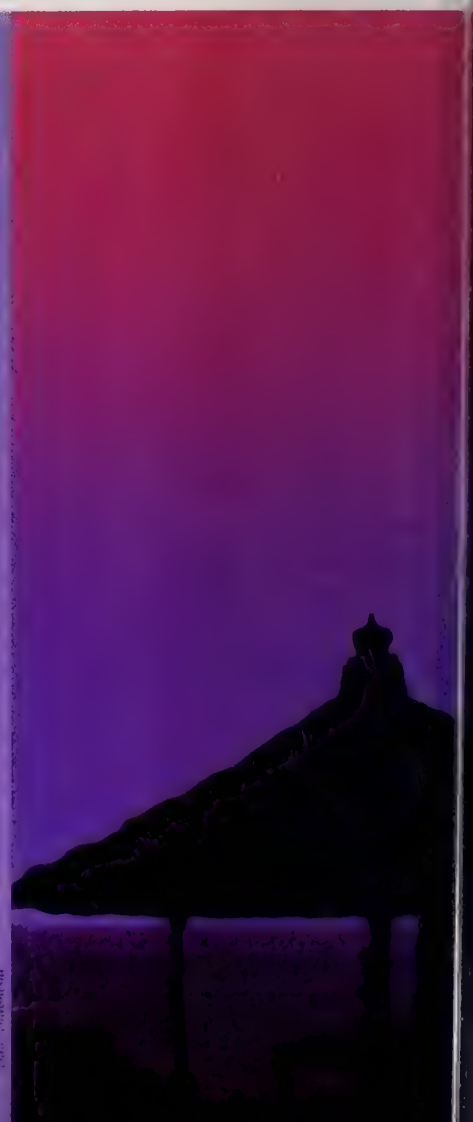
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ignores the documentation that species carry in their cells, each of which holds the genetic equivalent of millions of words.

Molecular biologists trace the descent of organisms much as scholars trace the descent of ancient documents. As scribes sometimes miscopy patterns of letters, so dividing cells sometimes miscopy the patterns in DNA; in both cases, shared idiosyncrasies indicate a common source. Molecular biologists have concluded that either different species have genes copied from common ancestors, or we are the victims of a very clever cosmic forgery. Barring forgery, their studies indicate a branching pattern of descent across evolutionary time, a pattern of genetic kinship among living species that is consistent both with taxonomy and with the fossil record that Bethell finds so unconvincing.

It is surprising that he makes no mention of genes in an article that purports to discuss evolution. If re-

search grants have gone to molecular (including genetic) studies while support for classical taxonomy has "withered away," this is partly because the new techniques shed more light on the origin of species.

Since there is massive evidence that languages, organisms, and ideas all evolve, why do people pick on the idea of biological evolution? Perhaps it is because competing ideas have evolved under different rules. The idea of evolution has been constrained to fit facts about nature, and thus has been unable to evolve simply to suit the tastes of a biologically ignorant public. Other ideas, lacking this handicap, have been freer to adapt.

K. Eric Drexler
MIT Space Systems Laboratory
Cambridge, Mass.

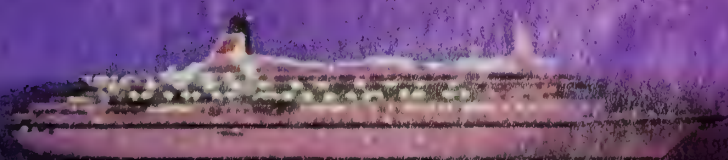
Tom Bethell asserts that in my book *The Triumph of the Darwinian Method* I "seem to be taking on the

cladists." That I *seem* to do so is literally true, but in fact Bethell's claim is as misleading as the rest of his article. At the time I wrote the book, transformed cladism did not yet exist. As anyone who consults my work can plainly see, I was arguing for, not against, the proposition that genealogy should be the main basis for classification. That was Darwin's great contribution to taxonomy, and was the fundamental position of the cladists as they then existed and of the overwhelming majority of them today. Transformed cladism represents little more than a recrudescence of the kind of morphological mysticism that flourished early in the nineteenth century and has enjoyed a certain popularity among anti-evolutionists ever since. If the critics of Darwinism can come up with nothing better, it is small wonder that responsible scholars do not take them seriously.

Michael T. Ghiselin
San Francisco, Calif.

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to a land of Malaysian Monarchs and Thailand treasures.
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Tom Bethell replies:

I agree with William Beer, Thomas G. Gregg, and Lawrence E. Mettler that a sharp distinction should be drawn between the general theory of evolution ("all organisms have parents") and Darwin's "mechanism" of evolution (natural selection). The term "Darwinism" is sometimes used to describe the former, however, and in the interest of compression I used it that way in my article. (Darwin himself constantly blurred the distinction between the two in *On the Origin of Species*.)

Intramural disputes about evolutionary mechanisms and rates have indeed been wrongly interpreted by anti-evolutionists as challenges to "the very concept of evolution." But the transformed cladists are not merely arguing about mechanisms and rates. Some of them are saying that the concept of evolution is dispensable, that the pattern of nature can be studied without reference to the process that produced it. That is the position of the British Museum's Colin Patterson, who made the key discovery that the ancestral groups of the Darwinian tradition are paraphyletic, that is, defined by an absence of traits.

Patrick McKim draws attention to the phenomenon of congruence: all (and only) mammals not only have hair but share other features, too, such as a "unique ear complex." Here is the problem: congruent traits are also to be found in, say, Chevrolets. All Chevies share certain engine characteristics, dashboard features, and bodywork traits. Does this mean they all evolved from a common ancestor? Or did their designers make them in such a way that they *appear* to be related to one another, when in fact they are not? (The British philosopher A. R. Manser pointed out in the journal *Philosophy* that some cars even have "vestigial organs," for example narrow running boards, once utilitarian but no longer so.)

K. Eric Drexler says that organisms carry DNA "documentation" in their cells, revealing a "pattern of genetic kinship among living species that is consistent... with taxonomy..." The fact that one set of data (molecular) is consistent with another

(morphological) merely confirms the correctness of the pattern in nature that taxonomists describe. It tells us nothing about the *origin* of that pattern. If automobiles carried their blueprints in their glove compartments, we would be able to work out one taxonomy on the external features of cars, and another based on their blueprints. I am sure that the two would correspond precisely. What would this tell us about the origin of automobiles?

Michael T. Ghiselin is on shaky ground when he accuses transformed cladists of "morphological mysticism." I quoted him as saying: "Instead of finding patterns in nature and deciding that because of their conspicuousness they seem important, we [Darwinians] discover the underlying mechanisms that impose order on natural phenomena, *whether we see that order or not*, and then derive the structure of our classification system from this understanding." [Italics added.] How's that for mysticism? He derives a classification system from an "order" that may or may not be visible, using as his guide "underlying mechanisms" whose *modus operandi* and indeed existence are not known, at least to the scientists I have talked to. I hope one day Professor Ghiselin will tell us what these mechanisms are and how they work.

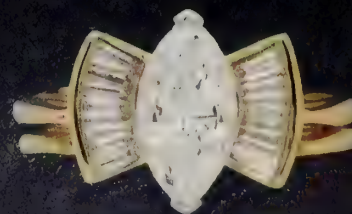
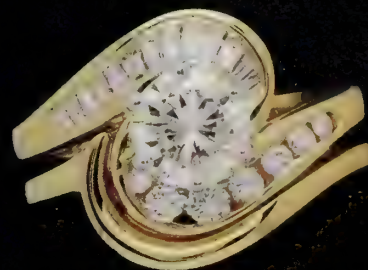
State of the Fourth Estate

Your forum "Can the Press Tell the Truth?" [*Harper's*, January] was a good rehash of conventional wisdom, but the subject deserves broader treatment. Conventional wisdom, including that of the U.S. Supreme Court, deals chiefly with the right of the press to disclose. What we call freedom of the press is essentially verbal *laissez faire*—the presumption being that competition among the media, both print and broadcast, increases the amount of information available and thus the opportunities for the public to learn the truth. But this has only peripheral relevance to the main issue of the media's role in society.

Three recent developments have

Continued on page 75

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NOTEBOOK

Supply-side ethics

By Lewis H. Lapham

So much are the modes of excellence settled by time and place that men may be heard boasting in one street of that which they would anxiously conceal in another.
—Dr. Johnson

It is hard to know these days what modes of conduct still can induce, either among the onlookers or in the principal characters, the feeling of shame. Who would have the effrontery even to use so archaic a word? On behalf of what ethical interest or moral lobby? Measured against what code of behavior in which of Dr. Johnson's streets?

Imagine a man who wishes to display himself (for reasons literary, pathological, or unknown) as a public villain. What, as a practical matter, could the fellow do? With what crime could he inspire the revulsion and terror of an American majority?

As recently as 1954 the questions weren't so problematic. The aspirants to infamy could have committed murder, theft, fraud, or adultery in the secure knowledge that with only an amateur's talent for publicity they would see an end to their dinner invitations.

But in the high summer of the Reagan Administration, in the midst of what the media tout as a Christian reawakening, a man would be hard pressed to stage-manage a fall from grace. He could deal in child pornography, assassinate a celebrity, indulge a taste for cannibalism. For these crimes against what remains of the public conscience he conceivably would be cashiered from the ranks of respectable society. Offenses of any lesser magnitude merely would invite the usual offers from the television and publishing syndicates.

Consider the success of Claus von Bülow, a gentleman from Newport,

New York, and points fashionably south. The trial in which he was convicted of attempting to murder his wife served to heighten the effect of his charm. His European sang-froid endeared him to those hostesses who like to serve the raspberry sorbet in an atmosphere slightly darkened by an aura of intimate sadism. Within a week of his conviction von Bülow's presence at lunch was as necessary to the afternoon's triumph as its subsequent depiction in *Vogue*.

As another measure of the distance traveled in the last twenty or thirty years consider the congressman who, in 1956, stood trembling with indignation in the well of the House of Representatives to say that a lobbyist had offered to pay him \$2,500 for his vote on a question of interstate commerce. Having been reared in the rhetoric of the Chautauqua circuit, the congressman wondered what had become of a country in which the pestilent stench of foul corruption could be allowed to approach so near the marble feet of justice.

His news caused a sensation. The outcries of his fellow politicians obliged President Eisenhower to veto the legislation and thus delay, for twenty-two years, the bringing up of another bill to deregulate the price of natural gas.

The contemporary accounts of the incident read like tales from a lost world. In the 1950s, to be seen in the company of a lobbyist was not much different from being found in the company of a pimp. Politicians took pains to make their deals in distant Maryland motels. In President Reagan's Washington, congressmen count it an honor to be seen with a corpulent patron at a front table in an expensive restaurant. Common Cause routinely publishes lists of the sums

bestowed by the lobbies on their *petites amies* in the red-light districts of Capitol Hill.

A citizen reduced to bankruptcy in the 1950s often found it convenient to leave town until he could settle his debts. Under the current rules of procedure the bankrupt welcomes his escape into Chapter 11 as if it were an honorary degree. The judge congratulates him on his good fortune, and the financial press composes encomiums to the sharpness of his dealing.

Adultery, of course, has become so minor an accomplishment as to be hardly worth mentioning in dispatches. So has lying. President Nixon established the principle of "operational truth," and his example has been assiduously studied by a generation of earnest public relations counsel. Two years ago, at its annual convention in New Orleans, the American Bar Association proposed "Model Rules of Professional Conduct," suggesting that its members remain silent about any and all crimes that their clients might have committed. Yielding to the objections of a picturesque minority, the ABA offered two concessions to the claims of a Sunday school morality. The membership would be allowed to give evidence against a client if the client said he was going to commit murder or if the client threatened to bring suit against his lawyer.

On another sector of the ethical front a correspondent at the University of Indiana recently reported a parallel loss of meaning. As an instructor in history she was required to teach freshmen the rudiments of the twentieth century, but in the last several years, she said, it had become difficult to explicate the text of Nazi Germany. An embarrassing num-

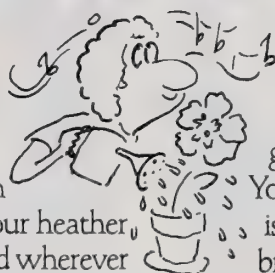
of her students couldn't quite see what it was that Hitler had done wrong. One of the more literate of these apostates wrote a term paper in which he described Hitler as "a kid with a dream," who, like a really big-time rock star, enjoyed "a pretty good run at the top of the charts."

To the extent that a sense of shame no longer accompanies any but the most monstrous crimes, a sense of humiliation attaches itself to increasingly diminutive violations of social protocol. A philosopher could formulate the effect into a theorem measuring the relative weight of manners among a people in whom the principle of amassment unites the undermotivated rich with the inert poor.

In such a society, of course, poverty is always shameful; so are illness, the habit of plain speaking, old age, and lack of acquaintance among the great. At the Tuileries during the reign of Louis Napoleon it was thought disgraceful for a woman to appear at dinner in a dress that cost less than 50,000 francs. The Empress Eugénie complained about people striking improper attitudes toward the Algerians, Offenbach, venereal disease, Bismarck, and the Crimean War. Her spiritual and intellectual descendants in Washington insist upon similarly delicate distinctions in matters of literary and political deportment. The burdens of moral dandyism demand the display of appropriate poses in the direction of the Russians, sex, race, religion, and the bomb. It isn't shameful to steal the odd \$30 million from the government, but it is offensive to say, as did James Watt, lately the secretary of the interior, that he had populated a committee with "a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple."

The emotion of shame probably needs a small theater in which to make its effects. A man can feel shame before an audience of his peers, within the narrow precincts of a neighborhood, profession, army unit, social set, city room, congregation, or football team. The scale and dynamism of the American democracy grants the ceaselessly renewable option of moving one's conscience into a more congenial street. ■

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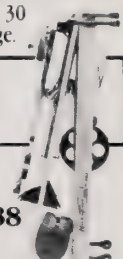
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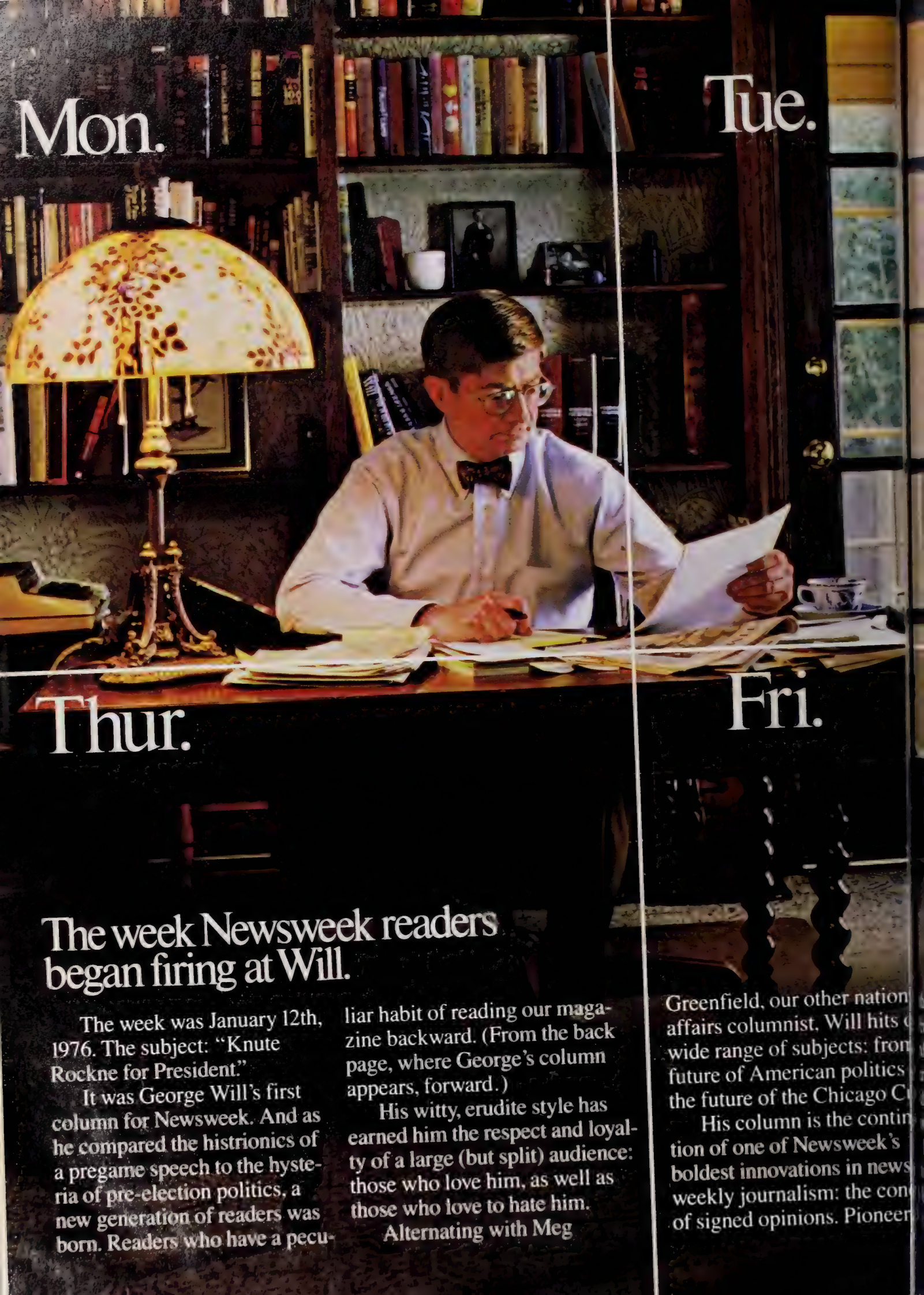
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HARPER'S INDEX

- Number of the top ten industrial companies in Nicaragua that are owned by the state : 5
- Number in which U.S., British, or Canadian corporations own a controlling interest : 4
- Latin American countries in which military governments have been replaced with civilian ones since 1979 : 9
- Political bombings, kidnappings, beatings, and death threats in Argentina in 1984: : 800
- U.S. military aid to El Salvador since 1980, per guerrilla : \$52,300
- Journalists killed in Latin America in 1984 : 11
- Number of murders the average American child has seen on television by the age of 16 : 18,000
- Percentage of New York City police officers who fired their guns in the line of duty in 1984 : 1.2
- Percentage increase in members of Manhattan's West Side Rifle and Pistol Range since the Goetz shootings : 30
- Percentage increase in violent crime in Jamaica in 1984 : 23
- Annual U.S. arms exports to the Third World : \$9,500,000,000
- Annual Soviet arms exports to the Third World : \$4,500,000,000
- Percentage of funds the Pentagon has requested since 1981 that Congress has appropriated : 97.5
- Portion of U.S. military pensioners who work full time : $\frac{2}{3}$
- Percentage of U.S. military pensioners who are over 65 : 15
- Percentage of American adults who say they want to live to be 100 : 49
- Average amount a lower-class American family spends rearing a child (to age 18) : \$84,000
- Average amount an upper-class family spends : \$110,000
- Percentage of mothers who do not receive the court-ordered child support to which they are entitled : 28
- Percentage increase in the number of women in U.S. prisons since 1974 : 780
- Number of privately operated prisons in the United States : 16
- Percentage of American astronauts who have experienced motion sickness in space : 48
- Percentage who publicly discuss it : 0
- Months it will take for the number of AIDS cases in the United States to double : 12
- Percentage of all cases of measles in the United States that occurred on college campuses in 1980 : 1.5
- In 1983 : 19.8
- Percentage of Harvard's class of 1984 who graduated with honors yet had below median grades : 21
- Percentage of American 13-year-olds who think it is illegal to start a third party : 58
- Average annual percentage increase in wheat production by Chinese peasants since 1978 : 12
- Average number of Ethiopian refugees who arrive daily in the Sudan : 3,000
- Percentage increase in admissions for malnutrition at Chicago's Cook County Hospital from 1981 to 1983 : 24
- Chances that an American adult is obese : 1 in 5
- Rank of Mother's Day among all holidays in the number of Americans eating out : 1
- Portion of American adults who do not drink : $\frac{1}{3}$
- Portion of American adults who have never flown in an airplane : $\frac{1}{3}$
- Percentage increase in members of the Mormon Church since 1975 : 56
- Number of wild mustangs in the American West : 51,880
- Total horsepower at the 1984 Indianapolis 500 : 23,000
- At the 1984 Kentucky Derby : 1,000
- Longest recorded flight by a chicken : 302' 8"

Figures cited are the latest available as of March 1985. Sources are listed on page 76.



Mon.

Tue.

Thur.

Fri.

The week Newsweek readers began firing at Will.

The week was January 12th, 1976. The subject: "Knut Rockne for President."

It was George Will's first column for Newsweek. And as he compared the histrionics of a pregame speech to the hysteria of pre-election politics, a new generation of readers was born. Readers who have a pecu-

liar habit of reading our magazine backward. (From the back page, where George's column appears, forward.)

His witty, erudite style has earned him the respect and loyalty of a large (but split) audience: those who love him, as well as those who love to hate him.

Alternating with Meg

Greenfield, our other national affairs columnist, Will hits a wide range of subjects: from the future of American politics to the future of the Chicago Cubs.

His column is the continuation of one of Newsweek's boldest innovations in news: weekly journalism: the column of signed opinions. Pioneer



Wed.

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Sat.

th Raymond Moley's first
"perspective" column in 1937.
d continuing through the
ars with voices as calm as
alter Lippmann and as impassioned as Stewart Alsop.

In addition, Newsweek
roduced the first newsweekly
olumns on business, econom-
and sports, the first column

authored by guests and the first
signed criticism of the arts.

Will and Greenfield have
garnered top honors. Both are
Pulitzer Prize winners. And both
have been notable figures in the
National Magazine Awards.

In fact, Newsweek staffers
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than any other newsweekly.

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point: when a magazine starts
striving for excellence, where
there's a Will, there's a way.

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the news like
Newsweek®

SHE'S GOT HER MOTHER'S EYES, HER FATHER'S NOSE AND HER UNCLE'S DEFICIT.

It's quite a legacy her uncle has handed her. (Her favorite uncle, at that.) Annual federal deficits approaching \$200 billion. A current national debt of \$1.6 trillion. Potentially, \$13 trillion by the year 2000.

When the numbers get this big, they tend to get meaningless. Until you look at it this way. If federal deficits continue at their current rate, it's as if every baby born in 1985 will have a \$50,000 debt strapped to its back.

The great debate over deficits, of course, no longer centers on whether or not they should be reduced, but how.

One side favors raising taxes. But whose? 90% of all personal taxable income already comes from tax brackets of \$35,000 and below. Does anyone seriously suggest increasing the tax burden of lower and middle income families?

Well then, the argument follows, tax the rich. But, if the federal government took every penny of every dollar over the \$75,000 tax bracket that isn't already taxed—not



a surcharge, mind you, but took it all—it would only collect enough to run the country for a week. Besides, there's no guarantee that Congress would spend less money if we all gave them more.

The alternative seems clear. Cut spending. But, again, the question is how.

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know. There's a booklet that summarizes it all. For your free copy, write to this address: USA DEBT, Dept. HA, P.O. Box 3190, Ogden, Utah 84409.

Unfortunately, almost 75% of the commission's recommendations won't be implemented unless Congress acts on them. And, sometimes, the words "Congressional action" are mutually exclusive. That's why we all have to take action first.

Read the booklet. If it gets you angry, it's up to you to get things changed. Write to Congress. If you don't think that'll do it, run for Congress.

Our children and grandchildren don't deserve to pay for our mistakes. We should be passing on to them a healthy economy and high standard of living. That should be their inheritance. That should be their birthright.

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READINGS

[Holocaust Memoir]

WILCZEK'S BOOTS

From "Wilczek's Boots," by Roman Frister, in the Fall 1984 issue of the Jerusalem Quarterly. Frister is senior writer for the Tel Aviv daily Ha'aretz.

We strangled Wilczek junior in the railway car that took us to Auschwitz. I say "we" even though I myself didn't lay a hand on him. That, however, was only because I didn't manage to push myself in among the stranglers. At heart I was with my fellows as they tightened their grip around his throat and he gasped his last breath.

From Wilczek senior I stole a pair of boots. He had taken them off at the start of the journey to be more comfortable, and they were beside him: black polished boots with soft uppers widening toward the top. Wilczek senior did not rise to defend his son; he probably realized he didn't stand a chance. But his attention was focused on what was happening and I seized the moment.

Up until two days earlier we had done forced labor in a small camp near the munitions plants in the Radom district in central Poland. Wilczek senior was the "boss" there. He lived in separate quarters, controlled the distribution of food, and decided on the punishments to be meted out to prisoners who, according to the Germans, were not doing their job properly or had violated some rule of discipline. In a word, the man was virtually sovereign over life and death. None of us quite understood why he of all people had been chosen for the job; before the occupation he was known as an unassuming and congenial man who liked to help others. But the Nazis, it seemed, had a special knack for spotting the beast in a man. Before long his real mien revealed itself: Wilczek was a monster!

To his son—a wispy, weak-looking fellow—went the credit for having introduced internal

policing into the camp to prevent escapes. Had it not been for that brilliant idea, it never would have occurred to us to strangle him on the way to Auschwitz. Everyone knew why his father had made him commander of the Jewish police who were appointed in the camp to help the Germans; but it was hard to figure out why he went at the job with such vigor. Perhaps the explanation lies in the old maxim that the apple never falls far from the tree.

The frequent escapes disturbed the Nazis. The forests around the camp were swarming with partisans, and the sure knowledge that the Germans would be reluctant to go deep into them encouraged many prisoners to try their luck. The camp was surrounded by a barbed wire fence three meters high; beyond it was a wooden fence. Brave-hearted Jews took advantage of moonless nights to dig trenches beneath the fences, and there were also some acrobatic types who made it across from above ground. We never heard of any of the escapees being caught. Twice the Nazis tried to dupe us: several unfortunate Jews from other camps were hanged in the muster grounds and said to be escapees. But the ruse didn't work, for in that small camp everyone knew everyone.

That was the situation until Wilczek junior came up with his proposal. The Nazis, sensing a solution to their problem, adopted the idea and put him in charge of its implementation. The young Wilczek ordered two white gowns from the sewing shop, dressed two inmates in them, and sent them on patrol along the inner fence. Those on patrol were replaced by a new shift every two hours. The system proved effective, because patrol teams that did not prevent an escape were hanged in place of the escapees. More than once Wilczek's patrolmen were seen hanging from the camp gallows.

In the summer of 1944, the thud of Russian artillery was heard for the first time. That sound was the sweetest music to our ears, for it carried tidings of liberation. But then the ru-

mor spread that the Nazis were liquidating the camps near the front and were making sure that no prisoner would remain alive to tell the world of the horrors of the Holocaust. Wilczek senior and Wilczek junior tried to calm us, but their insistent denials seemed to confirm the rumor and heightened our gloom. Out of desperation the idea was born to organize a mass escape.

Being only a boy of sixteen, I was not let in on the secret. I slept in a large barracks, on a bunk shared by several dozen people. On that fateful night I was awakened by a strange commotion. I was astonished to see several men slipping out into the darkness of the night. Since the punishment for leaving the barracks during curfew hours was death, it wasn't very difficult to understand what was going on. It took me twenty seconds, maybe even less, to get my wooden shoes on (fearful of thefts, I slept in my shirt and trousers) and dash outside.

The operation had been carefully planned by a few men who had secured the collaboration of a patrol team. The pair had gotten hold of wire cutters and cut large gaps in a portion of the fence that had been agreed upon in advance. Those in on the secret waited for a signal, and when it was given they darted forward. As chance had it, I was able to join them.

The darkness was almost complete. I couldn't see a thing. I ran guided only by my sense of hearing, following the heavy breathing of the other escapees. I reached the hole in the fence in no time, wriggled through, found the spot where several boards had been removed—and made a mad dash for the forest. I knew that it began about 1,500 meters away.

I don't remember when exactly the sentries turned on the floodlights. Suddenly the field in front of me was lit up, and I heard the familiar sound of a machine gun behind me. The beam of light swept the area and I could make out several figures running ahead of me. Here and there someone fell. Some fell silently, others let out a piercing shriek. I continued my mad flight to freedom and didn't feel a thing except for a burning sensation in my feet.

About twenty people were felled in the open ground between the camp and the forest, and about twenty made it to safety. Somebody took command, and we started trekking into the heart of the forest, hoping to find refuge among the Polish partisans. Only then did I realize that I had been shot in my left leg. The wound began to hurt, but I had no illusions: I knew no one would help me and no one would agree to hold up the march so that I could treat it. Tension and shock enabled me to ignore the pain.

We reached the partisans' camp toward morning. At first they were suspicious of us, questioning us at length about the escape and

about the forces the Nazis deployed around the camp. Afterward, they ordered us to stay together at the edge of their camp. We sprawled out in a small forest clearing. The partisans offered us hot coffee and fresh bread, delicacies we hadn't tasted since our internment years before.

The pain of my wound grew worse. I was afraid of infection, and afraid the partisans would refuse to accept an injured youth. I recalled that we had crossed a stream, and decided to return to it to wash my wound and stop the bleeding.

I didn't imagine that I would remain alive precisely because of the wound. It was farther to the stream than I had thought, and my step was slower than I had hoped. I cleaned the wound, bandaged it with my shirt-sleeve, and set off in the direction of the partisan encampment. Just then I heard gunfire and shouts, and then again gunfire. I didn't know what to make of it. The most likely explanation, of course, was that the Nazis this time hadn't kept to their usual practice and had pursued us into the forest. But the truth was even more cruel: the partisan unit we had come upon belonged to an extremist nationalist movement, the NSZ, which maintained that "first let the Nazis purify Poland of the Jews, and only then will the time come to purify the homeland of the German conqueror."

From behind a thicket of raspberry bushes, I watched trembling as the partisans first dug a vast grave and then dragged the bodies of their victims to it. Suddenly the horrible thought passed through my mind that maybe the reason why none of those who had escaped from the camp were ever caught by the Nazis was that their corpses were here, too, buried in some other mass grave.

I was afraid to stir, lest those "freedom fighters" discover me. I waited a few hours, until the forest was draped in darkness. The sound of the joyous singing of the partisans accompanied my flight. Where to, I wondered. I didn't have anything with which to buy the good graces of a farmer. And I wasn't so naive as to believe that help would be offered selflessly. Especially when all the billboards were plastered with posters promising a cone of sugar for the head of an escaped Jew. In those times that was an offer hard to refuse. Especially when the alternative was the death penalty for hiding a Jew.

The only solution that seemed realistic to me was the maddest of all: to sneak back into our camp. I walked for hours, and reached the fence before the break of dawn. It was quiet all around, as if nothing had happened. I heard a cricket. Carefully I climbed onto the roof of one of the trucks. Now I could see into the camp. The sheds and the muster grounds were indistinct in the predawn grayness. There was



The National Peace Quilt is a project of the Boise Peace Quilters, a group of Idaho women. The group seeks to have each U.S. senator spend one night sleeping under the quilt, which is made up of squares from every state. So far, twenty senators have done so.

no sign of the patrol. For a moment I disregarded the searing pain in my leg, gathered up all my strength and courage—and jumped. I landed with a loud thud, lay motionless, and listened tensely: no one had taken note of my return from freedom to slavery. I made my way to my own barracks and got onto the sleeping bunk. The man who was sleeping in my place opened an eye lazily, moved aside, and fell back into sleep.

The mass escape apparently speeded up the Nazis' decision to liquidate the camp and transfer us to Auschwitz. Less than two weeks later we found ourselves on our way: eighty men in each car, on whose door was written "36 horses." This time Wilczek's status didn't help him. He was ordered to travel with us. We interpreted that as indicating a new situation: he no longer had the Nazis' protection. It seemed that Wilczek senior suddenly realized that his life was in jeopardy. He sat quietly, and uncharacteristically tried to be ingratiating with those near him. But his son kept up his arrogant air—and that perhaps is what cost him his life. The men leaped at him, murder in their eyes, when

he pulled out a knout and lashed at a Jew who in the terrible crush had dared to lean on his back.

I, as I said, made do with the boots of Wilczek senior. The blood-soaked bandage was liable to be the cause of my death. The Nazis kept alive only the strong and healthy. The boots concealed the bloodstains. They were a kind of life insurance.

I left my old shoes, with the wooden soles and canvas uppers, next to Wilczek. He noticed the theft a short time after his son had been killed—and kept quiet. On the second day of the journey, he saw me wearing the boots; our glances met and he still kept quiet. When the train stopped at the platform in Auschwitz, before the doors opened, Wilczek put on my wooden shoes. I couldn't help but see that as a sign of the vicissitudes of fate.

The Nazi officers led us from the platform along a gravel path, to a delousing room, they said. It was a long way. Wilczek walked to my left, breathing heavily, tripping now and then. No, Mr. Wilczek was not used to walking in wooden shoes. After 500 meters he fell for the first time. Afterward he fell every few steps. One of the SS men who accompanied us jabbed

him with the butt of his rifle. Wilczek let out a loud groan and I knew then that he wouldn't make it. Up until then he had tried not to look at me, but all of a sudden he touched my arm and said, "I'm done for." I saw that he was.

I'll never understand what made me pity the monster. I removed the shiny boots and handed them to Wilczek. He grabbed them from me, as if fearing that I might change my mind. With an agility I didn't imagine he still had in him, he kicked off the wooden shoes and hopped into the boots. It didn't occur to him to give me the old shoes. I continued barefoot.

At the entrance to the showers, we were ordered to undress and to arrange all our possessions on the ground. As we stood there naked under the examining eyes of the Nazi officer, my blood-soaked bandage seemed to shout: this boy is to die. The officer approached me. The Jew standing to my right tried to edge away from me, the way one shrinks from a leper. But it wasn't my wounded leg that had caught the attention of the officer. He passed me by and went up to Wilczek senior. He hesitated for a moment, as if thinking something over, and then asked: "Those boots yours?"

Wilczek nodded.

The officer bent over to examine them closely, stood erect, and raised his voice: "Those are the boots of a German soldier. A filthy Jew like you has no right to wear them!"

I was afraid to look to the left; I didn't want to catch the Nazi's glance. But I couldn't help

myself. The officer drew his pistol. Everything took place as if in a slow-motion picture. I heard the safety released but I think I didn't actually hear the shot. I only saw old man Wilczek collapse at my feet. From his brow gushed a thin stream of blood.

[Transcript]

FOR GOD AND CONTRA

From the February 19 broadcast of ABC's World News Tonight. Will, a syndicated columnist, is an ABC commentator; Jennings is the anchor of World News Tonight.

PETER JENNINGS: George Will is with us tonight in Washington, and he has some thoughts on whether the government in Nicaragua should be overthrown. George.

GEORGE WILL: Peter, I think it should be, and we should try to do it openly. For years now our covert aid has been about as covert as a brass band. It's time to face facts. The facts are that the Sandinista regime is a Soviet-style regime. They brag about it. The Sandinista regime is exporting revolution, again bragging about it. Is there a chance that you can reform such a regime internally, through pluralism, through negotiations? No hope is offered by history for this. Therefore, why not help those who are trying to help themselves? No one is asking for American soldiers. The contras are willing to do it. Peter, I hear no objections to America spending hundreds of millions of dollars to help the Afghan contras kill Soviet troops in order to try and reclaim their country. In fact, people say, well, you can't bring democracy with force. We brought it to Italy, we brought it to France, we brought it to Western Europe by force, by American arms at the end of World War II.

JENNINGS: George, covert or overt, aren't you somewhat ignoring international law?

WILL: Well, Peter, I wish we could run international affairs the way the Warren Court wanted to run the judicial system in this country. It's an untidy world out there. I think this country ought to remember that if we hadn't had aid from France and Spain and elsewhere for George Washington's contras, we wouldn't have this country.

JENNINGS: George, George Will, thank you very much.

[Poll]

ODDS ON WAR

From a Gallup International Research Institute poll. Respondents were asked if they thought there was at least an even chance of world war occurring in the next ten years. The percentage answering yes is given at right.

Colombia	58%	France	32%
United States	47	Spain	32
Costa Rica	45	Luxembourg	31
Australia	43	Ireland	29
Philippines	40	Switzerland	29
Uruguay	40	Belgium	26
Canada	39	England	26
Brazil	37	Japan	25
Argentina	36	Denmark	25



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[Essay]

PARTNERS AGAINST PORN

From an essay by Alan M. Dershowitz that appeared as part of "Pornography: Love or Death?", a symposium in the December issue of Film Comment. Dershowitz is a professor at Harvard Law School and author of The Best Defense.

By focusing their wrath on "pornography," feminists who advocate censorship have made their Faustian pact with the devil—the Reverend Jerry Falwell and his gang of fundamentalist censors. Although there is little reliable evidence that nonviolent pornography—explicit depictions of couples making love—causes violence against women, these feminists have decided that the only way of putting together an effective censorship coalition is to agree with fundamentalists that pornography is the villain. Falwell has been keeping his end of the bargain: he now condemns pornography not only as immoral and godless but also as "violence against women"—an issue he was never very big on before the dirty deal was struck.

If the feminist censors had limited their attack to violent (or sexist) films, they would have had difficulty joining forces with the fundamentalists, many of whom thrive on violence (and sexism) of all kinds. The shortsightedness of the feminists is evident when you scratch just a bit below the surface of the alliance, for the very next group of people—after pornographers—on the fundamentalists' hit list are feminists, especially those of the Andrea Dworkin variety. Dworkin, who advocates a lesbian life style, freely uses dirty language and obscenities to demonstrate the alleged evils of pornography. In a public debate, I asked a fundamentalist minister who has joined forces with feminist censors in their war against pornography whether he would, if he had the power, ban Dworkin's writings. He answered without hesitation: "We would most certainly ban such ungodly writings."

Brian De Palma is one filmmaker many feminists would really like to censor. His films vividly portray violence against women in a sexist manner. But the trouble is that he doesn't make pornographic films. Sure there is a lot of nudity and some non-explicit sex, but De Palma's films pass the constitutional test of protected free speech. Indeed, if not for the nudity and sex, the Moral Majority would have few complaints. The "morality" of De Palma's films has striking parallels to the morality of many of Falwell's fol-

lowers: the punishment for promiscuous sex is death or disfigurement.

If the feminist censors were candid, they would come out directly and say that they want to censor sexist films (and other forms of expression) that are demeaning and dangerous to women. But then they would risk their unholy alliance with those fundamentalists who care not a damn about sexism or violence against women, but who oppose depictions of explicit sexuality and deviance on moralistic grounds.

The hard facts of life are that only a small percentage of Americans favor censoring violence and sexism. But a large percentage favor censoring explicit sexuality. So in order to construct a winning poker hand, the censorial feminists are willing to use the wild cards of the Moral Majority to fill in their open straight. The upshot is a brand of moral and political opportunism that would make Machiavelli's Prince proud.

There is simply no justification for governmental censorship of offensive material of any kind. To conclude that a film is sexist or violent is not to conclude that it should be taken out of the marketplace of ideas. Some social science researchers claim they can prove that people who watch violent pornography come away from the experience with a reduced sympathy for the alleged rape victim. So be it! It is the function of free expression to persuade and to change minds. If pornography convinces some viewers to be less sympathetic to alleged rape victims, that is *not* an argument in favor of banning it—any more than one would ban a *speech* advocating skepticism toward the stories of alleged rape victims. Some feminist censors call pornography "sexist propaganda." But all propaganda—sexist as well as feminist—should be protected by the First Amendment.

The answer to "bad" speech is "good" speech. The proper approach to the marketplace of ideas is not to close by governmental fiat those stalls that sell disagreeable merchandise, but to offer competing merchandise and to persuade the public to buy *your* product rather than theirs, or simply not to buy theirs.

There are too few places in the world where real choices are available. Let us not allow Jerry Falwell, Chief Justice Burger, or Andrea Dworkin to make our choices for us.

[Press Release]

THE QUEEN OF CHRISTIAN ROCK

From a press release entitled "Leslie Phillips, Queen of Christian Rock, Cuts to Heart of Reality."

Most people's impression of the Christian rock scene is of squares attempting to make hip music for squares, ending up with square music anyway.

With Leslie Phillips's second album, *Dancing With Danger*, on Word's Myrrh label, that notion can be thrown out. Leslie Phillips is on the cutting edge of the New Music.

And she's no square. If ever there was a Queen of Christian Rock, she's it. She's twenty-two, blond, hazel-eyed, lovely, and single, and her hair and clothing are in up-to-date California youth style—sort of a conservative Stevie Nicks. She's definitely a rock scene person. Yet she has an innocent quality about her, just what you would expect of a young Christian woman.

Phillips, the sole author of every song on the new album, displays a considerable command of the contemporary rock idiom. "I write lyrics that mirror reality and cut to the heart of people's problems. They don't just give pat answers," she says.

The music is right, and it's recorded with the right people. *Dancing With Danger*, produced by Dan Posthuma, was engineered by Jeremy Smith, known for his recent work on Phil Collins's single "Against All Odds (Take a Look at Me Now)," on the Jacksons' Victory album, and with the Commodores and Neil Diamond. *Dancing With Danger* was mixed by Bill Schnee, one of the busiest mixing engineers in Hollywood. Schnee has worked with Toto, the Pointer Sisters, Chicago, Carly Simon, Boz Scaggs, and Ringo Starr.

The resulting sound is an avant-garde pop New Wave sound, similar to that of the Eurythmics and Pat Benatar—heavy on electric guitar and synthesizers. It is every bit as compelling and competitive as anything on the market.

According to Phillips, *Dancing With Danger* is about "how people flirt with sin."

Sin? Many would argue that rock music, particularly New Wave music, is sin itself, and even more so if it sounds like something kids will listen to.

"Honestly, you don't have to be weird to sing rock," says Phillips. "Just because I do Christian rock, that doesn't mean I eat nails for breakfast.

Most people's conception of Christian rock is based on their ideas about non-Christian rock bands and performers, particularly the hard, or 'heavy metal,' bunch. My music isn't like that at all. I'm into communicating God's love to young people in a way they can understand.

"I'm using the New Music form to deal with issues that concern young people. *Dancing With Danger* refers to the way people, particularly Christians, dabble in sin. For example, my song 'I Won't Let It Come Between Us' deals with keeping sin from separating us from God. 'Light of Love' deals with premarital sex, and offers a totally different solution than you'll get from today's records or TV. My music encourages 100 percent dedication to the Lord.

"I plan to spend the next several years traveling and performing," says Phillips, "until the Lord says 'enough' and moves me on to a different ministry."

[Form Letter]

ROONEY TUNES

Below is the standard reply sent to letter writers by Andy Rooney, the author and 60 Minutes commentator.

CBS NEWS

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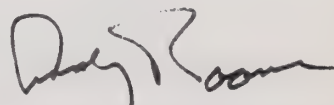
Memo to Letter Writers from Andy Rooney

There are good things and bad things about this recent well-knownness of mine. The money's good but there are problems. One of the problems is mail. I simply don't know what to do about it. I hate to think of all the people I've offended by not answering a letter they've sent me but I'm often getting as many as 100 letters a day. I hate answering letters anyway but even if I liked doing it, I couldn't answer 100 a day and do anything else.

This may be the most formless form letter you ever got but I'll tell you something I've thought about my mail for a couple of years now. We all make friends in different sections of our lives. We make them in grade school, high school and maybe college. We graduate, get married, take a job or move to another town and we make a whole new group of friends. We still like our old friends but our paths have diverged and we lose each other. We don't see our good old friends anymore. We make new friends and eventually part with them too. Our lives are compartmented and we have different friends in each compartment. No one can be friends all the time with all the friends he or she has made. Very often we lose track of them completely and can't even send them a Christmas card.

One of the best things about being in the public eye - and, believe me, there aren't many good things about it - is that my old friends can find me and write me. Then I write back. Everyone else who writes me a good letter makes me feel terrible because I have to send them this.

Forgive me,



[Form Letter]

PLEASE EXCUSE JOHNNY FROM DEATH ED.

This is the verbatim text of a letter that the Eagle Forum, a "pro-family" group, provides to parents concerned about the moral content of their children's schooling. As the letter explains, parents may now lodge formal complaints against public school curricula under the provisions of the Protection of Pupil Rights Amendment to the General Education Provisions Act. Phyllis Schlafly is president of the Eagle Forum, which is based in Alton, Illinois.

Dear [School Board President]:

I am the parent of _____ who attends _____ School. Under U.S. legislation and court decisions, parents have the primary responsibility for their children's education, and pupils have certain rights which the schools may not deny. Parents have the right to assure that their children's beliefs and moral values are not undermined by the schools. Pupils have the right to have and to hold their values and moral standards without direct or indirect manipulation by the schools through curricula, textbooks, audio-visual materials, or supplementary assignments.

Accordingly, I hereby request that my child be involved in NO school activities or materials listed below unless I have first reviewed all the relevant materials and have given my written consent for their use:

Psychological and psychiatric examinations, tests, or surveys that are designed to elicit information about attitudes, habits, traits, opinions, beliefs, or feelings of an individual or group;

Psychological and psychiatric treatment that is designed to affect behavioral, emotional, or attitudinal characteristics of an individual or group;

Values clarification; use of moral dilemmas; discussion of religious or moral standards; role-playing or open-ended discussions of situations involving moral issues; and survival games including life/death decision exercises;

Death education, including abortion, euthanasia, suicide, use of violence, and discussions of death and dying;

Curricula pertaining to alcohol and drugs; Instruction in nuclear war, nuclear policy, and nuclear classroom games;

Anti-nationalistic, one-world government, or globalism curricula;

Discussion and testing on inter-personal rela-

tionships; discussions of attitudes toward parents and parenting;

Education in human sexuality, including premarital sex, extramarital sex, contraception, abortion, homosexuality, group sex and marriages, prostitution, incest, masturbation, bestiality, divorce, population control, and roles of males and females; sex behavior and attitudes of student and family;

Pornography and any materials containing profanity and/or sexual explicitness;

Guided fantasy techniques; hypnotic techniques; imagery and suggestology;

Organic evolution, including the idea that man has developed from previous or lower types of living things;

Discussions of witchcraft, occultism, the supernatural, and Eastern mysticism;

Political affiliations and beliefs of student and family; personal religious beliefs and practices; . . .

Critical appraisals of other individuals with whom the child has family relationships;

Income, including the student's role in family activities and finances;

Non-academic personality tests; questionnaires on personal and family life and attitudes;

Autobiography assignments; log books, diaries, and personal journals;

Contrived incidents for self-revelation; sensitivity training, group encounter sessions, talk-ins, magic circle techniques, self-evaluation and auto-criticism; strategies designed for self-disclosure (e.g., zig-zag);


Sociograms; sociodrama; psychodrama; blindfold walks; isolation techniques.

The purpose of this letter is to preserve my child's rights under the Protection of Pupil Rights Amendment (the Hatch Amendment) to the General Education Provisions Act, and under its regulations as published in the *Federal Register* of Sept. 6, 1984, which became effective Nov. 12, 1984. These regulations provide a procedure for filing complaints first at the local level and then with the U.S. Department of Education. If a voluntary remedy fails, federal funds can be withdrawn from those in violation of the law. I respectfully ask you to send me a substantive response to this letter attaching a copy of your policy statement on procedures for parental permission requirements, to notify all my child's teachers, and to keep a copy of this letter in my child's permanent file. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,

copy to School Principal

Then he discovered America.

A black and white portrait of a man in a military uniform, wearing a peaked cap and a high-collared jacket. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. The image is framed by a thick black border.A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, looking slightly to the right with a gentle smile. She is wearing a red necklace. The photo is framed by a white border.

A portrait of a woman with a serious expression, wearing a red and white striped hat and a white lace collar. The image is framed by a dark border.

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资产总计	4,691,356,902.46	4,469,135,690.24	4,246,913,569.02	4,024,691,356.90
流动负债	2,345,678,901.23	2,234,567,890.12	2,123,456,789.01	2,012,345,678.90
非流动负债	1,234,567,890.12	1,123,456,789.01	1,012,345,678.90	901,234,567.89
负债总计	3,580,246,791.35	3,358,024,679.13	3,135,802,467.91	2,913,580,246.79
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CLOSED CAPTIONED FOR
THE HEARING IMPAIRED

[List]

THE HOLLYWOOD PYRAMID, 1985

From "Who Counts?: A Very Specific Discussion of Power in Hollywood," by Aljean Harmetz, in the March issue of California magazine. Harmetz writes that these lists, which are "based on desirability, not ability . . . come from the loose-leaf black notebooks kept by half a dozen of Hollywood's top studio executives and producers. They represent the latest fads and fashions in Hollywood executive suites, and they can change in a week." Harmetz is the West Coast cultural correspondent for the New York Times.

FOOLPROOF TALENT

PRODUCERS
Steven Spielberg
George Lucas

DIRECTORS
Steven Spielberg
Mike Nichols
Stanley Kubrick

ACTORS
But only if they stick to their image:

Clint Eastwood
Dustin Hoffman
Eddie Murphy
Richard Pryor
Robert Redford
Barbra Streisand
Bill Murray
Michael Jackson

PRODUCER-DIRECTOR-ACTORS
Clint Eastwood
Warren Beatty

WRITERS
There are no foolproof writers.

THE A LIST

PRODUCERS
David Geffen
Dan Melnick
Dino De Laurentiis
David Puttnam
Simpson/Bruckheimer
Brian Grazer
Zanuck/Brown
Ray Stark

DIRECTORS
Sydney Pollack
James Brooks
Lawrence Kasdan
Ivan Reitman
Robert Benton
John Landis
Bob Fosse
Roman Polanski
Robert Redford
Sidney Lumet
Milos Forman
Francis Coppola

ACTORS
Warren Beatty
Sylvester Stallone
Goldie Hawn
Meryl Streep
Debra Winger

WRITERS
Robert Towne
Neil Simon
Jay Presson Allen

Steve Tesich
Bo Goldman
David and Leslie Newman
Alvin Sargent
Larry Gelbart
Elaine May

THE B LIST

PRODUCERS
Jerry Weintraub
Michael Douglas
Martin Elfand
Jaffe/Lansing
Steve Friedman
Edgar Scherick
Marvin Worth
Guber/Peters
David Begelman
Aaron Russo
Robert Chartoff
Irwin Winkler

DIRECTORS
Martin Scorsese
John Badham
Barry Levinson
Martin Brest
Herbert Ross
Alan Alda
Paul Brickman
Colin Higgins
Richard Benjamin
Terry Gilliam
George Roy Hill
Taylor Hackford
Philip Kaufman
David Lean
Ron Howard
Blake Edwards
Norman Jewison
Mel Brooks
Richard Attenborough
Walter Hill
James Bridges
Alan Parker
Michael Apted
Peter Yates
Mark Rydell
Hugh Wilson
Joe Dante
Roland Joffe
Carl Reiner
Richard Donner
Alan Pakula
Richard Lester
Michael Ritchie

ACTORS
Jane Fonda
Sally Field
Jessica Lange
Paul Newman
Jack Nicholson
Richard Gere
Mel Gibson
Al Pacino
Alan Alda
George Burns

Michael Keaton
Harrison Ford
Steve Martin
Dan Aykroyd
Chevy Chase
Sean Connery
Michael Caine
Tom Conti
Jack Lemmon
Walter Matthau
Robin Williams
Tim Hutton
Robert De Niro
Tom Selleck
Christopher Reeve
Sam Shepard
Sissy Spacek
Cher
Dolly Parton
Shirley MacLaine
Kathleen Turner
Brooke Shields
Lily Tomlin

WRITERS
Melissa Mathison
Babaloo Mandel
and Lowell Ganz
John Hughes
Harold Ramis
W.D. Richter
Andy Bergman
Tom Rickman
Neal Israel
and Pat Proft
William Goldman
Willard Huyck
and Gloria Katz

THE C LIST

PRODUCERS
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Marty Bregman
Allan Carr
Joe Wizan
David Picker
Keith Barish
Richard Fischhoff
Robert Cort

DIRECTORS
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John Schlesinger
Paul Mazursky
Hugh Hudson
Robert Zemeckis
Nicholas Meyer
John Carpenter
David Cronenberg
Adrian Lyne
Richard Brooks
David & Jerry Zucker
and Jim Abrahams
John Hughes
John Milius
Sidney Poitier
Paul Schrader
Don Siegel

Martin Ritt
Howard Zieff
Ridley Scott
Tim Hunter
Richard Tuggle
Richard Franklin
Jonathan Kaplan
Wolfgang Petersen
Bob Clark
Roger Spottiswoode
Jonathan Demme
Ted Kotcheff
Richard Marquand
Harold Ramis
Karel Reisz
Stan Dragoti

ACTORS
Jeremy Irons
Kurt Russell
Roy Scheider
Nick Nolte
Gregory Hines
Jeff Bridges
Dudley Moore
Ryan O'Neal
Peter O'Toole
George C. Scott
Burt Reynolds
John Travolta
Jon Voight
Gene Wilder
Gene Hackman
William Hurt
Michael Douglas
Albert Finney
Robert Duvall
David Bowie
James Woods
Kevin Kline
Tom Berenger
Jason Robards
Peter Falk
Alan Arkin
Dennis Quaid
Glenn Close
JoBeth Williams
Diane Keaton
Mary Steenburgen
Julie Andrews
Julie Christie
Anne Bancroft
Faye Dunaway
Sigourney Weaver
Jacqueline Bisset
Amy Irving
Karen Allen
Rachel Ward
Jane Alexander
Mariel Hemingway
Nastassja Kinski
Teri Garr
Elizabeth McGovern
Rosanna Arquette
Ann-Margret
Gilda Radner
Susan Sarandon
Lesley Ann Warren

Rebecca De Mornay
Diana Ross
Mia Farrow
Genevieve Bujold
Christine Lahti
Meg Tilly
Candice Bergen
Kate Nelligan

WRITERS
Charles Shyer
and Nancy Meyers
John Sayles
Tom Hedley
Timothy Harris
and Herschel Weingrod
Matthew Robbins
and Hal Barwood

THE D LIST

PRODUCERS
Robert Evans
Sidney Beckerman
Lester Persky
Freddie Fields
Howard Gottfried

DIRECTORS
Lewis Gilbert
Richard Pearce
Irvin Kershner
Peter Hyams
Sergio Leone
Ulu Grosbard
Sean Cunningham
Tony Bill
Albert Brooks
Carroll Ballard
Douglas Day Stewart
John Huston
Franco Zeffirelli
Frank Perry
Amy Heckerling
Nicholas Roeg
Jeannot Szwarc
Rick Rosenthal
Jerry Schatzberg
Michael Schultz
Matthew Robbins

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Mickey Rourke
Rob Lowe
Richard Dreyfuss
Anthony Hopkins
Kris Kristofferson
Ed Harris
Scott Glenn
Charles Grodin
Elliott Gould
Donald Sutherland
George Segal
James Caan
James Garner
Alan Bates
Billy Dee Williams
David Keith
Peter Weller

Tim Matheson
Michael O'Keefe
Tommy Lee Jones
Christopher Walken
Daniel Stern
Steven Bauer
Rutger Hauer
Martin Sheen
Frederic Forrest
Eric Roberts
Harvey Keitel
Gary Busey
Treat Williams
Christopher Atkins
Robby Benson
Glenda Jackson
Mary Tyler Moore
Kristy McNichol
Carol Burnett
Ellen Burstyn
Jill Clayburgh
Liza Minnelli
Dyan Cannon
Diane Lane
Tess Harper
Ellen Barkin
Bonnie Bedelia
Kim Basinger
Marybeth Hurt
Mary Kay Place
Marilu Henner
Margot Kidder
Lesley-Anne Down
Nancy Allen
Lauren Hutton
Brooke Adams
Beverly D'Angelo
Kate Capshaw
Olivia Newton-John

WRITERS
There are many D writers.

YOUNG AND HOT

ACTORS
Kevin Bacon
Tom Hanks
John Malkovich
Tom Cruise
Daryl Hannah
Sean Penn
John Candy
Matt Dillon
Prince
Matthew Broderick
Shelley Long
Michelle Pfeiffer
Nicholas Cage
Henry Thomas
Sting
Jamie Lee Curtis
Melanie Griffith
Ralph Macchio
Molly Ringwald
Ally Sheedy
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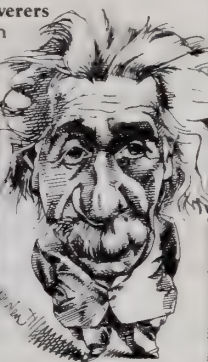
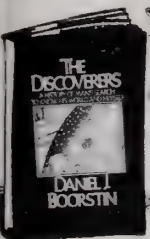
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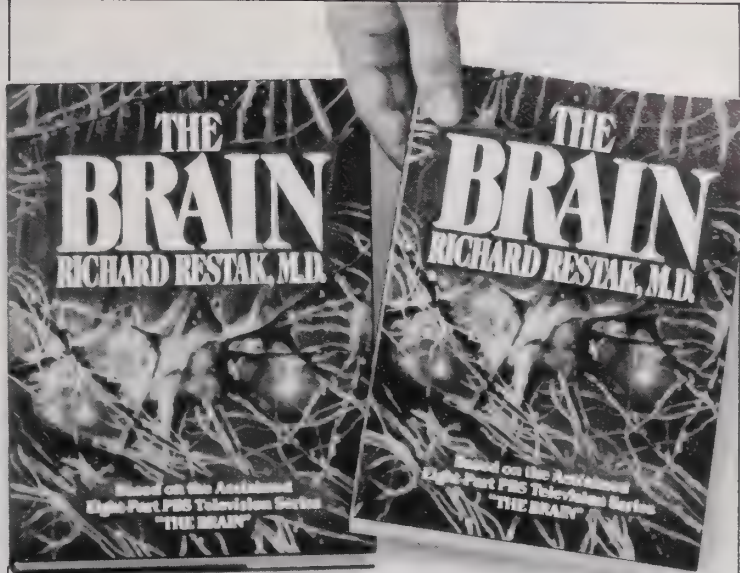
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[Speech]

MORALITY AND THE JUDGE

From "Tradition and Morality in Constitutional Law," by Robert H. Bork, a speech delivered at the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research last December. Bork, a U.S. Appeals Court judge appointed by President Reagan, is frequently mentioned as a leading candidate for the next vacancy on the Supreme Court.

It is said that at a dinner given in his honor the English jurist Baron Parke was asked what gave him the greatest pleasure in the law. He answered that his greatest joy was to write a "strong opinion." Asked what that might be, the baron said, "It is an opinion in which, by reasoning with strictly legal concepts, I arrive at a result no layman could conceivably have anticipated."

That was an age of formalism in the law. We have come a long way since then. The law and its acolytes have become steadily more ideological and more explicit about that fact. That is not necessarily a bad thing: there are ideologies suitable, indeed indispensable, for judges. Yet there are also ideologies that are subversive of the very idea of the rule of law. It is the sharp recent growth in the latter that is worrisome.

We are entering a period in which our legal culture and constitutional law may be transformed, with even more power accruing to judges than is currently the case. One reason for this is that constitutional law has very little theory of its own and hence is almost pathologically lacking in immune defense against the intellectual fevers of the larger society.

A not untypical example is the entry into the law of the First Amendment of the old, and incorrect, view that the only kinds of harm a community may suppress are physical and economic. Moral harm is not to be counted, because to do so would interfere with the autonomy of the individual.

The result of discounting moral harm is the privatization of morality. The law of the community is thus required to practice moral relativism. It is thought that individuals are entitled to their moral beliefs but may not gather as a community to express those beliefs in law. Once an idea of that sort takes hold in the intellectual world, it is very likely to find lodgment in constitutional theory and then in constitutional law. Let me give an example.

A state attempted to apply its obscenity statute to a public display of an obscene word. The

Supreme Court majority struck down the conviction on the grounds that regulation is a slippery slope and that moral relativism is a constitutional command. The opinion said, "The principle contended for by the State seems inherently boundless. How is one to distinguish this from any other offensive word?" One might as well say that the negligence standard of tort law is inherently boundless, for how is one to distinguish the reckless driver from the safe one? The answer in both cases is, by the common sense of the community. Almost all judgments in the law are ones of degree, and the law does not flinch from such judgments except when, as in the case of morals, it seriously doubts the community's right to define harms.

The Court went even further, reducing the whole issue to one of private preference: "We think it is largely because governmental officials cannot make principled distinctions in this area that the Constitution leaves matters of taste and style so largely to the individual." Thus, the community's moral and aesthetic judgments are reduced to questions of style, and those are then said to be privatized by the Constitution. It is testimony to the ability of ideas in the general culture to alter the Constitution that this opinion was written by a justice generally regarded as moderate to conservative in his constitutional views.

Why should this be so? Why should constitutional law constantly be catching colds from the intellectual winds of the general society?

The fact is, the law has little intellectual or structural resistance to outside influences, influences that should properly remain outside. It is peculiar that a field of study so old and so intensively cultivated by men and women of first-rate intelligence as the law possesses very little theory about itself. I once heard George Stigler, the economist, remark with some astonishment: "You lawyers have nothing of your own. You borrow from the social sciences, but you have no discipline, no core, of your own." And, a few scattered insights here and there aside, he was right. This theoretical emptiness at its center makes law, particularly constitutional law, unstable, a ship with a great deal of sail but a very shallow keel, vulnerable to the winds of intellectual or moral fashion, which it then validates as the commands of our most basic compact.

The weakness in the law's intellectual structure can be exploited by the new theories of moral relativism and egalitarianism that are now the dominant mode of constitutional thinking in a number of leading law schools. The attack of these theories upon older assumptions has been described by one Harvard law



From the *Austin American Statesman*.

professor as a “battle of cultures,” and so it is.

Academic lawyers are not going to solve the age-old problems of political and moral philosophy any time soon, yet the premise of their enterprise is that judges may properly arrive at constitutional decisions through abstract philosophical reasoning. Future judges are thus being educated to engage in really heroic adventures in policymaking.

The abstract, universalistic style of contemporary legal thought is dangerous for a number of reasons. For one thing, it teaches disrespect for the actual institutions of the American polity. These institutions are designed to achieve compromise, to slow change, to dilute absolutism. They embody wholesome inconsistencies that are completely at odds with abstract generalizations about the just society.

More than this, the attempt to define individual liberties by abstract reasoning, though intended to broaden them, is likely to make them more vulnerable. Our constitutional liberties arose out of historical experience and out of political, moral, and religious sentiment. They do not rest upon any general theory. Attempts to frame a theory that removes from democratic control areas of life the framers intended to leave there can succeed only if abstractions are regarded as overriding the constitutional text and structure, judicial precedent, and the history that gives our rights life, rootedness, and meaning. It is no small matter to discredit the foundations upon which our constitutional freedoms have always rested and to substitute abstractions of moral philosophy.

The difference in approach parallels the difference between the American and the French revolutions, and the outcome for liberty was much less happy under the regime of “the rights of man.”

There is a fundamental antipathy to democracy in much of the new legal scholarship. The original Constitution was devoted primarily to the mechanisms of democratic choice. Constitutional scholarship today is dominated by the creation of arguments that will encourage judges to thwart democratic choice. Though the arguments are, as you might expect, cast in terms of expanding individual freedom, that is not their result. One of the freedoms—the major freedom—of our kind of society is the freedom to choose to have a public morality. As Chesterton put it, “What is the good of telling a community that it has every liberty except the liberty to make laws? The liberty to make laws is what constitutes a free people.” The makers of our Constitution thought so too, for they granted wide powers to representative assemblies and ruled only a few subjects off-limits.

In a constitutional democracy the moral content of law must be derived from the morality of the framer or the legislator, not that of the judge. The sole task of the latter—and it is a task quite large enough for anyone’s wisdom, skill, or virtue—is to translate the framer’s or the legislator’s morality into a rule that can govern unforeseen circumstances. That abstinence from giving his own desires free play, that continuing and self-conscious renunciation of power, that is the morality of the jurist.

TERMS OF ART

From "A Shorter Dictionary of the Arts," a study of postwar aesthetic terms by Stephen Rosenthal in *Issue: A Journal for Artists*, No. 1. Rosenthal is a painter who lives in New York.

ALTERNATIVE SPACE, 1975–80. 1. Outlet for the alienated. 2. Center used during the non-commercial stage of a new generation.

CONTENT. 1950: Psychic torment in thick paint; 1960: Spirituality in abstraction; 1965: Social satire in comic strips; 1983: Spiritual satire in thick paint.

DEATH OF PAINTING, 1960–76. Widely acclaimed tragedy, played yearly until the cast could afford stretchers and canvas.

FIGURATION, 1960–76. Blind alley. See new figuration.

FORMALISM, 1961–70. 1. Repudiation of lyrical outbursts to unite the subjective with the universal. 2. Greenbergian intimations of immortality through purification of the medium.

HISTORY. What the Museum of Modern Art buys, according to William Rubin.

ILLUSIONISM, ABSTRACT, 1969. Rediscovery of warped perspectives.

KITSCH, 1960–85. Low-lying areas of mass culture drained in order to counter elitism.

LIMIT. Established edge; indispensable for breakthroughs and heresies.

MAINSTREAM, 1952–78. Natural current used as a navigational aid.

MANIFESTO. Unsolicited promotional material distributed on the fringes of emerging tendencies.

MANNERISM, 1960–88. Stylistic posture of post-modern etiquette involving an ironically detached self-cannibalism in the search for identity.

MASS CULTURE. 1. Manipulative and neutering bourgeois intervention in the media. 2. Escape hatch from the dead-end of high art.

MINIMALISM, 1965. Movement influenced by an epiphany of spatial emptiness experienced by Tony Smith in the 1950s on the unfinished New Jersey Turnpike.

MODERNISM, 1945–75. 1. Kantian self-criticism (Greenberg). 2. Period in the history of art;

now used in the sentence "Everyone seems to be agreed that modernism is finished." 3. Substitute corpse in painting's empty tomb. See death of painting.

NEO-EXPRESSIONISM, 1979–89. Resuscitation of *Sturm und Drang* according to the emotional makeup of the invading nationalities.

NEW FIGURATION, 1977. Pyrrhic victory of Raoul Dufy.

NEW GENERATION. Artists in larval stage recruited by schools to stimulate spontaneous regeneration of the scene.

NEW ILLUSIONISM, 1966. Greenbergian strategy for leaving the picture plane intact by opening the surface from the rear.

NEW WAVE. 1958: French film renaissance; 1978: English rock revolution; 1979: American painting renaissance; 1980: International apparel renaissance.

OPPORTUNIST, 1971. Conceptualist term for a successful nonverbal artist.

PERFORMANCE, 1968–79. Immanent decomposition of a theatrical text into an ambience of semiological activity, detaining small, select audiences.

PHOTO-REALISM, 1968. *Trompe l'oeil* assembly line syndicated by Ivan Karp to move paintings around the country.

PICTURE PLANE (intactness of), 1963. Modernist ethical principle; its violation considered a serious infraction of formal vows.

PLURALISM, 1978. Period of tolerance and waiting until a market is cornered.

POP ART, 1960. Tragicomical actuality, with one eye on the museum and one on the billboard, using trademark infringement for ironic distancing.

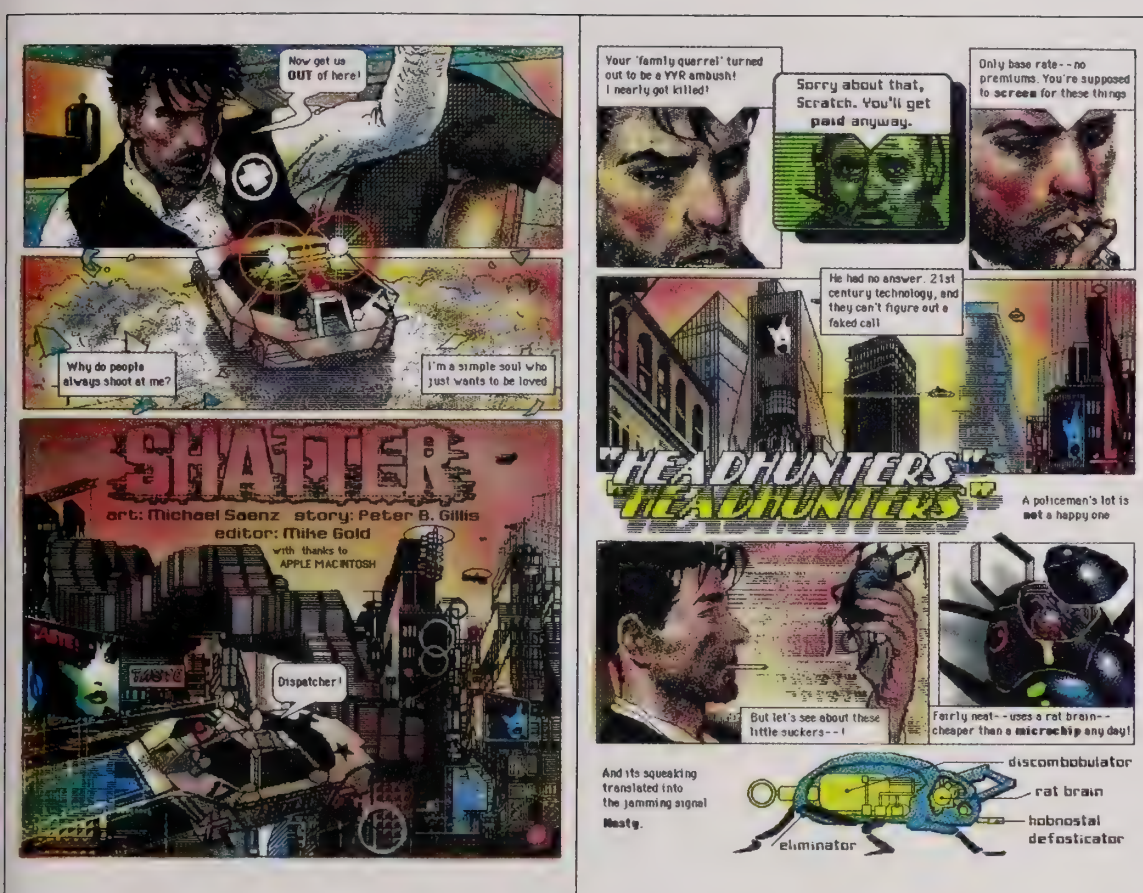
POST-GRAFFITI, 1984. Reformed school of raw desecration, relocated uptown, working on canvas instead of subways.

SCULPTURE. Discourse mediating the nonlandscape, the nonarchitectural, and unredeemed values in classical culture (Krauss).

SENSIBILITY, 1980. Unconditioned reflexes given aesthetic pretext.

WEST COAST. Artistic center fiercely competitive with the Bermuda Triangle.

[Comic Book]
COMPUCOMICS



From Shatter, "the first computerized comic," published by First Comics of Evanston, Illinois. Shatter is drawn on an Apple Macintosh computer by Michael Saenz, using MacPaint and MacDraw software. The text is written by Peter B. Gillis. Shatter, a.k.a. Jack Scratch, is a freelance police officer in twenty-first-century Daley City. In the title sequence above, he is seen escaping from an ambush set by the VVR, Veterans of the Vietnam Reconquest.

[Art Criticism]

THE MYTH OF INTERNATIONALISM

From *The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths*, by Rosalind E. Krauss, published by MIT Press. Krauss is a professor of art history at Hunter College in New York City.

In relation to art, we live in a time of cultural schizophrenia. Both the art market and the art press are international phenomena, resulting in a worldwide homogenization of what is exhibited, collected, known. From this we are led to think that the constant circulation of contemporary art from country to country is the expression of an international culture, the warrant of shared aesthetic criteria, shared conceptions of

the goals of art, shared visions.

Nothing could be less true. Despite the leveling effect of mass culture, it is precisely in that mute, still space that separates the viewer from the work of art, a space traversed only by his gaze, that we find an acute resistance to the internationalization of culture. For that gaze is the extension of the viewer's aloneness as he confronts the work, a solitude that throws into sharpest relief the nature of his aesthetic demands: what he expects a work of art to satisfy; what arouses his interest and fixes his attention; what his attitudes are about the relation between art and seriousness, art and taste, art and pleasure. These attitudes are culturally rooted, and those roots grow differently as they burrow into different soils. The space traversed by the viewer's understanding is differently determined in different countries, though the art press would tell us otherwise.

[Poem]

NOTES FROM THE MORTICIANS' CONVENTION

By Neal Bowers, in the Winter 1985 Sewanee Review. Bowers is the author of a collection of poems, *The Gold Ball Diver*. He teaches at Iowa State University.

9 A.M., Pine Room
"The Oldest Profession?"

Whether the undertaker walked the street
before the hooker, that is the question.
Hard to tell in those early days
of tree dwellers and cave sleepers,
before a standard rate of exchange,
even before barter.
In the beginning, each gave what was
needed—
a warm embrace, a hole scratched in the
ground
and mounded with odd stones.
This much is certain:
death is older than life;
life understands this and puts down
unambiguous leaves.

10 A.M., Cedar Room
"Ethical Considerations in a Modern Market"

To advertise or not, and if so how?
Nobody skywrites anymore.
A billboard edged in black might be too
gloomy.
One small firm in Illinois canvasses parking
lots,
leaving fliers under wiper blades.
Another in Ohio uses direct mailings (more
expensive).
For TV and radio you need a slogan:
We understand your needs or
Interment is our business.
Of course there's always the Yellow Pages,
cheap and accessible to everyone,
a simple entry between Frozen Foods and
Furnaces.

11 A.M., Pine Room
"Consoling the Bereaved: A New
Methodology"

Grief is as varied as fish in the river,
sometimes small and visible in shallows,
sometimes large and mired in the bottom,
and everything in between.
The clever angler knows his fish,
knows also the currents of the river

and the river's snags and shoals.
He can cast between stumps near the far bank
or arc a fly out broad into the rapids,
play the line loose and easy or pull up short
to set the hook: mariboos, jitterbugs, trawlers
and crawlers,
and a special lure without a name
that must be tied in total darkness
at considerable pain.

Noon, Box Elder Grill
Lunch (Buffet Style)

Imagine a pharaoh rising in his pyramidal tomb
to eat the food left behind for his dark voyage
and finding kraut and wieners, green peas,
a gelatin salad, and a thermos of hot coffee.
What better argument against an afterlife?

1 P.M., Oak Room
"Shrouded in Fear: Some Popular Miscon-
ceptions Debunked"

Death gives us no pleasure.
Our hands are no clammier than anyone else's.
We do not collect gold fillings.
We do not steal jewelry.
We never fondle the corpses.
We know of no uses for the blood we drain.
No one takes photos of the undressed women
or wires a mouth to work like Charlie
McCarthy's.
We do not sell human hair to wig-makers.
We care about our work the same as everyone
else,
some of us enough to write our names
on a slip of paper and place it
inside the coffin just before we close the lid.

2 P.M., Ash Room
"Billing and Collecting"

Whatever else you do, do not make out the bill
in the name of the deceased.

3 P.M., Oak Room
"Combatting Stress and Depression in Our
Profession"

Jog, golf, play tennis or poker,
go out with the boys, swim,
play pool, bowl, take in a movie.
But don't raise canaries or gerbils.
Collect shells or rocks,
build model ships, paint landscapes,
sculpt, surf, ski, go scuba diving.
But do not dig worms, grow mushrooms,
give blood, explore caves, or write poetry.
When you hear yourself say,
in a moment of passion, "I love you more than
life,"
think twice. Think twice.

4 P.M., Grove Lounge
Cash Bar

That face in the mirror
hung over a short glass
like the moon embalmed, my own;
so many other drained faces,
so much gray and black—
I did not know death had employed so many—
all men, barbered and suited
and good at looking sympathetic
while their hands, manicured and pocketed,
brush against their genitals.
What this job needs is a woman's touch,
a woman then standing at each end of life,
twin gatekeepers saying hello-goodbye.

5:30 P.M., Room 3117
She said her name was Sibyl

Oracular blonde with the zippered skin-
tight slacks and hinged heels, as they say,
eyes dulled by the flat stop
of too many off-white ceilings,
sipped exactly at her drink
on the end of the bed then
doled out one small death
precise as stitchery.
God, how we come and go—
selling hardware, selling software, selling
death.
She folded the single bill and left.

[Program]

NOTES FROM THE FORENSIC SCIENTISTS' CONVENTION

From the program of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences' annual convention, held in February at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas.

WEDNESDAY

Annual Bite Mark Breakfast Seminar

THURSDAY

The Body in the Bathtub; *Michael J. Shkrum, M.D., et al.*
Retaining Facial Aesthetics in an Oral Autopsy; *Thomas C. Krauss, D.D.S.*
Suicide: Maybe It's Logical; *Charles G. Wilber, Ph.D.*
Unusual Hanging Deaths; *Michael A. Clark, Ph.D., M.D., et al.*
Fatal Caffeine Poisoning; *Margaret L. Gulley, M.D., et al.*

Identification of Dismembered Bodies by the Trace Element Ratios in the Bones; *B. Fulton, M.S., et al.*

FRIDAY

Identification of Tire Rubber on an Ice Pick Involved in Tire Slashings; *J. Payne, B.S., et al.*
High Velocity Backspatter on Shirt Sleeves; *James O. Pex, M.S., et al.*
The Analysis of Suicide Notes; *Park Elliott Dietz, M.D., M.P.H., Ph.D., et al.*
Human Bite Marks, Amorous or Defensive: A Case; *William E. Alexander, D.M.D.*
Bite Mark of the Penis: A Problematic Presentation; *John D. McDowell, D.D.S.*
Accidental Auto-Erotic Gunshot Wounds; *Terence B. Allen, M.D.*
A Dantean Death: Submergence in Molten Salt; *Anthony J. Perzigian, Ph.D., et al.*

[List]

NATMANCAN

The National Museum of Man, in Ottawa, Canada, recently solicited suggestions from the public for a new name. Below, a selection.

Canadian Museum of Hominoids
Canadian Museum of Life
Canadian Museum of the People
Canadian Museum of the Phallocracy
Canadian People Museum
Canadian Personnel Museum
Canadian Roots Museum
Complete Canadian Museum
Earth's Peoples Museum
Earth, Wind, Fire, and Earth
Family Museum
Homo Sapiens Museum
Mother Nature, Father Time
Museum Canada Musée
Museum of Canadian Human Development
Museum of Different Kinds
Museum of Humanology
Museum of Love
Museum of Man and His Wife
Museum of Patriarchal Cultures
National Museum of Everything
National Museum of Historical Fiction and Nonfiction
National Museum of Masculine History
National Museum of Others
National Museum of Positive Imagining
National Museum of the People

National Museum of Woman
National Repository of Relics, Artifacts, and
Other Old Bones
Nature-Man-Canada Museum (NatManCan)
Population Canada (PopCan)
The Museum of Canadian Evolution
The Personnel Museum of Canada

[Conceit]

NERUDA AND THE METS

"Neruda and the Mets," by Vincent Passaro, appears in the Summer 1985 issue of *Willow Springs*, a quarterly published by Eastern Washington University.

Latin American scholars today often express surprise at how few Americans remember Pablo Neruda's days in baseball. Even most dedicated fans of the game remain unaware that in the spring of 1965, the renowned Chilean poet put in almost a month at third base for the New York Mets. He was sixty-one years old at the time. His short-lived career in baseball goes largely unremembered for two reasons, I believe. First, in the initial four years of their existence, the Mets experimented with a dozen or so third basemen, hoping to find one even minimally suited to the position.¹ Second, to be frank, Latin American literature was not nearly so widely known in the United States then as it is now, especially among baseball fans. It is safe to say that no Latin writer of similar stature could play pro ball in North America today without attracting a great deal more attention than Neruda ever received. In fact, there is some evidence that Neruda, at best a barely proficient third baseman, took the job in order to relax: to escape for a while from the rigors of his art and from a deteriorating political situation at home. "I had a marvelous time in New York," the poet told *El Mercurio*, Santiago's largest daily, shortly after his triumphant return to Chile. "It could not have been a better experience for me."

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the Mets. Among the terrible third basemen the team has had, none was worse than Neruda. Over twenty-eight ball games in a four-week

period Neruda saw seventy chances at the hot corner and muffed forty-five of them.² In eighty-seven appearances at the plate he managed but one hit. And he was struck by pitches no fewer than seventeen times. "In the north, the ball is thrown very fast," he told *El Mercurio*. "Sometimes I had difficulty escaping its path."

Met fans, usually models of patience, began to heap abuses on the left-leaning poet. Finally, in mid-May, shortly after the team had returned winless from its first Western road swing, the outcry swelled to such proportions that Met management was forced to announce that Neruda would be optioned to the club's Tidewater farm team.

Neruda fared no better in the minors; in fact, after only a few days he decided to drop baseball altogether and return to Chile. Many who knew him maintain that he was in some vital way traumatized by the demotion. "Playing in the minors is not so nice," Neruda told a friend years later. "There is little meal money and the bus rides are very, very long. Some of *los lavados* [older players] are mean, bitter, drunken men whose mothers should never have given birth to them."

Despite the bad times, Neruda had his moments of glory as a Met. His greatest achievement by far was the laying down of a perfect sacrifice bunt on a suicide squeeze play attempted recklessly, and without authorization, while he was at the plate. (It was on this play that Neruda was credited with his only major league RBI.) "I saw the runner dash toward me just before the pitch," the poet told *El Mercurio*, "and I felt greatly dismayed. How embarrassed he would be to arrive at home plate if the catcher had the ball! So, at the last possible moment, I stuck my bat out, and luckily I managed to hit it."

There are many in the Met organization who remember Neruda fondly, despite his woeful performance. Roy MacMillan, the bespectacled veteran, played beside Neruda at short that year. "Neruda was a team sort of a guy," he says of the Nobel laureate. "He always kept up a lot of chatter out there. Of course, I didn't understand most of it because I don't speak Spanish." Bob Murphy, the stalwart broadcaster, still holds Neruda in high regard. "Pablo," he intones, "was a fine ballplayer. I always felt that, with a little more seasoning in the minor leagues, he might have surprised a lot of people." Yogi Berra, a Met player-coach in 1965, recalls, "I think a lot of the Latin guys on the team appreciated having Neruda there."

By early June of that year, long before the pennant race had begun to quicken, Neruda was back in Chile, working as a poet, critic, and

¹ Most major league teams employ perhaps five or six third basemen in a decade.

² Big-league third basemen normally can handle better than 90 percent of the balls hit to them.

HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

A new view of the statistics shows where part of the problem lies, and can lead to a better communication between adults and teenagers.

Teenagers are in the high-risk group. People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

Some facts about alcohol you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- One can of beer, as well as one four-ounce glass of table wine, and one 1.2-ounce drink of 80-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.

- The legal definition of intoxication is based on "Blood Alcohol Concentration" or "BAC." If you have a BAC of .10 percent, you are legally drunk in most states. But for drivers or drinkers who are less experienced, a BAC of .05 percent, or sometimes lower, can be dangerous.

- Even relatively low levels of alcohol can reduce your tolerance to injury, increasing the danger in an accident.

Arm your teenagers with the facts and give them time to reflect on them.

If expected to show good judgment, teenagers are more likely to live up to it.

Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now, and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

And keep in mind, that the best way to teach young people—as they may tell you—is by example.

The people of General Motors care, and urge teenagers, and their parents, to give serious thought to the dangers of drinking and driving. It's something we all can do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



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commentator. He went on to win numerous awards and prizes, including, in 1971, the coveted Nobel Prize for Literature. In 1973, shortly after the fall of the government of Salvador Allende (who had favored him with the post of ambassador to France), Neruda died. There are those who maintain that his death was hastened by the harassment he suffered under the new military government of Augusto Pinochet. But, in a widely circulated report based on an investigation completed in 1975, Bowie Kuhn, then the commissioner of baseball, cleared the Pinochet regime of any wrongdoing in Neruda's death.

[Essay]

THE LOVE OF SOIL

From The Gardener's Year, by Karel Čapek, published by the University of Wisconsin Press. Čapek, who died in 1938, was a Czech writer best known for his science fiction. The Gardener's Year was originally published in Czechoslovakia in 1929. Translated by M. R. Weatherall.

When I was only a remote and distracted onlooker of the accomplishments of gardeners, I considered them to be beings of a peculiarly poetic and gentle mind, who cultivate perfumes of flowers while listening to birds singing. Now, when I look at the affair more closely, I find that a real gardener is not a man who cultivates flowers; he is a man who cultivates the soil. He is a creature who digs himself into the earth, and leaves the sight of what is on it to us gaping good-for-nothings. He lives buried in the ground. He builds his monument in a heap of compost. If he came into the Garden of Eden he would sniff excitedly and say: "Good Lord, what humus!" I think he would forget to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; he would rather look around to see how he could manage to take away from the Lord some barrow-loads of the paradisiacal soil.

If gardeners had developed from the beginning of the world by natural selection, they would most probably have evolved into some kind of invertebrate. After all, for what purpose has a gardener a back? Apparently only so that he can straighten it at times, and say: "My back does ache!" He is not a man who would like "to add at least a cubit to his stature"; on the contrary, he folds his stature in half, and squats and shortens himself by all possible means. As you find him he is seldom over one meter high.

Tilling the soil consists, on the one hand, in

various diggings, hoeings, turnings, buryings, loosening, pittings, and smoothings, and, on the other, in ingredients. No pudding could be more complicated than the preparation of garden soil; as far as I have been able to find out, dung, manure, guano, leaf mold, sod, humus, sand, straw, lime, kainite, Thomas's powder, baby powder, saltpeter, horn, phosphates, droppings, cow dung, ashes, peat, compost, water, beer, knocked-out pipes, burnt matches, dead cats, and many other substances are added. All this is continually mixed, stirred, and flavored; as I said, the gardener is not a man who smells a rose, but one who is persecuted by the idea that "the soil would like some lime," or that it is heavy (as lead, the gardener says) and "would like some sand." Gardening becomes a scientific affair. A rose in flower is, so to speak, only for dilettantes; the gardener's pleasure is deeper rooted, right in the womb of the soil. After his death the gardener does not become a butterfly, intoxicated by the perfumes of flowers, but a garden worm tasting all the dark, nitrogenous, and spicy delights of the soil.

In spring gardeners are irresistibly drawn to their gardens; as soon as they lay the coffee spoon down, they are on the beds, presenting their rumps to the splendid azure sky. Here they crumble a warm clod between their fingers, there they push nearer the roots a weathered and precious piece of last year's dung, there they pull out a weed, and here they pick up a little stone; now they work up the soil around the strawberries, and in a moment they bend to some young lettuce, nose close to the earth, fondly tickling a fragile tuft of roots. In this position they enjoy spring, while over their behinds the sun describes its glorious circuit, the clouds swim, and the birds of heaven mate. Already the cherry buds are opening, young foliage is expanding with sweet tenderness, blackbirds are singing like mad; then the gardener straightens himself, eases his back, and says thoughtfully: "In autumn I shall manure it thoroughly, and I shall add some sand."

But there is one moment when the gardener rises and straightens himself up to his full height; this is in the afternoon, when he administers the sacrament of water to his little garden. Then he stands, straight and almost noble, directing the jet of water from the mouth of the hydrant; the water rushes in a silver and kissing shower, and out of the puffy soil wafts a perfumed breath of moisture. Every little leaf is almost wildly green and sparkles with an appetizing joy, so that a man might eat it. "So, and now it is enough," the gardener whispers happily. He does not mean by "it" the little cherry tree covered with buds, or the purple currant; he is thinking of the brown soil.

[Sketch]

PRECISELY

By Harold Pinter. Pinter read this sketch at New York University in December upon receiving the Elmer Holmes Bobst Award in Arts and Letters.

[Two men at a table with drinks.]

[Silence.]

A I mean, we've said it time and time again, haven't we?

B Of course we have.

A Time and time again. Twenty million. That's what we've said. Time and time again. It's a figure supported by facts. We've done our homework. Twenty million is a fact. When these people say thirty I'll tell you exactly what they're doing—they're distorting the facts.

B Scandalous.

A Quite. I mean, how the hell do they know?

B Quite.

A We've done the *thinking*.

B Quite.

A That's what we're paid for.

B Paid a bloody lot too.

A Exactly. Good money for good brains.

[They drink.]

Thirty million! I mean . . . !

B Exactly.

A I'll tell you, neither I nor those above me are going to put up with it much longer. These people, Roger, these people are actively and willfully deceiving the public. Do you take my point?

B I'd put the bastards up against the wall and shoot them.

A As a matter of fact, I've got a committee being set up to discuss that very thing.

B Really? Well done.

[They drink.]

Actually . . . I've heard that they're talking about forty million.

A What!

B And one or two of them . . . have taken it even further.

A What do you mean?

B Oh . . . You know . . . fifty . . . sixty . . . seventy . . .

A But that's almost the whole population!

B I know.

A Well I'm buggered.

B It's a bit of a bloody cheek, isn't it, Stephen?

A It's more than a bloody cheek, Roger.

B Indeed.

[Pause.]

A You know what I'm going to recommend we do with these people?

B What?

A I'm going to recommend that they be hung, drawn, and quartered. I want to see the color of their entrails.

B Same color as the Red Flag, old boy.

A Quite.

[They drink.]

You see, what makes this whole business doubly disgusting is that the citizens of this country are behind us. They're ready to go with us on the twenty million basis. They're perfectly happy! And what are they faced with from these bastards? A deliberate attempt to subvert and undermine their security. And their faith.

[B drinks and then looks at A.]

B Give me another two, Stephen.

[A stares at him.]

A Another two?

B Another two million. And I'll buy you another drink. Another two for another drink.

A [Slowly] No, no, Roger. It's twenty million. Dead.

B You mean precisely?

A I mean dead. Precisely.

[Pause.]

I want you to accept that figure.

[Pause.]

Accept the figure.

[They stare at each other.]

B Twenty million dead, precisely?

A Precisely.

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IMAGES OF FEAR

Crime long ago emerged as one of those peculiar phenomena of modern life—the permanent crisis. For twenty years or more, politicians and editorialists have ritually condemned the rising crime rate in American cities: crime, it was declared again and again, had become intolerable. Meanwhile, year after year, Americans continued to tolerate it.

Enter Bernhard Goetz, who, by shooting four teenagers last December in a New York City subway car, not only became a national celebrity but added a new twist to a depressingly familiar plot. Goetz's action forced people to confront their own inaction. Why is nothing ever done about crime? Perhaps because behind what we call the "crime problem" stand larger, more intractable problems, which the mechanisms of government cannot reasonably be expected to solve.

What exactly do Americans mean when they complain about crime? To what extent can changes in our criminal justice system affect the crime rate? Does such a vast and complicated problem even admit of a solution? *Harper's* recently invited a police chief, a judge, a social scientist, a novelist, and several others long interested in the subject to try to distinguish between the perception and the reality of crime.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Harvard Club in New York City. Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM

is the editor of *Harper's*.

CHARLES MURRAY

is a senior research fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research. His books include *Beyond Probation: Juvenile Corrections and the Chronic Delinquent* and, most recently, *Losing Ground: American Social Policy, 1950-1980*.

HUBERT WILLIAMS

has been director of the Newark Police Department for ten years. He began his police career as a patrolman in Newark in 1962. Later this month he will become president of the Police Foundation in Washington, D.C.

BURTON B. ROBERTS

is the administrative judge in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court in Bronx County, New York. He served as a Supreme Court justice in Manhattan from 1973 to 1983 and was Bronx district attorney from 1968 to 1973.

CLAUDE BROWN

is the author of *Manchild in the Promised Land*, which describes his experiences growing up in Harlem in the 1940s and 1950s, and *The Children of Ham*. He is currently working on a book about the heroin epidemic in urban America.

JONATHAN RUBINSTEIN

is the author of *City Police* and co-author, with Adam Walinsky, of *Police Corps*, a proposal to reform urban police departments. He is director of the Center for Research on Institutions and Social Policy.

ADAM WALINSKY

is a lawyer in New York City. He was legislative assistant and counsel to Senator Robert Kennedy from 1964 to 1968 and served as chairman of the New York State Commission of Investigations, an agency that investigates organized crime and political corruption, from 1979 to 1981. Walinsky is co-author, with Jonathan Rubinstein, of *Police Corps*.

SUSAN JACOBY

is the author of *Wild Justice: The Evolution of Revenge*, a study of the relationship between vengeance and justice. She is a former reporter for the *Washington Post*.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM: Crime, and the fear of crime, make up the stuff of newspaper headlines. Hardly a week passes but that another study by another police chief, politician, or psychologist doesn't add to the sum of national anxiety. And yet, despite the air of perpetual crisis, little seems to change. The nation spends at least \$40 billion a year for the various forms of police protection, but nobody feels safe.

Why is this so, and why does the problem of crime remain so insoluble among a people who pride themselves on their problem solving? Our object in this discussion is not to run through the familiar list of answers—putting more police officers on the street, mandating stricter sentences for convicted felons, building bigger and better prisons. All these proposals have been offered before, many, many times; some of

them have even been put into practice, usually without much noticeable effect.

Is it possible that we choose not to define the problem of crime in a way that would allow for its solution? Perhaps a rising crime rate is as necessary to a democratic society as a prosperous economy. Are we talking about a measurable reality or about a perception of our best loved fears?

Charles Murray is a social scientist who for many years has studied crime and the strategies for its elimination. Mr. Murray, what exactly is the crime problem today?

CHARLES MURRAY: Nothing is more difficult to count than crime. Many, many crimes are not reported; there is no way to know precisely how many. And the classification of crimes can hide

a lot; two crimes classified as aggravated assaults may vary widely in seriousness.

But the statistics do allow us to characterize the general shape of the crime problem. As far as we know, crime has been going down in the very recent past. The Uniform Crime Reports released by the Department of Justice indicate that in 1983, the most recent year for which numbers are available, the rate of "crime index offenses"—the most serious crimes: murder, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny, and motor vehicle theft—declined by 7 percent. What accounts for this decline? Are we witnessing the positive effects of changes in our criminal justice practice, or do we owe the improvement to the changing demography of the United States?

It is well known that the great majority of crimes are committed by young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. The arrest rate for violent crimes peaks at age eighteen, and for property crimes at age sixteen. The number of Americans in their late teens and early twenties—the Baby Boom generation—peaked in the 1960s and has begun to decline. But my own view is that there has been a greater reduction in crime than what we'd expect because of the shrinking number of young men.

Although crime has declined in the past several years, the situation is qualitatively different from that in the 1950s; the crime rate is much, much higher than it was then. During the 1950s—again, given all the ambiguities inherent in the numbers—the crime rate appeared relatively stable. But during the 1960s, when the economy was surging and Americans were enjoying huge gains in their standard of living, crime just soared. From 1965 to 1970, for example, homicide increased by 55 percent, aggravated assault increased by 48 percent, and robbery shot up by 124 percent—and this is after adjusting for the population rise. This increase, no matter how we try to account for changes in reporting procedures and so on, is rather mystifying.

During the 1970s, reported crime continued to increase steadily. But "victimization surveys," which should be a more accurate guide to the crime rate, suggest that the increases were smaller than the police reports indicate. However one reads the data, the *level* of crime today remains at least at the plateau reached in the 1960s—which means that despite the recent decline, crime is still drastically greater today than it was in the 1950s.

LAPHAM: Director Williams, you've been a member of a big-city police department for more than twenty years. What do you make of the huge increase in crime in the 1960s?

HUBERT WILLIAMS: Well, it's not at all mystifying to me. Although crime may have been lower in the 1950s, seeds were being planted in our inner cities that would grow and flourish in the 1960s. Narcotics, which began to be widely used in the fifties, is the most obvious one. An awful lot of robberies, burglaries, and homicides are directly related to drugs.

But the drug problem points to deeper changes that have occurred during the past thirty years, which together constitute an enormous shift in the values and norms that determine how people behave. During the 1950s people in the inner cities still generally believed that by working hard they could improve their lives—jobs were available; unemployment was much lower than it is today. And television, which is constantly flaunting the wealth of some Americans while rarely giving any hint of the effort it usually takes to acquire such wealth, was not so influential then. Today, inner-city kids are well aware of the symbols of success—the fancy cars and clothes. TV makes sure of that. But they see no way to obtain these things while keeping within the law. What is important in our inner cities today is *that* you get it, not *how* you get it. Such an ethic makes crime and violence and social deviance inevitable.

What accounts for this shift in values? We'd have to examine what happened to the larger society during the past quarter-century to come up with a real answer. But we do know that in the inner cities kids were growing up without the guidance they'd had in the past. During the last two decades the number of single-parent households increased tremendously: by 57 percent in the 1960s and 71 percent in the 1970s.

LAPHAM: Would you agree, Judge Roberts, that despite the recent decline described by Charles Murray, the crime rate in this country remains intolerably high?

BURTON B. ROBERTS: Of course the crime rate is still high, but the decline of the last few years is important. In the city of New York, for example, crime has decreased by 17 percent during the last three years. In the last year, robbery has decreased by 5.4 percent, and burglaries and homicides by 10.6 percent.

CLAUDE BROWN: Judge, if crime in New York City has declined by 17 percent during the last three years, why has the population of the state's prisons grown by almost a third during that time?

ROBERTS: It's true that the state prison population has increased from 12,500 in 1972 to more than 33,000 today. The increase is mainly due to the

fact that the criminal justice system is working more effectively than it has in a decade. The legislature has passed laws imposing mandatory sentences for people convicted of violent crimes and for recidivists. The courts and the prosecutors' offices have reduced the case backlog. And the police are making more arrests.

JONATHAN RUBINSTEIN: If there has really been a great improvement in our criminal justice system, why is the public still railing against high crime in the cities?

ROBERTS: Because people's *perceptions* of what's happening are as important as the reality. The media prefer to tell the public that crime is rampant, that it is continuing to rise, that people are afraid to go out at night. After all, that's what sells newspapers and makes exciting television. But the reality is that crime is going down: the streets are safer and the criminal justice system is more effective.

The politicians, meanwhile, find it convenient to blame the judges, and the judges climb into their ivory towers and don't respond. As Mr. Williams pointed out, numerous social problems contribute to the crime rate, as do demographic factors. So why do politicians always point to the judiciary? Because blaming judges is much easier than looking in the mirror, easier than examining what has really happened to our inner cities.

ADAM WALINSKY: It just so happens, Judge, that the drop in crime you have been congratulating yourself about may be at an end. Indeed, we've had comparable, and temporary, drops in the crime rate before—between 1974 and 1977, for example. Then, too, everyone said, "Isn't it wonderful that we've turned the corner on crime, that the system is working more effectively?" But in 1977 we saw the biggest rise in the crime rate in American history, and the increase continued for four years. In all the excitement about the decline in crime last year, no one seems to have noticed that the number of violent crimes in New York City in December 1984 was *higher* than in December 1983. What is more, the number of minority teenagers will soon begin to increase again.

About five years from now, the children of the Baby Boomers, more than half of whom were born into non-intact families—the illegitimacy rate among blacks shot up to 50 percent in 1976—will become teenagers. These are the kids that our school system does not seem able to reach or help, and they are going to make themselves felt as juvenile problems of one sort or another. To sit back congratulating ourselves on the recent small drop in crime would be a

disaster—especially since, in my view, those congratulations are undeserved. The victimization surveys show that only a third of crimes are reported. And crime itself has changed—it has become more violent, for one thing.

ROBERTS: The system deals effectively with the more violent crimes; the higher courts, as I said, are becoming more efficient all the time. But the system has grave problems dealing with the so-called quality-of-life crimes—shoplifting, vandalism, and so on—the petty crimes that are channeled to our lower courts. These courts are completely overburdened.

Why is this important? Well, the young criminals we've been talking about usually have their first experience with the system when they commit a petty crime and come before a lower court. Usually their cases drag on until they are dismissed, or they are given unconditional discharges. Very little retributive punishment is handed down in the lower courts. After seeing how it operates at the lower level, these kids become contemptuous of what goes on in the criminal justice system. Of course, as far as the system is concerned, the kids are only little acorns of criminal activity; but out of the acorns grow the huge oaks that cast their shadows over our society.

We should be educating the public, convincing taxpayers that the lower courts are important and that imprisoning violent criminals is not the only function the criminal justice system must perform. The public must come to understand that a probation officer with a caseload of, say, twenty kids instead of 200 really *can* supervise them and prevent them from committing other offenses. And if we educate the public about the value of intensified supervision of those on probation or parole, we won't need all those prisons.

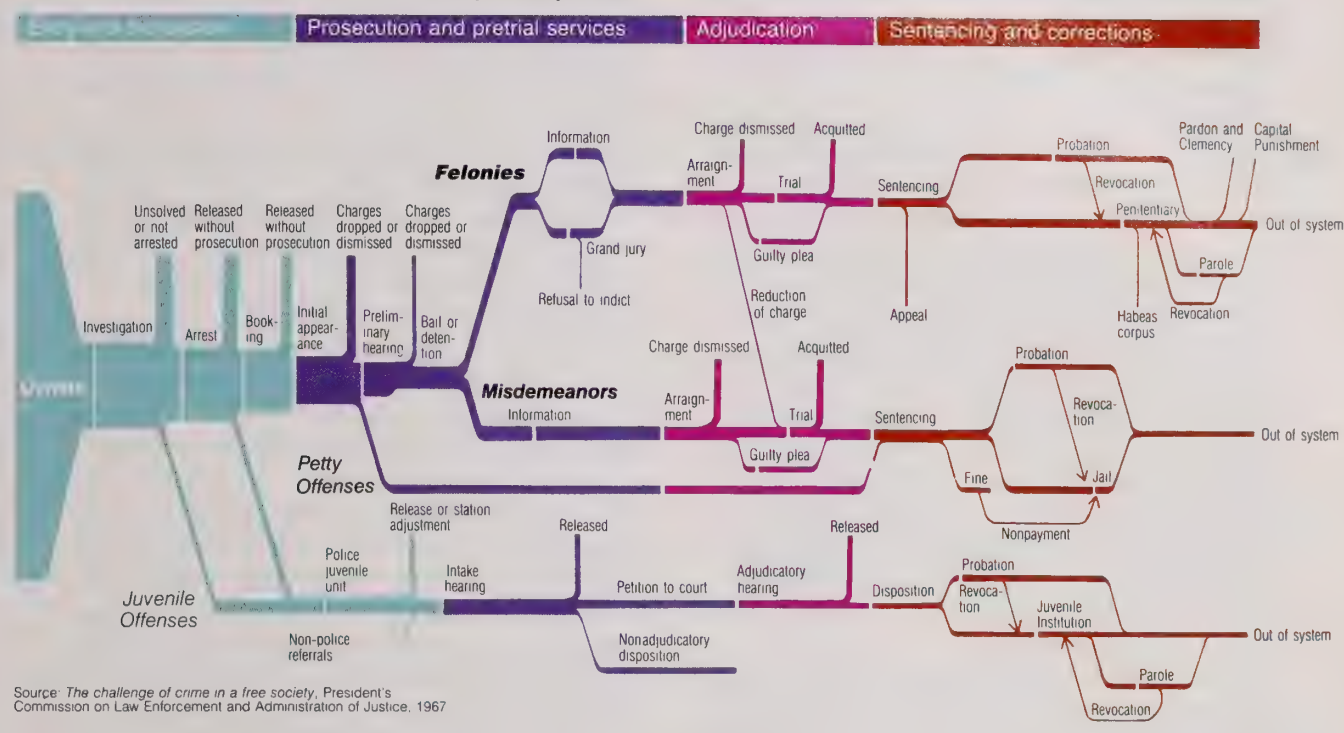
The public must recognize that even when all the components of the criminal justice system work as they were designed to, they still can't solve the crime problem. There is a limit to what the courts can do. After all, only a small percentage of all crimes result in arrests: 26 percent of reported robberies, 15 percent of reported burglaries, and so on. We can't expect the courts to do everything.

RUBINSTEIN: Of course the judiciary is not responsible for the crime rate. But the public, continually threatened and increasingly frightened, is only too happy to attack the courts.

The rate of crime is intolerable—yet we have managed to live with it at least since the sixties. I believe the crime rate actually shot up much earlier, but in the forties and fifties Americans were so involved in building a new suburban

The System of American Justice

What is the sequence of events in the criminal justice system?



In 1983 about 20 percent of all reported crimes in this country resulted in arrests. This chart shows the various steps that may follow the initial reporting of a crime to the police. Justice Department studies suggest that less than 30 percent of all felony arrests result in imprisonment.

civilization and abandoning their big cities that the escalating crime rate went unnoticed. At that time, the police didn't treat "Negro crime," as it was called, seriously. In New York, for instance, they noticed it only when it began to move from Harlem, where there never was any public order—or police presence—to the white neighborhoods downtown.

The crime rate we endure today, and have endured for the last twenty-five years, stems from conditions that show absolutely no sign of changing. American cities are filled with a large, youthful, and disaffected minority population. The unemployment rate among these kids is near 50 percent, more than six times that of the society as a whole. They have no hope of finding a decent job; they are subject to incredible racism and indifference; our educational system is unable to teach them the ABCs; heroin and other drugs are freely available. And the prosperity of the United States is there, ripe for the picking.

But what is new about this? No one has ever thought it was normal or right. People always say it's "intolerable." But what do we ever do about it? When I was a kid in the 1950s, it was fashionable to fire police chiefs when crime was on the rise. Sometime in the 1960s we stopped holding police chiefs responsible for reported

increases in crime. Eventually people gave up even criticizing the police.

What is particularly frightening is that American cities now have police they can't afford and court systems that gobble up hundreds of millions of dollars a year. But despite all the money they're spending, Americans do not feel safe. They have grown increasingly frustrated, and are now demanding the right to kill their fellow citizens. This sentiment, which Bernhard Goetz helped bring to the surface, is being expressed daily in the press.

SUSAN JACOBY: People are supporting the right to kill in "self-defense" for the same reason they have been screaming for the death penalty all these years; they feel—misguidedly, I believe—that at least it would be a strong response to a problem that has come to seem utterly intractable and hopeless. In the same way, people don't know what to do, so they demand the death penalty, which symbolically expresses society's outrage. An ineffective criminal justice system such as ours leads people increasingly to demand these extreme, symbolic, but largely useless penalties.

MURRAY: It is my impression that the white middle class generally believes things are getting bet-

ter, and that in many parts of the country crime is receding as a major issue. Perhaps this is because many white folks have sealed themselves off from the inner cities. I'd like to ask Claude Brown what the sense is in the inner cities—in Harlem, for instance. Do people believe crime is getting worse, or better?

BROWN: They believe it's getting worse. Maybe fewer people are victimized in Harlem—and I suspect this is true across urban America—because they have learned to live defensively. In any Harlem building, whether a tenement or a relatively luxurious high-rise, every door has at least three locks on it. Nobody opens a door without first finding out who's there. In the early evening, or even at midday, you see people—middle-aged men and women—lingering outside nice apartment houses, peeking in the lobbies. They seem to be casing the joint. They are actually trying to figure out who is in the lobby of *their* building. "Is this someone waiting to mug me? Should I risk going in, or should I wait for someone else to come?"

If you live in Harlem, USA, you don't park your automobile two blocks from your apartment house because that gives potential muggers an opportunity to get a fix on you. You'd better find a parking space within a block of your house, because if you have to walk two blocks you're not going to make it. In 1950 my grandparents could take a walk in Colonial Park in Harlem at three o'clock in the morning. Today that would be suicide. Most people make sure they're in the house by nine or ten o'clock.

In Harlem, elderly people walking their dogs in the morning cross the street when they see some young people coming. They try to act casual, but of course they aren't. They are very aware of those young people—you can almost feel the tension as the youngsters get closer. And what those elderly men and women have in the paper bags they're carrying is not just a pooper scooper—it's a gun. And if those youngsters cross that street, somebody's going to get hurt—you're going to hear it. Everybody knows this.

That's Harlem, USA, in 1985. Fewer victims, maybe, but crime is worse.

WALINSKY: As Claude and Susan and everyone here has said, people today are terrified of crime. Whatever the small year-to-year variations in the official crime rate, people are becoming *more* afraid.

We cannot continue to ignore the consequences of this fear. The most obvious example of those consequences is the public response to Bernhard Goetz's actions in a New York City subway car. Goetz shot four kids, two of them in

the back, and people overwhelmingly approved of what he did.

Another consequence is that people are running away. In Harlem, for example, the population has dropped by over a quarter during the last fifteen years, which is one of the reasons the crime rate has declined. Blacks in Harlem are doing exactly what whites did. Because the government seems unable to protect them, blacks are fleeing their homes.

We now have far more private police officers in the United States than public police officers. A whole industry has grown up to protect people and their possessions from crime. Communities sell themselves by boasting about fortified walls, electronic security, and private police forces. We seem to accept this, to accept car alarm systems and multiple locks on our doors.

WILLIAMS: When one out of every three American households is directly victimized each year, it isn't long before everyone has either been a victim himself or had someone very close to him victimized. The problem is not just what crime does to people's lives; it is also what the fear of crime does to our society. As this fear feeds on itself, any decisive action to fight crime becomes less likely. People take strong collective action only when they have confidence in themselves and in their society. When people are afraid, they tend to act as individuals. The result is an increasingly atomized society. That's when people flock to the suburbs and buy the extra locks—or a gun.

JACOBY: In 1978 I wrote an article about this titled "Fear Taxes." All those people who move into the middle of the street when they see someone coming, all those women who will not ride the subways and therefore take cabs they can't afford, the countless dollars spent on locks and gates and hired cars. Even if you or someone you know well has never been a victim—which, as Mr. Williams pointed out, is unlikely—crime still has an enormous effect on your life.

WILLIAMS: One way to combat both crime and the fear of crime is to work to strengthen the foundation on which the criminal justice system was constructed in the first place—a strong sense of oneness between the police and the public. The public must provide the police with information and support. And the police in turn must help reduce citizens' fear by encouraging them to participate in making their neighborhoods safe.

Let me give an example. In 1979, we had to lay off 200 police officers in Newark. People were very upset; they organized "crime marches" on police headquarters. One group came from the housing projects to meet with

me. "Look, Mr. Director," they said, "we know you have lost a lot of men. But we want you to understand that we cannot live under these conditions. We are scared to death, and you've got to help." My response was, "Well, if you look at the statistics, you don't *have* any crime in your area." People in the projects don't report crime even though a lot occurs there. I told them that they had to tell the police what was going on. "We're afraid to," they said.

We finally persuaded them to meet with us—outside police headquarters—and tell us what was going on. Later we slipped a police officer into a vacant apartment in one of the projects to gather evidence. After we had compiled a book on the criminals, we met with this group again and said, "Look, we know who is committing the crimes. We are going to arrest these people, many of them for relatively minor offenses. You will not have to go to court or give evidence publicly, but you must make clear to the judges privately the problems these people are creating in your neighborhood. Just tell the judges what you told us."

Well, we arrested those guys. We arrested one for possession of a knife. But the judge, who had been told what was going on, sentenced him to six months in jail. The people in the projects were ecstatic. That's the kind of cooperation we need to encourage.

BROWN: I think we should talk a little about what happens to people *after* they're arrested. After all, many are professional criminals, and until we eradicate that class—the people who are constantly moving in and out of prison—we are never going to have a real effect on crime.

Years ago, "professional criminal" meant petty criminal—someone who pulled stick-ups on the street and that sort of thing. Nowadays, professional criminals kill people. Many muggers and robbers kill people as a matter of course. The only way to eliminate this criminal behavior is to change our prisons. The rehabilitation programs in our correctional facilities, as they're now called, are a farce. This society incarcerates hundreds of thousands of semiliterate, unskilled people, but offers them no education, teaches them no salable skill. It is ludicrous to expect someone who was making \$1,000 a day as a petty drug dealer to go out and work as a dishwasher for \$150 a week. Why not teach them to program a computer, or to fix air conditioners and refrigerators? Many of them can't even read. Why can't we teach them?

I propose that anyone convicted of a felony must learn to read and write and must acquire a salable skill *before* he can be released from prison. Of course, such a requirement would keep prisoners in jail longer, and we don't have the

facilities for that because no one wants to pay taxes to build new prisons. Well, the state of Kentucky has recently come up with a way to raise money to build prisons without increasing taxes. Kentucky now collects a ten-dollar tax from every person convicted of a misdemeanor. This tax brings in \$300,000 a month, and the state is using the money to modernize existing facilities and build new ones.

WILLIAMS: It's true that if we do not create a different mind-set in the people we incarcerate, their natural tendency on being released will be to return to their former lifestyle. But we must not ignore the circumstances that breed criminal behavior in the first place.

Drug addiction is the most obvious. Drugs—not only heroin but all narcotics—must be kept out of the hands of our children; the penalties for peddling drugs to children should be extraordinarily harsh. And people who already have drug habits should be separated from the larger society.

RUBINSTEIN: Are you proposing a quarantine?

WILLIAMS: The criminal justice system ought to be used as a giant vacuum to suck these people in. Addicts are constantly committing crimes, and the criminal justice system gets hold of most of them. But city jails and state prisons are clearly not the places to treat people with chronic drug problems. The federal government should set up a large-scale treatment program for drug offenders, a program emphasizing medical help and psychotherapy, and eventually job training. Or perhaps after treatment these people could take part in some sort of "youth corps." Maybe they could be trained to cut trees, or whatever. Even if such a program didn't eliminate their addiction, at least it would remove them from society.

RUBINSTEIN: I think drugs themselves are a trivial issue—at least compared with the extraordinary ideas that have been suggested here by Claude Brown and Hubert Williams. Their proposals reflect perfectly the sentiments being expressed in our society today, particularly in the debate over Goetz, whose actions have become the great symbolic crime of this generation.

Consider some of the proposals made at this table. Hubert Williams, a very distinguished police chief, is suggesting that we quarantine drug users—that we create a gulag, in effect. Preventive detention—imprisonment without trial—is now legal; now people are talking about creating prison colonies. Claude Brown is talking about keeping sixteen- and seventeen-year-old inner-city kids in prison until they can

read and write. We can't teach them in the schools, so we'll send them to prison to learn. What do we propose to do with the thirty-year-olds?

LAPHAM: But why do we even *need* to confine all these people in the way that Hubert Williams has described? Why don't we simply make narcotics legal?

WILLIAMS: Frankly, I think we should consider the idea very seriously. It is clear that the money being made in drugs has corrupted our system, our judges, our police officers.

WALINSKY: The extent to which drug use causes crime is overestimated. The fact that large numbers of the people who are arrested happen to be drug users does not mean drug use *causes* crime. People inclined for one reason or another toward antisocial behavior often use drugs for similar reasons.

Over the last twenty years, politicians have had to rationalize their miserable record in coping with crime. Every police chief in America has learned to say that the causes of crime are "really" poverty, degradation, bad housing, unemployment—problems he cannot be expected to solve.

Although they still use poverty as an excuse, politicians now talk more about drugs. Rather than devote any more resources to courts, police, prosecutors, and prisons in their own states, politicians blame the State Department for not getting tough with Turkey or Colombia. Meanwhile, New York State, which proposes to give its citizens a \$2 billion tax cut, manages to eke out less than 6 percent of its budget for the criminal justice system.

JACOBY: Well, *we* seem to be pointing our fingers at the politicians, the prisons, the courts, and the police. No one has said much about the victims. The United States is the only country in the industrialized West that does not have a mechanism to routinely provide some compensation to crime victims. We need some way to help people *after* they've been victimized—perhaps some form of publicly financed "crime insurance." The maintenance of public safety is a social responsibility, which we should acknowledge not only by punishing criminals more swiftly and surely but by literally paying victims if we fail to maintain the "freedom of the city." And victims must become more visible in the criminal justice process. A number of states now require victims, or the relatives of victims who have died, to testify. This should be extended throughout the country. The state is supposed to represent the victim in court by re-

presenting society as a whole. We need to establish special advocates who will present vivid portraits of the victims in court. Crime must be treated as a total public responsibility, not simply the domain of the police or the courts.

RUBINSTEIN: That won't happen until the police begin to think that *all* crime is equally important. The fact is, the kind of crime that has attacked the whole society during the last twenty-five years has always been a part of the lives of poor people in large cities.

JACOBY: Certainly whites must change their attitudes about black-on-black crime. A few months ago, a young white Harvard graduate was murdered on the roof of her New York apartment building. It made the front page. The Police Department put forty detectives on the case and made an arrest in a few days. Soon afterward a black housewife was murdered in Harlem. The incident merited only a small item in the paper; three detectives were assigned to the case. Now what on earth do the people living in fear in Harlem and Bedford Stuyvesant think when they read about those forty detectives? Does that encourage the community's "sense of oneness" with the police?

We must guarantee that our criminal justice system exacts punishment with some consistency and reliability. And not only for murder and rape. Certainly one of the reasons that the crime problem is so bad, and that people *perceive* it as being even worse than it is, is that they don't see any punishment exacted for "small" crimes. The person who is mugged, who feels the knife against his throat, does not consider that crime small. A friend of mine was hit on the head with a blunt instrument and wound up in the hospital for two days. But to the police officer who came to interview her she wasn't "really" hurt—she wasn't in the intensive care unit or in a coma. The officer told her that because she would recover, hers was not a "high-priority" case. He was telling the truth. But what does this say to people? Someone must be stabbed through the heart for the crime to be important. A society cannot give the impression that a criminal who doesn't gravely injure someone is not worth punishing. Punishment is important in both a real sense and a symbolic sense: people must feel that society regards their lives and their property and their peace of mind as important.

MURRAY: Our goal should be: Let us do justice. We can't catch all criminals, but when one is apprehended, it is essential that justice be done. And justice must consist of some action by the state that says unmistakably, "You shouldn't have

done that, and here is the penalty."

I remember the juvenile delinquents in Chicago whom I studied ten years ago. The average youngster committed for the first time to an institution in Cook County had thirteen prior arrests. He had been told thirteen times that it was O.K. to do what he did. If he had been given a small punishment after his first arrest, and a slightly larger one after his second, society would at least have done justice. And some kids would have been discouraged from doing the same thing again.

WALINSKY: While we continue to argue about whether to cook the bird, put it on ice, or flay it alive, I feel obliged to point out that those we have chosen to govern us—the men and women who make the decisions about where to spend the public's money, whether in city hall, the statehouse, or Congress—do not happen to agree with you. They don't seem to feel that "justice must be done, and be seen to be done." Why is that? I've decided that the reason elected officials don't feel the need to do much about crime is that there is no real money to be made in public safety. Except for building more prisons—a popular cause among politicians—there are no big contracts to be let.

When we discuss crime, we tend to focus so much on the magnitude of the penalties, the procedural safeguards, and the state of our prisons that we ignore the fact that *public order has broken down*. People in this country don't feel safe walking in their own neighborhoods, for God's sake! The overwhelming problem today is one of public order and public safety.

We have to increase the safety of our neighborhoods. And that *can* be done. If we simply augmented our police forces we might not eliminate all crime, but we would create islands of safety where citizens could begin to live their lives and recover their confidence. If a police officer patrolled the street that Claude Brown talked about, the old people walking their dogs wouldn't feel the need to carry guns in paper bags.

Jonathan and I have proposed a "police corps," which would double our police forces by giving young people a college education in return for three years of service as police officers. The proposal would give us more police, at an affordable cost. And it would make citizens feel they were doing something concrete to fight crime. But it is useless to pretend that we are not going to have a significant public-order problem as long as the situation at the core of our cities is so desperate.

Governments have preferred to spend money elsewhere, and they have found it expedient to invent a whole mythology about the causes of

crime. I think the judge is correct in saying the judiciary has long been treated as a scapegoat. It's much easier, after all, to make a speech about weak-kneed judges than it is to provide adequate police protection. It's much easier to attack the State Department for not pressuring the governments of Turkey or Colombia than it is to do something about the condition of the schools. The fundamental issue is whether we have the political will to do something about crime. That this issue, which by every account is the single greatest concern of the American people, is not receiving more attention at all levels of government is absolutely stunning.

LAPHAM: Judge, how would you account for what seems to be a gap between people's concern about crime and the efforts of the criminal justice system to do something about it?

ROBERTS: Well, I think there is widespread misunderstanding of what the criminal justice system does. The purpose of the courts is not to fight crime. The courts resolve disputes between the government and a citizen charged with a crime, ensuring that due-process rights are accorded and the Constitution is upheld.

What can the criminal justice system do? It can provide citizens with a certitude of speedy adjudication and thereby create more respect for the law. It can enlarge the lower courts so they can deal with quality-of-life crimes.

The media are the natural allies of the government and the judiciary in these efforts. They must educate the public about the causes of crime and about the limits imposed by our system of government in combating it. The public must recognize that our Constitution makes it at the very least impractical to eliminate the crime problem overnight by "locking them up and throwing away the key."

The media should inform the public that the police make arrests and bring charges in only 26 percent of reported robberies, and in only 15 percent of reported burglaries. And the media should turn to the other branches of government, which prefer to pass the buck to the judiciary, and say, "How about doing something about this? How about more police, for a start?"

But the media should make people understand that we cannot build a criminal justice system ten times the size of the one we have now. We don't have enough money, and even if we did, I don't think that would be the way to solve the problem. We can build a courthouse in the Bronx as big as the Triborough Bridge and staff it with half of the population of the Bronx, in order to try the other half. But that won't eliminate crime, and it won't give us the kind of society we want. ■

Remembering Vietnam

Vietnam occupies that part of the mind inhabited solely by memories. Our collective memories will recall that ten years ago this spring, America's involvement in Vietnam came to an end.

It is a date that will live in ambiguity.

In Ho Chi Minh's own words, "The Americans don't like long, inconclusive wars—and this is going to be a long, inconclusive war." It was.

Let others use this occasion to explain why we were there, what we accomplished, what went wrong, and who was right. We seek here only to draw attention to those who served.

They gave their best and, in many cases, their lives. They fought not for territorial gain, or national glory, or personal wealth. They fought only because they were called to serve. Some returned intact, some physically and emotionally maimed. Others never returned and are immortalized in a national memorial in Washington, D.C.

Perhaps they questioned why they were there. Certainly some complained. Yet they served. Many lie today beneath white crosses or buried in our personal memories. They all were soldiers.

No one wants war—not the civil leaders who proclaim it, not the civilians who suffer from it, least of all the

soldiers who must fight it. Yet we have it. In the words of Plato, "Only the dead have seen the end of war."

Whatever acrimony lingers in our consciousness, whatever regrets we may have, whatever "might-have-beens" or "if-only's," whatever people may say on this anniversary, let us not forget the Vietnam veteran.

It was on July 8, 1959, that the first American was killed in that war. For 16 years they died. Then, on April 30, 1975, the last Americans left Vietnam.

In a larger sense we all are veterans of Vietnam. It is part of our history.

Those who served in Vietnam deserve better than what they got.

As a nation we have always tried to do what is right. Let us try to do right to the Vietnam veteran. Let us begin by remembering.

Etched in granite on the face of a Vietnam Veterans Monument in Buffalo, New York, are feelings that should be etched in our hearts:

*They answered when called;
Asked for little and got less;
And made us richer for their sacrifice
But poorer for their passing.
In remembering the dead,
We embrace the living.
For we ought to remember
Better than we do.*



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

THE SOURING OF THE ARGENTINE DREAM

Democracy meets the Red Queen

By Robert Cox

The Argentine Nightmare was supposed to turn into the Argentine Dream when the last stroke of midnight heralded the dawn of December 10, 1983, and the inauguration of Raúl Alfonsín as Argentina's first freely and fairly elected civilian president in fifty-four years. It was a magical moment. I was in a restaurant in San Telmo, the ancient heart of the 449-year-old city of Buenos Aires. The pianist thumped out the "Marseillaise." We all got to our feet. Then we sang the Argentine national anthem. Its floridly rhetorical stanzas, made meaningless by a half-century of military coups, had suddenly become stirring:

Listen, mortals, the sacred cry: Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Hear the sound of chains breaking!

Even the self-congratulatory verse that describes "the free people of the world . . . toasting the health of the great Argentine people" made sense for the first time in my twenty years in Argentina. People were dancing in the streets. The siren of the venerable newspaper *La Prensa* wailed its joy, and the sirens of the ships in the port joined in.

The next day there was euphoria throughout the land. Dictatorship was dead. Democracy was reborn. God was an Argentine after all, and Alfonsín was going to make Argentina heaven on earth again. That day the president did not speak from the balcony of the government palace, the Casa Rosada—with its ghosts of the great dictator Perón and his legendary wife, Evita, and of all the half-forgotten leaders of countless military coups—but from the Ca-

bildo, where independence was forged in 1810. Wonder of wonders: a man wearing the blue and white presidential sash and carrying the baton of office addressing the nation from a balcony—but dressed in a dark civilian suit, not a military uniform, and speaking about human rights.

I had returned to Argentina to see Alfonsín's inauguration and to savor a democratic miracle. It was my first visit since I had left with my wife and young children four years earlier, following a campaign of harassment and intimidation directed against both me and my family. As editor of the *Buenos Aires Herald*, I had incurred the anger of the military juntas that had ruled since 1976 by publishing stories about the *desaparecidos*—people who had "disappeared," who had been kidnapped and taken to clandestine prisons to be tortured and then murdered. By the time we left, in December of 1979, the *desaparecidos* numbered about 12,000—that was my estimate; others put the figure as high as 30,000—and Argentines seemed to have accepted torture and secret executions as normal and necessary methods of repression.

The country I returned to in December 1983 seemed blissfully free. In my ten-day visit I saw no sign of the sinister Ford Falcons without license plates that the military had used to transport its kidnap victims. Policemen smiled and offered directions instead of demanding identification papers. But I sensed an underlying unease. Where had the death squads gone? Were they waiting in the underground parking garages that the military mayor of Buenos Aires had constructed all over the city, at enormous expense? Could a mere election—even one as astonishing as that in which Alfonsín's Radical

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The calls were a reminder that 'they' were still there, that democracy had changed nothing

party handed the Peronists the first defeat in their history—have exorcised Argentina's demons? Was the invocation of the magic word *democracy* so powerful?

When I returned to Argentina again last winter for a three-week visit, the answers were painfully evident. The bone-piercing chill in Buenos Aires seemed to come not from the bitter winds sweeping up from the Antarctic but from the bleak realization that democracy was not a miracle after all, that it was no more likely than the military coups of the past to cure Argentina's ills. My wife, who had arrived in Buenos Aires a few weeks earlier, had warned me: "They've started the calls again." The day after she had moved into our old apartment on Avenida Alvear, she told me, the familiar calls began—warnings that she was being watched, descriptions of clothes she had worn, accounts of where she had been. This time there were no actual threats. The calls were simply a reminder that "they" were still there, that democracy had changed nothing.

Of course, something had changed: "they" no longer ran the government. But what seemed to matter most to Argentines was that the man in the business suit might turn out to be as much of a disappointment as the generals on their white horses. The true national anthem of Argentina had again become the tango called "Cambalache" ("The Junk Store"):

That the world always was and always will be a
dunghheap, that I know . . .

Anyone is a gentleman, anyone is a thief!
It's just the same if you work all day like an ox,
If you kill, or if you cure, or if you're outside the
law.

Everything is the same, nothing is better!

The Madres de la Plaza de Mayo still gather in the square outside the Casa Rosada every Thursday, silently asking the man who runs the country to tell them where their missing sons, daughters, and grandchildren are. The Madres became famous during the years of the military dictatorship, when they alone demanded an accounting from the government while their fellow citizens studiously obeyed the Peronist slogan "Silence is health." But their renown has not brought them answers.

The Madres are not satisfied with the course justice has taken. They were unhappy when Alfonsín decided to limit his government's prosecution of those responsible for kidnapping, torturing, and murdering thousands of Argentines suspected of being "subversives" to the nine military men who made up the three juntas that ruled from 1976 to 1983. Their unhappiness became anger when Alfonsín ruled that all members of the armed forces be tried not by civilian courts but by their

peers in the military council, and their anger intensified as military justice proved to be the parody they had expected. Pressed by the Supreme Court to hand down a decision, the council—whose members had received innumerable death threats from military sympathizers—announced last November that it could find "nothing objectionable" about the actions of the armed forces commanders in their "struggle against subversive and terrorist delinquency." When

the public protested, the entire council resigned. In January, the Supreme Court ordered that the nine former junta members face civilian courts; Argentina's erstwhile leaders responded by declaring flatly that they would answer no questions from civilian judges.

But democracy has given Argentines some answers. One of Alfonsín's first acts as president was to order an investigation of the disappearances. And last September, ten long years after they began, the 490-page report of the National Commission on the Disappearance of Persons was released. Ernesto Sabato, Argentina's greatest living novelist and chairman of the commission, wrote in his introduction:

From the voluminous documentation we have gathered, we deduce that human rights were violated by the organs of the state through the repression of the armed forces. . . . From our information, it appears that this technology of hell was carried out by sadistic but controlled agents.

The kidnapping operations demonstrated precise organization, at times in the work places of those who had been denounced. Others were carried out in the street in broad daylight. When the victim was sought out at night in his home, armed squads surrounded the district and entered by force, terrorizing parents and children, often gagging them and forcing them to watch the events.



Juan Domingo Perón and Raúl Alfonsín

They took hold of the person they were looking for, beat him brutally, hooded him, and finally dragged the person to a car or a truck, while the rest of the squad almost always destroyed what was left behind or stole what could be carried away. From there they headed to a den on whose door could have been inscribed the words Dante read on the gates of hell: *All hope abandon, ye who enter here.*

The report documents the cases of 8,961 persons who disappeared between 1976 and 1980. The commission does not believe its list is anywhere near complete, because a lingering, palpable fear has kept many people from notifying the government about missing relatives. The report also lists 340 secret concentration camps. Originally, an appendix to the report included the names of 1,200 military and police officers who carried out the kidnappings, tortured the prisoners, and arranged their "transfer," the euphemism for murder. But at the last moment the government decided not to make the appendix public. The ostensible reason was that the commission had been instructed to find out what happened, not to bring charges. But it is common knowledge that the government withheld the appendix out of fear of provoking the military.

With the government's prosecution of the commanders stalled, lawyers representing the families of victims of military repression are fighting to get their cases heard by civilian courts. Thousands of cases against officers have been brought before civilian judges; but because of Alfonsín's ruling that officers must be judged by their peers, all evidence heard by civilian courts must be passed on to military tribunals for a final ruling. (Alfonsín did at least stipulate that civilian judges would be empowered to review the verdicts.) These cases are expected to drag on for years.

Alfonsín, under public pressure to take stronger measures against the military, has acted in his capacity as commander in chief to order the detention of Admiral Ruben Chamorro and General Ramon Camps. Chamorro ran a clandestine torture center and death camp in the navy mechanics school. He took as his mistress a guerrilla who had been "turned" by torture and psychological manipulation at the center, and set her up in a nearby apartment; but she continued to work willingly in the death camp, torturing other prisoners. Camps earned notoriety for his ruthlessness as Buenos Aires police chief during the height of the disappearances, and in particular for his persecution of Jacobo Timerman, the Jewish editor and publisher of the newspaper *La Opinión* and one of the few "disappeared" journalists to survive the death camps. Both Camps and Chamorro are

now officially under "rigorous arrest."

During my visit I went to see Camps at the Palermo barracks, where the military has "imprisoned" him. The farcical nature of Camps's confinement became clear when I was not even searched at the gate. The sergeant in the guard room gave only a cursory glance at my identification card. A few conscripts dressed for guard duty were fast asleep in a truck. I was greeted at the door of Camps's apartment by the general himself, in shirtsleeves and a sleeveless maroon pullover. There was nothing "rigorous" about his arrest. He was surrounded by bottles of liqueurs, a television set, photographs of his sons and daughters and grandchildren, even political pamphlets.

Eventually he began to talk. Then he began to rant. He had watched his archenemy Timerman on television the night before and was still seething, seeking conspiratorial explanations for Timerman's return to Argentine journalism. He said that the country had been taken over by Marxists, and that the man responsible was "that Marxist Raúl Alfonsín." He swore that when he returned to power "my hand will not tremble when I sign the order for the execution of Raúl Alfonsín." And he said that "people always return to power from jail."

The buildings of Buenos Aires, which carry so much graffiti that the very city seems diseased, suggest that Camps is not alone in his expectations. In the swankiest neighborhood, the *barrio norte*, Camps's name is scrawled on the walls: "Camps Patriot." He bragged about that.

Why has democracy not brought justice to Argentina? A few days before his inauguration, Alfonsín assured me that within forty-eight hours after taking office he would order the arrest of the leading military commanders. But an agreement to handle the military with kid gloves must have been reached at the eleventh hour. Nobody will talk publicly about the exact nature of that agreement, but Alfonsín's aides complain privately that the military establishment has not kept its promise to clean up its own house.

The president is not in a position to do much about the military's broken promise. It is true that he was elected with an unexpectedly solid majority. But Argentine politics has long been a matter of calculating the number of tanks that can move against the Casa Rosada as opposed to the number that can come to a president's defense—and by that standard Alfonsín is virtually powerless. Still, partly through skillful maneuvering and partly through luck, he has managed to retire fifty of the fifty-three officers who held the rank of general when he took of-

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For many, life
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dictatorship

fice. But it remains an open question whether he can truly rely on the men the military has promoted to take their place. Alfonsín has already weathered one military insurrection, which he dealt with by firing the army chief of staff and a garrison commander. And in March he faced down the top fourteen armed forces commanders, who were widely perceived to be resisting civilian control, and sent them into premature retirement.

Alfonsín has a defeated military on his hands—defeated by its own bestiality and abuses, by its failure to manage the economy, and by its humiliation in the Falkland Islands. But there is no victorious army to control it; Alfonsín has no choice but to try to reform the existing one. That is why eight and a half months passed before Lieutenant General Jorge Rafael Videla, who became president when the military seized power in 1976, was placed under arrest. That is partly why General Reynaldo Bignone, the last military president, was spared government prosecution altogether. (Alfonsín seemed to believe he owed Bignone a debt of gratitude for convincing the armed forces to agree to elections, for overseeing the voting, and for dutifully handing over the presidential sash and baton at the inauguration ceremony. To the new president's chagrin, cries of "murderer" greeted Bignone when he left the Casa Rosada by a back entrance after the ceremony. Less than a month later, lawyers for the parents of two draftees who had disappeared from the military academy while Bignone was its commander brought charges against him for their sons' presumed deaths.)

Along with the bodies they littered over the land or dumped into the sea, the military juntas left behind a shattered economy. Alfonsín and democracy have brought no economic miracles. The new government has not been able to control inflation, which accelerated to over 25 percent a month in January—an annual rate of 1,200 percent. Living with such hyperinflation is like clinging to a merry-go-round. The giddy exhilaration that comes from constantly battling the depreciation of money has begun to make the country seem like an enormous gambling casino. Money seems literally to shrink before one's eyes. Wages are renegotiated at the end of every month. Argentines vacationing in their own country buy dollars before departing, fearing that the daily devaluation of the peso will leave them without enough money to pay their hotel bill. Most stores no longer accept checks or credit cards; the peso will have shrunk too much by the time the amount is paid by the bank.

Democracy has not slowed the decline of the

peso, which has shrunk to one millionth of its value in 1959. The military regime that ruled in the name of "the Argentine Revolution" from 1966 to 1973 introduced a new peso simply by cutting two zeros from the old one; cash registers and calculators had not been able to handle all the zeros. In 1977, the most recent military regime created a new new Argentine peso by slashing four zeros from the face value of the old new notes. Although some pre-1977 bills are still in circulation (the biggest denomination—the million-peso note—is currently worth only a few U.S. cents) along with the newer currency, it is clear that a new new new Argentine peso will have to be issued soon. It will no doubt have a different name. (Whether that will make it easier for those who still find themselves working out prices in pre-1970 money remains to be seen.) You can go out with a pocket full of bills and discover you don't have enough money to buy a newspaper. And the rapidly deteriorating condition of the bills adds to people's anxiety about the future; every night I found myself repairing the day's harvest of torn and tattered pesos with Scotch tape.

Labor strikes by the powerful Peronist trade unions and by state employees, virtually unknown during the seven years of military rule, have become a regular irritation, and have made it almost impossible for Alfonsín to hold down wages. There are disorganized and disruptive demonstrations almost daily, blocking traffic and annoying people on their way to work. Dignified Argentines seem to consider any undisciplined aspect of modern life—from the ubiquitous street musicians who clutter Buenos Aires's avenues to the badly printed pornography now stacked on its newsstands—both a personal affront and a sign of the "laxity" that reigns under democracy. For many, life was much more comfortable and secure under the military dictatorship. "So they call *this* democracy!" is a familiar refrain.

These economic problems partly explain why Argentines talk less and less of the horrors of what is now termed the repression. But the real reason is that democracy has not freed Argentina from its past: Argentines simply do not associate democracy with civil liberties. After all, Argentina has a democratic government today not because the people rose in anger, shouting "liberty, liberty, liberty," when they learned that the military regime had tortured and executed without trial thousands of people in 340 clandestine death camps, but because the men in uniform had spent the country into bankruptcy and lost a tragicomic war over the Falklands. There should have been no illusions in December 1983 about striding into a brave new dawn; it should have been clear that, at best,

Argentina might stagger a few steps at a time, as if trying to shake off a catastrophic hangover. "Great calamities are always instructive," Sábato wrote in his report. "Without a doubt the most terrible drama that this nation has suffered in all of its history... will be useful to make [Argentines] understand that only a democracy is capable of preserving a people from such horror...." The problem with this eloquent appeal is that when Argentines use the word *democracy*, they resemble the Red Queen—the word means precisely what they want it to mean, no more and no less.

Democracy has been a fraud in Argentina since the country's first military coup in 1930, when the Radical Civic Union—Alfonsín's party—was overthrown. The 1930 coup ended what had been an orderly political development, with the middle class gradually taking power through the Radical party. After ruling directly for seventeen months, the military devised what was openly called "the patriotic fraud." The officers and their conservative allies used electoral fraud—and violence, when necessary—to ensure that conservative governments were returned to power. This policy created the political vacuum that was filled in 1945 by a new phenomenon that came to be known as Peronism.

Juan Domingo Perón, the man of the people, wore a uniform and imposed a dictatorship in the name of democracy. Drawing on his experience as a military attaché in Mussolini's Italy, he fashioned a personality cult around himself and his young actress-wife, Evita, and created a political movement rooted in aggressive nationalism and populism fired by class hatred. He gained the devotion of the workers by establishing a populist social welfare system that provided Christmas bonuses, generous holidays, and early retirement benefits, but made workers beholden to the Peronist trade unions, which in turn relied on government patronage. And before Evita died of cancer in 1952 and "passed into immortality," as a pious Peronist would put it, she was in the habit of personally distributing to the poor money from a cashbox she always carried with her.

Ask Peronists what their hero did for the workers and you will be told that he gave them *lignidad* (dignity). Nevertheless, Perón's popularity began to decline when the economy soured in the early 1950s. In 1955, the military staged a "liberating" revolution and Perón was allowed to leave the country in a Paraguayan gunboat. The military thus became identified with anti-Peronism, while Perón, awaiting the call to return from his luxurious exile in Madrid, was free to become a man of the people

again. (Evita became Argentina's first *desaparecido*. After Perón fled, the military had her embalmed corpse spirited away to a secret grave in Italy in the hope that the Evita cult would wither away when denied worship of her preserved body.)

The military ruled for eighteen years in the name of democracy and anti-Peronism, with brief intervals for two sham elections and subsequent military coups. By the late 1960s Peronism was the only political idea that stirred the Argentine imagination, inspiring particularly strong devotion among the young. The cruel beauty of this latter-day Peronism was that it could be whatever Argentines wanted it to be. The movement extended from the extreme left to the extreme right, counting among its members unrepentant Nazis as well as self-styled Marxists with fascist sympathies. Because Peronism was considered an emancipating force—it had, after all, given the working class access to political power for the first time in Argentine history—its contradictions seemed unimportant. The fascists and the Marxists created an inner dynamism that made up for the lack of any coherent ideology.

Exiled in his Madrid mansion, Perón received a steady stream of visitors. He urged his young supporters to take up terrorism, applauding the assassinations they carried out in his name. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, young Argentines did not demonstrate on campus or sing protest songs; they took up guns in the name of national liberation. The myriad of left-wing and fascist guerrilla groups financed their campaigns of terror against businessmen, military officers, and the upper classes by kidnapping wealthy Argentines and ransoming them for huge sums. It was a time when sons, enraptured by Perón's rhetoric of hate and dazzled by the legends of the now almost mythical Evita, kidnapped their fathers.

By the early 1970s it appeared that the entire country was enamored of Perón again, not only the militant young activists but also the trade unionists, the intellectuals, even some of the wealthy. And Perón seemed to be changing; he seemed to be imitating Franco, de Gaulle, and Mao, all at the same time, appealing simultaneously to the military nationalists longing for law and order, to the upper classes yearning for stability, and to young leftists dreaming of Third World revolutions.

The swaggering young guerrilla leaders didn't know what to make of these contradictions. The Marxist-Leninist People's Revolutionary Army (ERP) finally took to the hills, denouncing Perón as a reactionary. Even the Peronist Montoneros—"red" fascists—began to have mixed feelings about "el viejo." They loathed

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the terrorists

Perón's "reactionary" third wife, Isabelita, a chorus girl he had met in a Panama bar. And they feared her secretary, José López Rega, a demented mystic and former police corporal who seemed to rule the Perón household, bullying the old man and exerting a sinister influence over his wife. It was this grotesque royal family that returned in triumph in 1974 to establish the Peronist Restoration—a doddering, senile king; a dotty, inconsequential queen; and a *criollo* Rasputin. Perón was elected president by a record 62 percent of the vote, with Isabelita as his vice president. Within nine months he was dead. He was buried with great pomp and ceremony in a military funeral, wearing his general's uniform.

Today Argentines have forgotten that they heaved a collective sigh of relief when the military came to save them from the chaos that followed Perón's death. Under Perón's widow the ideological contradictions of Peronism could no longer be submerged in demagoguery, and the daily toll of left- and right-wing terrorism steadily mounted. Finally, with encouragement from the military, which had been only too glad to give Perón back his general's uniform, Argentine judges showed unusual bravery and charged Isabelita with stealing charity funds. By March 1976, when the coup came at last and Isabelita was whisked away to a suitably regal prison in Argentina's southern lake district, inflation was running at 60 percent a month and the battle between state security forces and the country's many and varied guerrilla groups was claiming hundreds of lives a week.

Even before they seized power, the officers had begun to mimic the terrorists. The Argentine people, who had earlier been silent in the face of the guerrillas' violence, now accepted state terrorism with a similar lack of protest. The Argentine press's Orwellian use of words was fascinating. Perón's guerrilla supporters did not kill or murder, they "applied justice." Later the Montoneros became "special formations," to distinguish them from the ERP cadres, who were simply "terrorists." Anyone who opposed the military regime, from a committed terrorist to a nonviolent dissident like Nobel Peace Prize laureate Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, as well as anyone who did not publicly support it, from a critical journalist to a questioning schoolteacher, was a "subversive." And subversives could be "eliminated" by the "forces of order," with no questions asked.

After the coup, everyone believed the killing would stop. Jorge Luis Borges, Argentina's grand old man of letters, proclaimed, "We are now ruled by gentlemen." Borges was invited to lunch at the Casa Rosada with other eminent

Argentines, including Ernesto Sábato, who would later be given the task of chronicling the atrocities of his hosts. The leaders of the coup, Lieutenant General Videla and Admiral Emilio Massera, did look like perfect gentlemen. Videla appeared to be very shy; he reminded me of a rabbit. He was always ill at ease and abjectly apologetic when I broached the subject of his government's "excesses," as they were called. Massera, on the other hand, was assured, confident, and openly contemptuous of Videla. Once, after I had written an editorial Massera didn't like, he warned me, "I will put you away forever." I was not sure whether that meant he would have me imprisoned in perpetuity, "disappeared," or murdered outright. (As it happened, Massera was the first of the military commanders to go to jail. In 1983 he was charged with involvement in a mundane crime: the murder of his mistress's husband, who was put away forever. He had a date to go sailing with the admiral, and never reappeared.)

When I was finally sent to jail in 1977 it was for a very short time. But it was long enough to let me see the real Argentina, the secret country that people knew about but dared not describe. In this Argentina radios were turned up so loud that the sound was distorted; but screams rose clearly above the background music, like the notes of a violin soaring above the orchestra.

During my twenty years in Argentina the building I was held in had always been the headquarters of the secret police, but it was called Coordinación Federal. The military had changed the name to Superintendencia de Seguridad. The military always seemed to choose revealing names. For example, its program of citizen "re-education," intended to instill a stern Prussian discipline in Argentines, was called *El Proceso*, the Spanish title of Kafka's *The Trial*. And now the SS? Perhaps a Freudian slip? I think not.

It was here that I first heard those screams in 1975, coming from the bowels of the security headquarters of the Argentine Federal Police. Even at that time, before the coup, I knew immediately what I was hearing: live human voices howling in agony above the dead, inhuman tones of the radio. I needn't have read the later reports of the victims who said that in the torture chamber there was usually a radio, playing at full volume. One of the police officers who was taking a statement from me saw the expression on my face. "Must be a great film they're showing tonight," he said. You don't often see a facial expression that can fairly be described as a smirk; he smirked.

The second time I heard the screams that no sound could drown out the expressions on the faces of the police officers with me did not change. They made no comment. I think one of them simply closed the door. It was 1977, and I was under arrest. I had written a news story and an editorial about a group of Montonero terrorists who had fled the country and held a press conference in Rome. My offense was technical: it was forbidden to call the terrorist groups by name. Journalists were required to call the Montoneros "the delinquent band declared illegal in 1975." The official charge was violating national security, and it carried a jail sentence of eight to twelve years.

That was how I saw the inside—the anteroom, really—of the Superintendencia de Seguridad. In the room where I was being stripped to enter one of the Superintendencia's top-security cells there was a swastika so large it covered one wall. To ensure that no one

would fail to get the message, one word had been written under the swastika: *Nazinacionalismo* (Nazi nationalism). Standing naked before the guards, I suddenly found myself thinking of the minor operation I had undergone a few months earlier, in which I had lost half of my foreskin.

But the circumstances of my arrest were unusual. I had actually been charged with an offense, held in a real police station, and transported to jail in a car with license plates. My arrest quickly became an embarrassment to the regime. I was the tenth journalist to be picked up by the security forces in two months, and there was an outcry in Argentina and abroad. Suddenly, the military wanted to be rid of me as quickly as possible. The officers ran me through three prisons before releasing me in twenty-four hours.

It was a minor incident, almost humiliating compared with the black horror of that time and the pressure the military later exerted on me and my family. Endless threats, kidnappings, near "accidents"—on one occasion my wife narrowly escaped being run down on the sidewalk outside our apartment house by two unmarked cars from the death squads; another

time one of the wheels came off our car while we were driving it—culminated in a neatly written sadistic death threat handed to my eleven-year-old son. We left Argentina shortly before Christmas of 1979.

Of course, it all seems incredible now. It was because it was incredible that it could take place. Incredible to think that people could disappear. "People don't disappear," I remember an American editor grumbling. The military

knew that too, so it devised a litany of explanations. All the missing people were terrorists. Some had killed themselves, others had killed one another. Some had changed their identities, others were living in Paris. The police published lists of people who had simply run away from home in order to suggest that the military was not responsible for all the disappearances. Although it was common knowledge that the military had kidnapped thousands of people, the economy was booming, and most Argentines

saw no reason to question the government's claims. Soon the word *desaparecido* became quite banal; only those who had a *desaparecido* in the family seemed to care.

Among the few people brave enough to see us off when we left Argentina were Sara Brodsky and her husband, a prominent Buenos Aires ophthalmologist. Their son had been one of about a dozen young people, most of them involved in utopian left-wing politics at the University of Buenos Aires, who had been kidnapped the previous August. But in an unusual twist, they had all been allowed to telephone their parents. The calls, urging the parents not to publicize the kidnappings—"Don't move any papers" was the cryptic phrase used—continued at monthly intervals. The calls were reassuring; the young people said it appeared they would soon be released because they had not been "convicted" of the crime of subversion. Some of the well-placed parents were also encouraged by information they received from their contacts in the military. Admiral Massera himself told Dr. and Mrs. Brodsky that their son would be all right.

The parents decided they would be endangering the lives of their children if they embarrassed the government by making the disap-

In the room where I was being stripped to enter one of the top-security cells there was a swastika so large it covered one wall



Reynaldo Bignone

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pearances public. Shunning publicity, they made every effort to persuade the military to release their children or to transfer them to official jails and put them on trial if necessary.

The telephone calls ended in March 1980. Then the Brodskys and the other mothers and fathers heard no more. After a year of silence Mrs. Brodsky wrote to me, "We must scream out. It looks like they have killed Fernando."

During my visit I went with Mrs. Brodsky to give evidence in court. I described how, during the months before I left Argentina in 1979, I had tried to convince the military to release the young people, who were then still being allowed to telephone from the gulag. The very day we went to court, a survivor of the notorious camp at the navy mechanics school had taken his courage in his hands and held a press conference to describe what he had lived through. He had "cooperated" with his torturers. In return, he had been given the privilege of removing the hood that noncooperative prisoners wore day and night. He had also been given a job: he had been the official photographer of the death camp.

It was through this former prisoner that Mrs. Brodsky and I came to see the last photograph ever taken of her son Fernando. He was smiling, like a young man about to go for a swim.

Perón infected the entire Argentine public body with militarism. The political movement he founded still looks up to *el general*, still adulates uniforms. As for the officers themselves, they say little in public, apart from occasional outbursts at military funerals and banquets. Brigadier Cayo Antonio Alsina, a former air force commander, speaking at an officers' club banquet last year, suggested why the military believes it has the divine right to take over the government whenever it wishes:

We are living in times of absolute confusion in which it is said that we have passed from authoritarian repression to marvelous liberty. Nothing of the sort. Let us be clear . . . and say no to libertinage, to the corruption of undisguised pornography, to the questioning of our elders, to the deformation of our youth through foreign music and drugs,

to the dissolution of the family, and to the subordination of the natural order and divine origin.

Or, as the military academy's slogan puts it, "Morality takes refuge in the barracks."

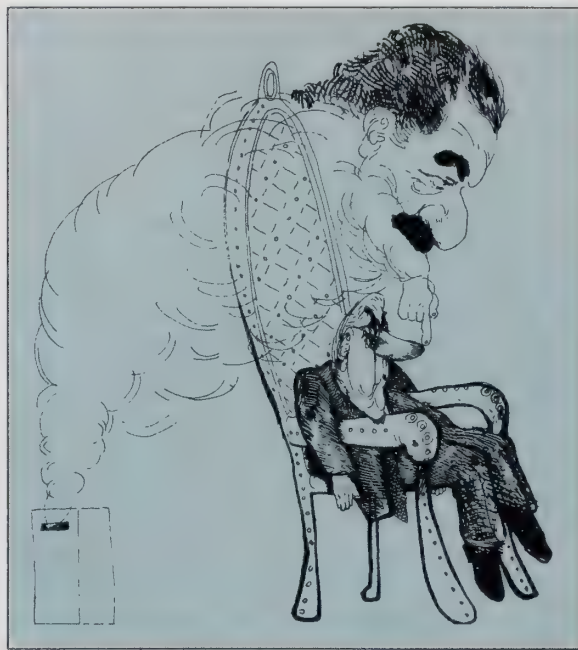
In private, most officers contend that they achieved a glorious victory over left-wing subversion in what they refer to as "the dirty war," that the country owes them gratitude, and that one day it will be forthcoming. In the meantime, they are prepared to wait. Perhaps they do

not all feel, as General Camps does, that it will be necessary to execute President Alfonsín as a Marxist. They do not all seem to agree with him that the country is heading toward civil war. Instead, they seem to believe that nothing much has changed in Argentina. They appear confident that they will eventually return to power, and that most Argentines will once again welcome them and praise them for saving the country.

Anger against the military still runs high, but among ordinary people

the grind of everyday life, aggravated by hyperinflation, makes for short memories. The average Argentine is constantly battling entropy and rising prices. Nothing seems to work properly. Almost everything involves standing in line. Peregrinations from desk to desk and from department to department are an Argentine ritual, whether in a government office or a hardware store. They put an enormous strain on the nerves, particularly if the *trámite*, the word used to describe any bureaucratic procedure, involves one of the many official documents that the government obliges people to obtain and renew with amazing frequency. Elaborate time-wasting and humiliating procedures shadow the life of the average citizen and provide mindless employment for battalions of petty authoritarians.

It may be that these constant irritations—the telephones that don't work, the seemingly endless strikes, and, above all, the dizzying price rises—are what will bring the military out of the barracks. Perón understood this. "It was the clamor from the streets, from the workshop and from the farm that came knocking at the gates, calling for justice," he declared in 1944. "And the army and the navy . . . responded patriotically. . . . They went into the streets, preceded in their march by the people, who



Raúl Alfonsín and Reynaldo Bignone

encouraged and acclaimed them." Alfonsín understands it too.

To keep the military from "responding patriotically" again, Alfonsín must improve the economy. In his first year in office, he dared not risk the belt-tightening measures demanded by the International Monetary Fund as a condition for extending further loans to Argentina. He feared that firing government workers, holding down wages, and allowing the peso to find its true value on world markets would reveal how fragile his popular support really was. Although his policies resulted in a 2 percent increase in real wages in 1984, they sent inflation soaring, and by the end of the year he realized that hyperinflation was his greatest enemy. In February, he called for the resignations of two close friends, Bernardo Grinspun, his economic minister, and Enrique García Vazquez, president of the central bank. To lead an all-out fight against inflation he appointed in their stead Juan Sourrouille, a young Harvard-trained economist, and Alfredo Concepción, a prominent businessman.

It is the atomization of the Peronist movement that has given Alfonsín an opportunity to introduce austerity measures. With Isabelita living happily in Madrid, like a queen in golden retirement, there is no undisputed leader. A violent internal struggle has divided Peronism into warring factions, and the danger of the once-monolithic Peronist labor movement calling a general strike—always a possibility in 1984—has receded. Alfonsín has managed to win the support of many democratic Peronists and even of their queen, Isabelita, who has been pictured taking tea with the president on her two visits to Argentina since his election. (All those awkward corruption charges against her have been wiped out by presidential decree.) A renewal of the alliance between the unions and the military, which was originally the source of Perón's power and would normally pose the gravest threat to Alfonsín's government, is impossible, at least for the moment.

And what of the military itself? Alfonsín has tried to calm the impatient leaders of Argentina's growing human rights movement by explaining that he had to choose between using "blood or time" to restore democracy, and that he chose time. From the moment he decided not to risk provoking the officers by ordering mass arrests and setting up Nuremberg-style trials, Alfonsín has been trying to "re-educate" them. Army, navy, and air force officers are now taking courses at civilian universities. The president has even asked his supporters to do their patriotic duty and take military officers out to lunch to sell them on the virtues of democracy. Meanwhile he is working to defuse

the military time bomb by reducing the size of the officer corps, cutting the number of draftees, slashing the military budget, and gradually putting civilians in charge of the huge industrial empire the men in uniform built up for themselves during the past half-century.

But the officers still refuse to accept judgment by civilian authority, insisting they are answerable only to their peers. At this writing, there is a stalemate worthy of a labyrinthine tale by Borges. The military, the self-proclaimed "guardian of the constitution," insists it is above civilian law; the Supreme Court, interpreter of the constitution, has ruled the military must submit to it, demanding that the commanders answer the charges against them in open court—a rare departure from the traditional secrecy of Argentine justice. At the moment, the military's traditional court of final appeal—public opinion—is vehemently unsympathetic. That could change. The stalemate might eventually be broken, and the military brought to justice—but only if memories of its economic mismanagement and humiliation in the Falklands remain vivid, and if support for Alfonsín remains firm.

Alfonsín believes that it is just as important that the military's enemies in the dirty war be brought to justice, and the government has gone to great lengths to prosecute the surviving leaders of the guerrilla organizations. Mario Firmenich, a leader of the Montoneros, was extradited from Brazil last December to face trial for kidnapping and murder. Like the officers, Firmenich and other guerrilla leaders are attempting to appeal to public opinion, pleading for amnesty in exhortatory billboards and newspaper advertisements. Their appeals too have so far met with rejection. The government believes its impartiality is necessary not merely to refute the extreme right wing's categorization of Alfonsín as a Marxist but also to assure Argentines that something *has* changed in Argentina, and that, at last, there can be justice for all.

It remains to be seen whether the Argentine people have given up on magical solutions—whether they realize that the restoration of democracy means a long hard struggle and an end to political illusions. A few straws in the wind suggest that Alfonsín's task may not be hopeless. The president's personal popularity remains strong, despite disappointment over his failure to come up with a quick economic fix. And the barracks in the plush Buenos Aires neighborhood of Palermo, where I drank coffee with Alfonsín's mad enemy General Camps, has been taken away from the army and given to the University of Buenos Aires. Pure symbolism, perhaps, but quite unthinkable two years ago. ■

Alfonsín explained that he had to choose between using 'blood or time' to restore democracy, and that he chose time

“discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on.”

Smokers Get a Raw Deal

By Stanley S. Scott

The civil rights act, the voting rights act and a host of antidiscrimination laws notwithstanding, millions of Americans are still forced to sit in the back of planes, trains and buses. Many more are subject to segregation in public places. Some are even denied housing and employment: victims of an alarming — yet socially acceptable — public hostility.

This new form of discrimination is based on smoking behavior.

If you happen to enjoy a cigarette, you are the potential target of violent antismokers and overzealous public enforcers determined to force their beliefs on the rest of society.

Ever since people began smoking, smokers and nonsmokers have been able to live with one another using common courtesy and common sense. Not anymore. Today, smokers must put up with virtually unenforceable laws regulating when and where they can smoke — laws intended as much to discourage smoking itself as to protect the rights of nonsmokers. Much worse, supposedly responsible organizations devoted to the “public interest” are encouraging the har-

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assment of those who smoke.

This year, for example, the American Cancer Society is promoting programs that encourage people to attack smokers with cannisters of gas, to blast them with horns, to squirt them with oversized water guns and burn them in effigy.

Zealots, stop maltreating cigarette users

Harmless fun? Not quite. Consider the incidents that are appearing on police blotters across America:

- In a New York restaurant, a young man celebrating with friends was zapped in the face by a man with an aerosol spray can. His offense: lighting a cigarette. The aggressor was the head of a militant antismoker organization whose goal is to mobilize an army of two million zealots to spray smokers in the face.

- In a suburban Seattle drug store,

a man puffing on a cigarette while he waited for a prescription to be filled was ordered to stop by an elderly customer who pulled a gun on him.

- A 23-year-old lit up a cigarette on a Los Angeles bus. A passenger objected. When the smoker objected to the objection, he was fatally stabbed.

- A transit policeman, using his reserve gun, shot and fatally wounded a man on a subway train in the Bronx in a shootout over smoking a cigarette.

The basic freedoms of more than 50 million American smokers are at risk today. Tomorrow, who knows what personal behavior will become socially unacceptable, subject to restrictive laws and public ridicule? Could travel by private car make the social engineers' hit list because it is less safe than public transit? Could ice cream, cake and cookies become socially unacceptable because their consumption causes obesity? What about sky diving, mountain climbing, skiing and contact sports? How far will we allow this to spread?

The question all Americans must ask themselves is: can a nation that has struggled so valiantly to eliminate bias based on race, religion and sex afford to allow a fresh set of categories to encourage new forms of hostility between large groups of citizens?

After all, discrimination is discrimination, no matter what it is based on. □

THE FOOT

By Michelle Huneven

Sooner or later, everyone finds out. Five years ago, when I was twenty-three years old, I shot my boyfriend in the foot. And was arrested and punished. It would seem at times that the shooting is the most interesting thing about me. Most people have never shot anybody. By the end of every party I go to, all the people I don't know are surreptitiously observing me.

I'm not secretive about the crime, although until now I've never employed a confession as my opening line. Felonies thrive in the public domain, so most people don't have to get the story from me. My friends and even my family happily supply the details. I've gotten so I can spot it when somebody knows. They treat me deferentially. For example, if the subject of violence or, say, gun control arises, they'll attempt to steer the conversation back to gentler topics. I'm not fooled. Such honed sensitivity is really a form of unconscious urging: I can trust them, I can tell them the entire story.

When I do indulge the curious, I'm invariably surprised by their willingness to absolve me. "You were helping him avoid the draft," they say. Never mind that the war was over in '75. Or this: "You must have a deeply passionate nature." Or this: "You must have been under a lot of pressure at school." Oh, I realize that the impulse to ignore any evil intent on my part is a friendly impulse; but such goodwill serves only to underscore the fact that extenuating circumstances merely mitigate punishment and do not erase guilt. Once or twice, while riding the reasoning of my lawyer's arguments, it occurred to me that through some lo-

gistical kink I might actually be innocent. The rest of the time, I've felt guilty.

I'm a printmaker. Intaglio. I moved to the Midwest to study with a famous master printmaker. On my third day in town, I met Jon Doppinger while apartment hunting in the rustic decrepitude of Krantz's Kottage Kourt. There were three vacant cottages, all scarcely larger than playhouses. Doppinger and I revolved around and around each other like the figurines on a cuckoo clock. I couldn't help but notice him: he was seven-eighths leg, and tall. So tall that he cracked his head on a lintel as we both left cottage number four. In sympathy, I covered my mouth with my hand. He shook his head. "Not my day," he said. "It started out punk and it's getting worse." His eyes were shiny blue candies. I smiled and he kept on talking.

"I repair TVs," he said. "Today, one just popped out of my arms. Like an idiot, I tried to stop its fall with my foot; and now I've got a bruise on my shin like the aurora borealis. Next, I get this concussion. What's my name? Why is it I never forget the right things?" Doppinger rubbed his head. His hair was tufty and blond. Really, he was very good-looking in an oddly proportioned way.

He rented number eleven. I rented four. I moved in but he never did. I saw him again when he came to get his deposit back from Mr. Krantz. He knocked at my door and I asked him in for coffee. When he sat at my table, he looked perfectly normal. There was no clue that his legs were curled like hanks of rope under the tabletop. His face was rubbery and expressive. He gazed at me as if my next words might complete an enormous puzzle. It was flattering, but nerve-racking. I asked questions in self-defense. For example: Why wasn't he moving in?

Michelle Huneven lives in Springville, California. "The Foot," which appeared in a slightly different version in Willow Springs magazine, was recently awarded a General Electric Foundation Award for Younger Writers by the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines.

"My wife and I are splitting up," he said. "Last week she wanted the house. This week, I get it."

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Out," he said. He didn't look happy. He went on to explain that it was his grandmother's house in Breezy, some twenty-five miles away. He really didn't own it—yet. "Besides," he said, "my wife wants to go to school, and it's easier for her if she lives in town."

"You haven't been to college?" I asked.

He laughed. His cheeks looked like halved rubber balls had been implanted under the skin. "Ph.D., American Studies. My thesis was on the Knights of Labor, the first union. Ever need a sedative? You can check it out of the university library."

He came back a few days later carrying a six-pack and an old Philco, which he gave to me.



"All my friends have to have TVs I can fix," he said. We drank beer and watched ten minutes of a soap opera. A woman was in the hospital. She had something going with the doctor. Her husband came to see her and was rude to the doctor. The doctor left and was rude to a nurse. The nurse wept and told the doctor she was carrying his child. Back in the hospital room, the husband gave his wife a bracelet. She dropped it on the floor, and when her husband bent to pick it up, she made a nasty face. Doppinger turned off the TV. "Ugh," he said. His face was a knot. "Grab the beer," he said, "and I'll take you to a polka palace in Cedar Rapids."

We drove thirty miles and danced one polka on a beer-slick barroom floor. I hadn't polkaed since the eighth grade, and I fought for balance as Doppinger twirled me around. It was like trying to dance with a scissors, or with a man cleft nearly in two. The music stopped and Doppinger kissed me. "I'm going to take you home and put you in cement shoes so you can't ever get away from me," he said. Only we didn't go to his house. We drove north instead, and spent our first night together in an old hunting lodge a block from the Mississippi. The mattress sucked us down into a deep softness. I fit entirely within the arc of his body. It had been almost a year since I had slept with anyone, and his pulse, the hiss of his breath, and the thought of those infinite legs kept me awake, energized me as if I were lying with a radioactive statue, a Giacometti.

In the morning he dropped me off at Krantz's. Distracted, he didn't even turn off the car. "I have pickups and deliveries to make," he said. "I have some jobs I should've finished last night." I poked him around the floating rib. No response. I wondered about those cement shoes.

"I've got to get in myself," I said. "I have a houseplant dying of thirst."

I didn't see him again for almost three weeks. The first week I rarely left the apartment. I bought a begonia at the Eagle supermarket lest he come and find me plantless. Then school started. The print studio was a huge rectangular room that shivered under scores of fluorescent lights. My new mentor, a diminutive silent Eastern European, issued me one copper plate. "File the edges," he said. At home under the blinking screen of the Philco, I filed the edges. I filed until I had blisters and until the blisters turned into whorled yellow calluses. After seven days my teacher nodded and asked for a burin. I pulled one from the bun at the nape of my neck. He wiped it on his apron and with one swift stroke scored a deep flesh-pin gash in the middle of the plate. He handed me the burin, which was ruined. "Use this plat

until there's nothing left of it," he said. I sat on my single bed in Krantz's Kottage Kourt and contemplated the wound in the copper. It meshed with nothing I thought of. I thought of the pale sculpted cup of Doppinger's pelvis and the inestimable distance to his toes.

I opened the door one evening. "Dove and partridge season opens tomorrow." Doppinger's face was crosshatched by the screen between us. "Interested?"

Until that moment, I'd thought of hunters as bullies and vandals.

"Interested?" he repeated.

I nodded, let him in, and packed an overnight bag.

His house was an elaborate pink Victorian encrusted with dark rose and green gingerbread. Among the neighboring white clapboards, it stuck out like a beribboned negligee on a wash line of diapers. Doppinger held the door open for me. The kitchen was a dim room with ancient, discolored wallpaper. The sink was stone, very primitive. The counter, however, was lined with electrical appliances. One could see the archaeology of women—generations, one on top of the other.

"Pardon the mess," said Doppinger. "She's still moving things out." I noticed then that the floor was cluttered with half-filled boxes. We both looked into the box at our feet. There was no order to it: a couple of historical-romance novels, some home-canned tomatoes. The handwriting on the Mason jar labels was flowery and girlish and in perfect keeping with the mawkish portraits on the novels' covers.

"Come on," said Doppinger. "Come see the good stuff."

The living room was dim, too. Heavy curtains, dark old flowered things. Half a dozen disemboweled TVs sat on newspapers on the carpet. Doppinger introduced them to me by their problems: Unstable Picture, Vertical Jitters, No Video Information. He kicked boxes violently from his path to show me his uncle's comic woodcarvings of gnarled old men and women. My gaze rose to a sepia photograph: a row of Doppinger's ancestors standing in front of the lacy house. They were fair and socket-cheeked, and I could trace the source of Doppinger's shocky blond hair and Slavic eyes. They scowled, a straight line of them, some with their arms linked as if to challenge any intruder into their home.

We slept upstairs in the guest bedroom, away from the haunted marriage bed. He held me by the upper arms. Waist to head, we almost matched. His muscles were a fine system of ropes and pulleys. But we had trouble. I was computing boxes, the three weeks of silence, the prospect of hunting, possibly killing things,

in the morning. Doppinger stroked my back. "Don't worry," he said. "It's a simple convergence problem. Comes from overheated resistors."

I looked down the barrel of a four-ten as over the spine of a tiny black wave. I sighted the blank face of Vertical Jitters. Doppinger came up and pushed the barrel down. "Never never never," he said, "never aim in the house."

We hunted all morning, which meant we followed fence lines and railroad tracks in a strangely perpendicular pursuit. I had a hard time keeping up with his seven-league legs. He stalked on, alert, feral, camouflaged in old brown clothes except for the red button of his hat. His fractious setter ran about us in hysterical glee, then raced far ahead, too far. "Dimby, dammit, Dimby," Doppinger shouted. He waited for me. "And you," he said. "You stop swinging your gun." My wrist went rigid. He pointed to the dog's tail, a wispy red flag. "If she keeps this up, I'm going to have to shoot her."

"You're what?"

Doppinger chuckled me under the chin. "At this distance, it'll only frighten her and irritate her a little. And teach her not to run so god-damned far ahead."

I'd had no idea that guns had such a range of expression.

A bush loosed a flurry of doves, and Doppinger shot so fast that I cried out. Two birds landed soundlessly on the ground. Tears popped from my eyes. Doppinger walked up to the birds and with a dainty twist of his toe mashed skulls and beaks into black soil. He lifted them by their feet and offered them to me, a gray bouquet. It wasn't as bad as I'd expected. They were tiny birds, virtually weightless. The next time he shot, I did not cry out. I was no longer ignorant. Compared with the doves, I had superior procedural knowledge.

As we broke down the guns at the car, Doppinger suggested I shoot one round. He handed me his double-barreled twelve gauge. I discharged both barrels into a naked blue sky. The butt skidded cruelly against my collarbone. The blast burned away all other sound. I blushed a lava flow and understood why men liked guns. Now, I too liked guns.

Doppinger kept to a tight schedule. TVs were his first priority. He genuinely loved them, not to watch, but to fix. He'd learned how by taking a night class after receiving his Ph.D., when he decided he was sick of academia. He still spoke of research, even teaching, but he also talked about going to truck-driving school. He didn't know what future he wanted.

In the meantime, he had more work coming in than he could finish promptly. We could manage only two days during the week together. I wanted to spend more, no, all of my time with him. I couldn't help it, I just did.

He made me laugh even when I was furious with him for neglecting me. I had to adjust to his humor, which was boyish and a little on the grisly side. Once, he chased me around the house with a dead mouse. The mouse's tail, stiff from rigor mortis, stuck out straight, and Doppinger wielded it like a sword. "I'll run you through," he shouted as I dodged him. Doppinger always laughed at his own pranks. His tomcat came home after a weeklong ramble with a huge abscess on his neck. When the abscess drained, we saw windpipe. The next time we ate spaghetti, Doppinger held a fat forkful to his Adam's apple. "Who does this remind you of?" he asked, and laughed with a quiet, funny catch in his voice, almost a sob.

If I pushed for more of his time, his boyishness turned sulky. "Don't I have enough things to feel badly about?" he'd say. To kill the blocks of days alone, I did what I had done for years. I worked in the print studio. I hovered helplessly over the scarred copper plate until my teacher, disgusted, ordered me to put it aside. He gave me a number-six pencil. Its line was hairlike. "Draw! Rupture space!" he yelled.

I drew televisions. Televisions in formation, televisions leaking images, exploded diagrams of televisions. My teacher growled over my shoulder. He was famous for tearing up student work. He made fun of my obsession, but my work remained intact. I drew on. Televisions weren't exactly the point, but they were as close as I could come.

I didn't meet Doppinger's wife until the shooting, but the house yielded an afterimage of her as if she'd just vanished. The curtains, the magnetic butterflies on the refrigerator door, the houseplants fading for want of sunlight—she couldn't take everything with her. Still, she left an awful lot behind. Her registry china in the oak buffet. Her wedding dress in plastic in the closet, preserved, then abandoned.

Doppinger never talked about it. In fact, when Patsy Cline sang "Why why why did you say goodbye?" he turned off the radio. When there was a marriage counselor on *Good Morning America*, he turned off the TV.

"You get first shot," said Doppinger. This time it was opening day, pheasant season. The sky was gray and mum. The fields were the color of brown paper bags. We traversed dagger-sharp corn stubble. A pheasant flew up chortling like

a small airborne electric motor. I fired. The bird dipped in flight, defecated, and flew on. "I've hurt it," I said.

"Not enough," said Doppinger.

Minutes later, he got a long shot. Two hundred feet or so. His bird fell. I reached it first and was shocked by its beauty. The feathers shimmered prismatically: pale blue, emerald, rust, white, scarlet. The stiplings and lines were as intricate as the detail on a Chinese vase. What could such a bird be doing in this sullen landscape? It should be strutting in Byzantium.

"It's just so gorgeous," I said.

Doppinger smiled, nodded, and lifted the bird by its scaly yellow feet.

"What a shame to kill it."

Doppinger considered this. "You have to admit," he said, "it was one hell of a shot."

I thought of his motor response, the speed with which he sighted, followed, and struck. "Yes," I said, but I remained confused until I figured out that I was feeling the way one was supposed to feel. Apparently, people hunt in order to open themselves up to complex, contradictory emotions. They hunt for the joy of the kill, but also for the shame of it. Birds of empyrean beauty were imported to this prairie, set free, and killed. It was a situation designed for both the appreciation and the wanton destruction of beauty. I wasn't entirely won over to hunting, but it began to make a little more sense.

We rested on a weedy embankment near the car and drank whiskeyed coffee. "Don't feel badly about your bird," Doppinger said. "It was a damn good try. It's almost impossible to bring a bird down with a four-ten. You need a twenty gauge, more power, not too heavy. Let's keep our eyes open for one."

We couldn't spend Thanksgiving together. He had to go to his mother's. He hadn't told his mother he was separated yet and planned to break the news to her then. He couldn't exactly bring a new girlfriend home. I understood. And complained anyway. I complained until he agreed to spend the weekend before the holiday with me. Saturday morning, when he was already late to pick me up, he called.

"I must be crazy," he said. "I completely forgot that every year my cousins come fromavenport. We hunt until Tuesday and then go on to Marshalltown."

"I don't mind hunting," I said.

"No," he said, "it's just the boys. A ritual. Their wives don't even come until Monday."

I said nothing.

"Listen, I'd rather be holed up with you than hunting with them. But what can I do? They

pulled in this morning. They're in the backyard sighting their guns by blowing up Hubbard squashes. You can probably hear the shots."

I listened and then I hung up.

That afternoon, while doing my laundry at Suds City, I began to relent. I already missed Doppinger. I found myself searching for his card on the bulletin board. There it was: EXPERT TELEVISION REPAIR. A reality check: I felt better just looking at it. Nearby, a scrap of paper caught my eye:

20-Gauge Shotgun

Box of Shells

Cleaning Kit

Take it off my hands for \$20

I had an idea. I tore the paper from the cork and went over to a pay phone. A woman answered. "Yes," she said. "I've got the gun." We agreed to meet at six-thirty at the feminist bookstore.

I arrived early and stood out on the sidewalk. The temperature was dropping fast. It was freshly dark and the sky had that slight phosphorescence that comes with a major temperature change. My plan was simple. I would use the gun as an excuse to drop by Doppinger's house. I would say I bought it in Cedar Rapids and that I'd stopped by on the way home to have him take a look at it. He'd be pleased, I knew. So pleased, he might invite me to stay on and hunt with them in the morning.

The Milky Way prickled out overhead. Chilled, I stepped inside. A fat woman sat reading behind the register. She glanced up at me and returned immediately to her book: *Male Power—How to Get It, How to Use It*.

Eventually, the woman with the gun arrived. Her hair was shaved in a butch cut and glistening with grease. She greeted the fat woman, then shook my hand. The gun was encased in two brown socks, a misshapen sock monkey.

"It's brand-new," she said. "I bought it when I lived in Hyde Park and wanted some protection. I didn't want a registered gun, and some crank in a K-Mart convinced me that this would be my best bet. I've never used it. I've since been told that as an antipersonnel weapon, it stinks. It's only a single shot, you see. You miss with the first shot and your rapist is ten times madder than before. Also, it's only a twenty gauge. Might slow down a rat, but it won't do much damage to a man awash in testosterone." She unsheathed the shotgun and handed it to me. "What are you going to use it for?"

"I hunt," I said. "Birds and squirrels."

"Yeah, well, you'll like it then."

"Any trick to loading it?"

"Here." She took the gun, broke it down, pulled a cartridge from the box, and pushed it

into the barrel. She snapped the gun shut and gave me a deep look. Reversing the process, she handed me the shell. I put the ribbed yellow cylinder into my pocket. Again, I held the gun. The butt was wood but it had a freshly pressed, plastic look. It was light, solid, a perfect side-saddle of a gun. I gave her a twenty dollar bill. She insisted on breaking down the gun into two

pieces before piling it and the cleaning kit and the shells into my arms.

Doppinger's house was well lit, festive. Light poured from all the windows and a yellow slice zigzagged down the front steps from the open door. I parked behind his cousins' van. As soon as I got out, I heard Dixieland jazz.

I assembled the gun. The frozen grass crunched under my feet. The setter flew around the corner of the house, barked once, then recognized me. When she saw the gun, she broke into paroxysms of delight. "Cool it," I said, and stopped beside the skeletal hydrangea to check my smile, compose myself. For some reason it hit me that the gun might still be loaded. If so, Doppinger would kill me. My fingers fumbled with the wing-shaped lever. The gun fell open. I saw light through the end of the barrel. Reassured, I climbed the front steps.

I was hardly stealthy. In the kitchen, I called out his name. Then I saw the tomcat crouching on the table, chewing the remains of a tied roast. The tom gazed warily at me and continued gnawing. Across from him were two place settings, impossibly close and composed of crystal, china, and silver, the equipment of Doppinger's marriage.

Even with the evidence of a connubial feast before me, I strode into the living room. I was convinced I'd see Doppinger and two or three men. The music stopped. I would've called out his name again, but I heard a woman's voice coming from the bedroom. The marriage bedroom. Doppinger answered her, said, "I can't find it," and the music started up again.

The old piano blues were perfect cover and I surely could've left undetected, but mortification fouled my better impulses. I looked down at the gun in my hands and came close to laughing aloud at my foolishness. On the shelf across from me, Doppinger's uncle's woodcarvings contorted in unholy glee. Surrounding me, the televisions sat in grim, silent judgment. I didn't want the gun anymore, not one bit. Doppinger could have it, an appropriate going-away present. Let him find it lying around the living room. I started to set it down and had an idea. I'd load it. The symbolism, however vague, gratified me.

I pushed the ribbed cartridge into the barrel, closed it up, and laid the butt on a sofa pillow so

that the nose was buried in the busy flowers of the upholstery. I lifted the gun and looked about for a better place.

Jon Doppinger stood at the bedroom door. He was ten, twelve feet away. He wore a dark green robe, which was absurdly short and made his legs look extra long and pink, as if skinned. I looked right into his eyes, two dull dimes spinning to focus. His face was skullish. He raised one hand slowly, then let it drop. I waited to hear him speak. After maybe fifteen seconds, I remembered that I held a gun. I blinked in surprise. Yes, it was as if he knew what I was going to do before the idea even occurred to me. And in his certainty, I could swear there was a trace of acquiescence. I didn't know what to do next. I was onstage without my lines. If I had to shoot him, I thought, I certainly didn't want to shoot him in the face, the chest, the stomach, the

groin... And then, like a voice-over in a movie, a sentence came to me: *She shot him in the foot because she found him in bed with his wife.* It was like some kind of joke. I fired.

Before his blood rallied, I saw the foot: it looked like a computer card with a spate of clean, squarish holes. The woman screamed. Piano music tinkled. Doppinger jerked into motion, clawed for balance along the wainscoting. Close, he swung in arcs, a furious great ape. I threw down the gun. He came on. His hand found my shoulder. I absorbed the weight of his body's swing. He went on by. Like a dog hit by a car, he was running to outstrip the pain.

The screams distracted me. They were a child's terrified, chordal screams, violent seizures of the voice box. I went to the bedroom. She had her pants on and was clutching an orange sweater to her chest and trying to burrow into the mattress. I dug my fingers into her black curls and pulled. Her mouth was a loud red hole. "Stop it," I said. "You've got to stop it. It's just his foot. He's all right." She closed her eyes, screamed. "Goddamn it," I said. "I'm not going to shoot you."

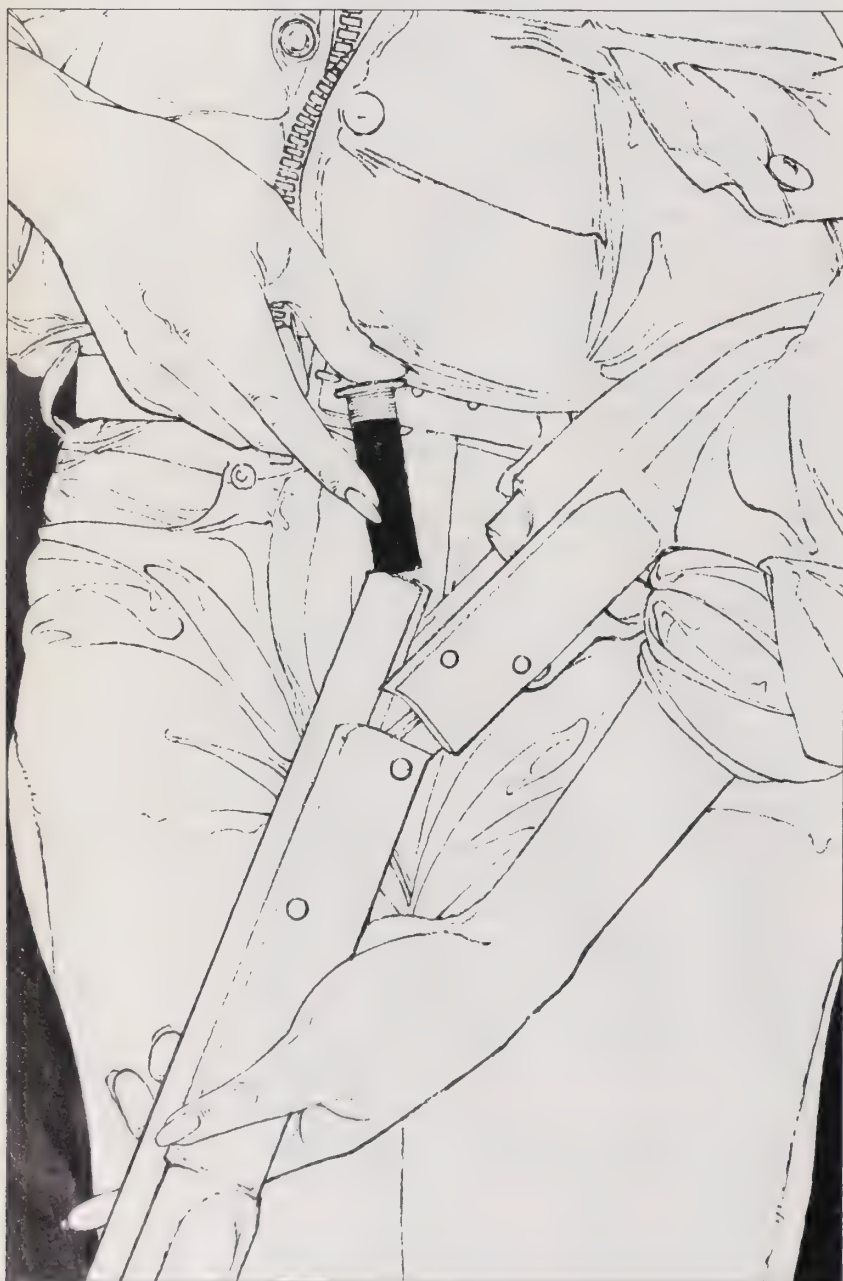
I must have reassured her. Abruptly, she shut up.

I ran out to the porch. Doppinger was on the lawn, convulsive, a cartoon character trying to pull himself free from a puddle of glue. The setter was barking and feinting coyly at him. I tried to get closer, but the dog turned on me and snarled. I retreated to the house, to the bedroom where Marie Doppinger was fumbling with her sweater. I took it, pulled the sleeve right side out. "You've got to get that dog away from him," I said. The phone by the bed began to ring. "Forget it," I said. I bunched up each sleeve. Obediently, she pushed her hand through. "Up," I said, and she raised her arm above her head. Like Doppinger, she was wild tall. Her breasts swayed in front of me, the nipples crinkled cookies. I yanked the sweat down, and once it sat snugly at her waist, her helplessness vanished. She shoved me aside and answered the phone.

"Yes," she said. "Jon's been shot."

I knew I had to get out. The bedroom adjoined a sleeping porch, which had a door to the backyard. I ran around the house and got into my car from the passenger side. In moments I was out on the highway heading home.

I arrived back at Krantz's Kottage Kotage around eight-thirty. Without turning on the light or the heater or removing my coat, I curled up on the bed. It had been a mistake to leave Doppinger's. Now, I would have to wait. And think. And speculate if I had done any



damage to Doppinger's foot and if I might be arrested. I had no clear idea of what I had done. I wasn't worried about Doppinger. I was finished with him. No more to say. I worried for myself. When I tried to remember my past, my former habits, the people I loved, it all seemed to belong to another person. I bit my hand, trying through muscular contraction and localized pain to offset a rising terror. I got some hope from recalling the woman who sold me the gun. According to her, Doppinger had a load of rat shot in his foot. Maybe twelve little BBs, which, when I thought about it, were paltry retribution for three months of lies: it measured out to one BB a week.

But I couldn't hang on to anger. Like acid, guilt ate it away. I felt wronged but knew it was possible that I'd done a greater wrong. Remorse and outrage were inexhaustible dance partners in my head. Intermittently, I resolved to turn myself in to the police. But what if charges hadn't been filed? I couldn't just walk in and demand a jail cell. No, I had to wait and see what my life had become.

The knock at my door came just as the sky was turning gray. A heavyset man, not in uniform, pronounced my name. Instantly, I understood that a great many people I'd never heard of would be materializing and assuming places in my life. The firing of the gun had created a hole, a vortex that sucked me into a new, strange realm. I unlatched the screen door and let him in. He wore a DeKalb hat. His hands and cheeks were chapped and pink from the cold. He looked around, I think, for a source of warmth. Finding none, he turned to me. "I hate to have to do this," he said, and read me my rights.

In the patrol car, he told me Doppinger had been in surgery all night. "His foot was mush," he said.

The details of the month before my indictment are numerous and unappetizing. I quit school and gave myself wholly to the endless coils of the legal system. My crime replayed itself nonstop behind my eyes. My state-appointed lawyer, a twenty-six-year-old woman fresh out of law school, had high hopes of setting some kind of feminist precedent with the case. I never understood quite what she had in mind, but I had enormous difficulty convincing her that I had not bought the gun in a bath of victimized passion to wreak revenge on my wayward lover. When I repeated my modest story and detailed the desire to impress Doppinger with my purchase, she shook her head and said, "Won't do."

At one point, I was desperate to talk to Doppinger, just to verify that he existed and that I

had shot him. He answered the phone, said, "I have nothing to say to you," and hung up. I guess I got what I wanted.

In a deposition, he volunteered his reasons for pressing charges. I'd terrorized his wife. On principle, he believed that anyone who shot at another person required formal punishment. The fact that he had taught me how to shoot only exacerbated his fury at my gross breach of gun etiquette. Also, I'd trespassed, interfered. Right in the transcripts he said, "A man has every right in the world to sleep with his own wife in his own house without getting shot."

In the end, I pleaded guilty to "assault with a deadly weapon" and listed some extenuating circumstances. Doppinger was at the sentencing on crutches. The judge was a fine-boned man with a white friar's cap and salmon-colored skin. He rustled papers and whispered to the bailiff while my lawyer read her statement. When she finished, he looked up and sentenced me to one year in jail. With his next breath he suspended the sentence and put me on a year's probation. Pleased, my lawyer took me out to lunch.

Later, in the solitary darkness of number four, Krantz's Kottage Kourt, I cried all night.

Within a week my probation was transferred and I was home in my parents' house in Monrovia, California. My parents thought I was just a little late for Christmas vacation. It was a balmy night. We sat in the living room and drank eggnog. I told them what I had done. Their opinion of me changed right before my eyes.

Nobody ever spoke directly to me about my crime, but my criminal nature was constantly alluded to in embarrassed silences, unfinished sentences, gentle pats on my hand. I had to learn to ignore other people's discomfort. I'd had my trial. I'd been assigned my punishment. It was a relief to visit my probation officer. Compared with her other customers, I was Pollyanna. We talked about modern art for half an hour and I was free to go.

Not too long after my probation ended, I had an experience.

I was attending classes at UCLA. On Wednesdays, I took Anatomical Life Drawing, which offered the option of going over to the med school and drawing from cadavers. Morgue time, we called it. I went on principle. If I could make mush of a foot, I should certainly be able to learn anatomy at its source.

It was not really a morgue, but a basement classroom set up laboratory style. Three amused medical students were our hosts. A sweet, pungent odor clung in the nose. The bodies lay refrigerated in stainless-steel drawers. Male, female, young, and old, they all had names:

Sybil, Harry, Hulga, the Nun. One drawer was labeled *Soup Bones*. A student pulled it open. Inside were hands with wrists, and feet. I couldn't stop staring.

"See something?" the student asked.

"That," I said, and pointed to a foot.

"Want me to pull it?"

"Please."

He drew on membranous plastic gloves and carried the foot to the tray on his desk. The skin was gray. The meat encircling the pearly bones was brown, the marrow inside the bone was purplish-black. The toes were tucked around almost to the ball.

"The foot," said the student, "is the terminal part of the vertebrate leg. Acupuncturists believe the entire body can be manipulated through the foot, but we Westerners haven't mapped out that nervous system..." Over the top of the foot, I noticed a doorlike flap cut in the skin. The student flicked this open with tweezers. "The metatarsus is composed of five elongated bones..." He tapped the gnarly white bones, which were attached to yellowish cartilage and skeins of grayish muscle. "The talus, or ankle, has a marvelously complex system of muscles which are responsible for the suppleness and dexterity of the foot. We call it the wickerwork. You see it?"

The foot, its innards revealed, revealed only its lack of life. I started to shiver. Quickly, I left the classroom, but it was too late: already, everything had shifted. Around me, I saw only the complicated braiding of matter, the endless intricacy of structure. And no life. It was a dizzying vision of filaments and pithiness. A tree was all threads. A bird was brittle skeleton and hairy feather, a dog ropy muscle, spiky hair. I tried to get hold of myself. Look, I thought, the tree grows, the bird flies, the dog saunters down the street. It didn't help. Movement seemed a trick of simple physics. No life in it at all.

I couldn't shake it, and the thought of seeing this way for the rest of my life made me panicky. I had to work it all back together again.

At home, I rummaged through old boxes until I found the naked and defiled copper plate I'd abandoned over a year before. The scar had tarnished over, but it was still there, a jagged trough in the center of the rectangular surface. I chose my finest burin, its line as delicate as a synapse.

For four months, I worked exclusively on that plate. My concentration was total, possibly escapist. Except when I was working, panic lapped darkly at the corners of my eyes. The gash posed an enormously difficult problem of composition. At first, I worked away from it, pretended it wasn't there, that I had a clean plate like I'd been used to before this one was

assigned to me, before I'd gone to the Midwest, when the world was comfortable and complete and everything seemed possible. The more I worked around it, the more dominant the gash became. I didn't sleep well at night. I didn't talk to anybody. I wanted to be working all the time. In a state of agitation, I started digging into the scar itself, drawing it out to the rest of the plate. My fingernails became rimmed with ink at the trial printings and remained so for two more months. I awoke nights with pain against my skull and pulled forgotten burins from my hair.

I was still living at home and making the long commute to Westwood. My studio was mostly my parents' kitchen table. One morning, I got up to reheat the coffee and pour myself a cup. I looked down at the plate, and right before my eyes the myriad little lines popped into place. For a moment I didn't see the scar at all. I saw the image as a whole. It was a kind of wacky, very complex image not unlike some Chinese scrollwork: a foot that was also a tree and a map and a freeway and a mountain. It held together, though. I looked away, then checked again. Again, a gentle pop, a surprising settling into place. As a foot, it would never leap off the plate and dance or strut or curl in love, but it made me laugh. I chuckled throughout the final printings. I made an edition of ten. Eight sold immediately. I gave one to my probation officer and kept one for myself.

In a seminar on pre-Columbian art, I'd learned how Woodland Indians used to crack their funerary pottery so that the spirit in the pot would be free. That's what I thought about the day I sawed the plate in two.

One more thing.

Just about a year ago, I got a Christmas card from the woman who'd been my lawyer. She wrote:

I thought you might be interested to know that I ran into Jon Doppinger at the opening of the new historical museum last week. I wish I could say that he doesn't limp. Still, he's got it down to an art. At least in a tuxedo, he managed to make that limp an enviable trait. I'm not saying this just to make you feel better. Really, he looked quite dashing and the limp didn't hurt. He cringed a little when he recognized me, but seemed eager to talk. He's remarried. His new wife looked all of twenty. He's teaching at a small college in Mt. Vernon. He asked how you were and said to send his regards and let you know that he was doing all right. He looked down at his foot and shook it and laughed. "Tell her," he said, "that I think of her every time I don't polka."

So there you have it. All the gory details as complete as I can make them. Anything more is unfounded speculation, party talk, and gossip.

The Lights Go On...

The lights go on and on. You've seen them from far above... soft sparkles of golden light shining out from the middle of nowhere... unfolding out of the velvety darkness... stretching on for miles and miles and miles.

These lights give glowing witness to the hard work of America's 1,000 consumer-owned rural electric systems. Night and day, these nonprofit systems bring essential light and power to virtually every nook and cranny of the United States.

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Our poles and power lines stretch across 75 percent of the nation... across western mountains, southern forests, the Great Plains, southwestern deserts and the eastern coastline, to serve only about five families along a mile of power line. It's an enormous, never-ending job.

The people we serve, 25 million rural Americans,

are a diverse stock. They're teachers, ranchers, farmers, bankers, barbers, mechanics, doctors, artisans... people who embrace the land... people who embody the grit, energy, imagination and cooperation that it took 50 years ago to bring light and power to the countryside, with the help of a little government agency called the REA.

Every sparkling light reflects a half century of unparalleled achievement, begun as, one by one, rural families "got lights" for the very first time. Every golden glow is a symbol of success.



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Washington, DC 20036 or call (202) 857-9540

A SWEET DEAL

Price-fixing down on

The Department of Agriculture each year regulates some \$5.7 billion worth of fruits, vegetables, and "specialty crops" (hops, to name one) with "marketing orders." A total of forty-eight orders currently affect thirty-three different commodities. Some orders determine directly who may grow a crop, how much of it may be marketed, and in what form—say, fresh or frozen—it may be sold. There are also orders that stipulate the size and quality of produce that may be marketed—and thus *indirectly*, but quite effectively, control supply (and hence price). This is one such order, regulating the marketing of kiwifruit.

The Chinese gooseberry, as kiwifruit is known elsewhere in the world, grows on a twining vine. Native to south central China, it was introduced into New Zealand in 1906 (New Zealand soon became its principal producer) and into the United States in 1962 by Frieda Caplan, a Los Angeles broker of specialty produce. The fruit has furry greenish brown skin and a sweet taste, and in the late 1970s thin slices of it began to appear on nouvelle cuisine dishes. Kiwifruit sold in the United States (retail price ranges from thirty-five to sixty-nine cents apiece) is grown almost exclusively in California's Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; last year's harvest was 4.3 million trays (each U.S. tray weighs seven pounds). Kiwifruit yields roughly \$12,000 an acre, more than any other crop in the country—except marijuana.

The Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Marketing Service issues and enforces marketing orders. The federal government first got into the fruit and vegetable business in 1937 with the passage of the Agricultural Marketing Agreement Act (AMAA). Congress had tried to legalize price-fixing by farmers four years earlier, but the Supreme Court struck down the law. However, after Roosevelt's re-election in 1936, and his threat a year later to pack the Court, the justices reversed course; they began warming to greater government involvement. In this environment, the AMAA became law.

AGENCY: Agricultural Marketing Service

ACTION: Final rule.

SUMMARY: This final rule establishes

program to promote orderly marketing of kiwifruit. The order was favored by growers who felt that the production represented in a marketing order by handlers representing more than 50 percent of the shipments. The program provides for a marketing order authority for grade, size, quality, and quantity. The program would be financed by a levy on the commodity. The marketing order was approved by referendum in 1984. The referendum was conducted on September 10, 1984.

EFFECTIVE DATE: October 1, 1984

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

F&V, AMS, USDA, Washington, D.C.

Doug Bandow worked for the Reagan Administration as a special assistant to the President for policy development. He is now a policy analyst for Citizens for a Sound Economy, a Washington group.

OR KIWIFRUIT

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202-447-5975).

Marketing orders are supposed to ensure the "orderly marketing" of food products. In passing the AMAA, Congress hoped to lift farmers out of the Depression by limiting their output—thereby raising their profits to pre-World War I ("parity") levels. The all-important parity level for kiwifruit is determined by multiplying the average price over the previous ten years by the ratio of overall agricultural prices to costs between 1910 and 1914. If the market can't bring prices to this level, the government will attempt to do it by fiat—in this case, by ordering that an estimated 30 percent of all kiwifruit be kept from getting to market. This order bars farmers from selling fruit imperfect in shape or appearance (some pieces, for example, have blemished skin as a result of being "sun-burned"). These imperfections have nothing to do with taste or nutrition. They have everything to do with creating artificially high prices, perhaps 30 to 40 percent higher than they would be without the order.

The regulatory process creates the illusion of public participation and farmer democracy. Actually, this order was preordained. After nine days of hearings last year—hearings that generated 2,018 pages of transcript—Agriculture Department officials could find no evidence of the sort of "acute economic emergency" Congress originally intended marketing orders to meet. Nevertheless, the White House, at the behest of a handful of the biggest of the 1,127 American kiwifruit farmers, instructed the department to issue the order. Even in voting on marketing-order referendums, the largest growers—with votes weighted according to crop size—have a disproportionately large say.

Although this marketing order, which went into effect last fall, was devised by and for the kiwifruit industry—the twelve-member Kiwi Administrative Committee established by the order has only one public representative—farmers everywhere can be heard loudly proclaiming their interest in the consumers' welfare. A more accurate testament to the farmers' sentiments is buried in a twenty-page Department of Agriculture notice printed last summer in the *Federal Register*. The notice says that the sale of "low grade" kiwifruit "will be likely to depress financial returns to growers."

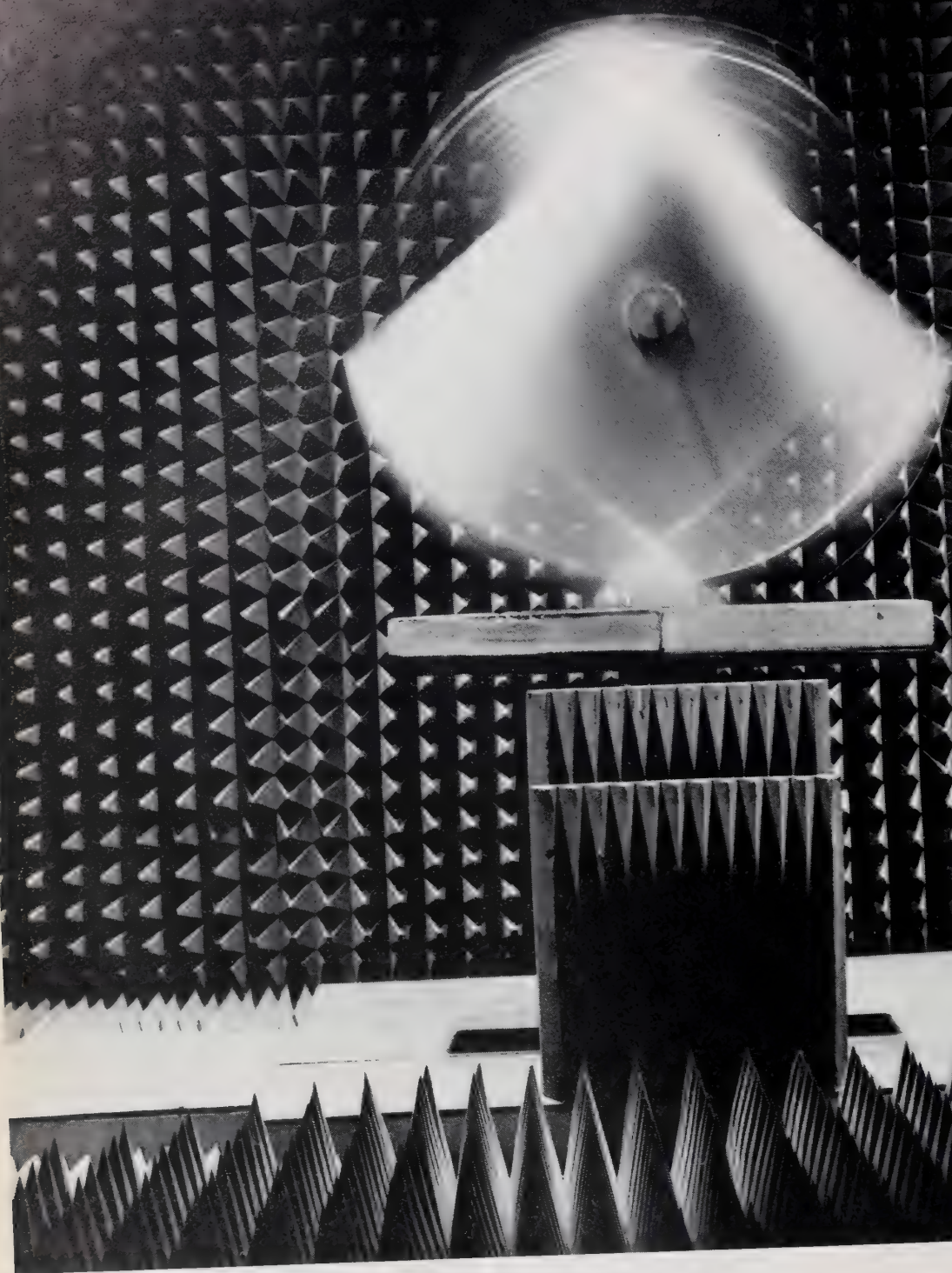


Photo by Cheryl Rossum

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At first glance, a kinetic sculpture. On closer examination, a radar jamming antenna undergoing testing in a special echo-free chamber at Northrop Corporation's Defense Systems Division in Rolling Meadows, IL. Northrop is one of the world's largest manufacturers of radar jamming systems to protect aircraft, and their pilots.

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NORTHROP
Making advanced technology work

AFRICA BROUGHT HOME

Heart of Darkness and its journey downriver

By Edward Hoagland

For Joseph Conrad, too, ours is a world where absolute power corrupts absolutely, where drumbeats only mimic heartbeats, and where the white unexplored patches on a map that a boy dreams over are "darkened" for him as he grows up and explores them. Conrad's savage tribes can be exceedingly savage—anthropology has not yet catalogued and explicated their customs—but not more so than the greedy or demented Europeans who show up among them with alarming regularity and soon degenerate into tin-pot tyrants or, in the case of his famous enigma, Mr. Kurtz of *Heart of Darkness*, an ivory dealer on the fictionalized Congo River, into what nowadays we would call a recreational, or serial, murderer.

Conrad did not romanticize England. Industrial London was an ominous dynamo (and Brussels sepulchral); the very Thames had probably been a Congo to its Roman discoverers, as he reminded his readers. But Kurtz could not have turned from an eloquent Schweitzerian idealist into a capricious taskmaster whom even white friends and African allies had to approach at a crawl—who countenanced human sacrifice and posted the heads of "rebels" on the poles of the stockade around his house—in London. To flower fully, the evil in him needed the license of a wilderness; and the Congo (3,000 miles long) surpassed the Nile (4,000 miles) and the Amazon (4,000 miles) in the barbarous images it conjured up in Europe at the turn of the century, for unlike the Nile, the Congo had no storied, ornate civilization such as Egypt's at its mouth, and its natives were black, not reddish brown like the Indians of the Amazon. Indeed, Conrad, wanting to introduce a sexual strain into Kurtz's precipitous slide into depravity but not wishing to overdo his portrait, quite arbitrarily made the queen who adores him, and whose male subjects assist him in his raids and atrocities, tawny and bronze. A black-skinned mistress would have been too dark.

Conrad of course was taking an advanced,

enlightened view in bringing distilled evil to Africa in the person of this apostle of European culture, whereas today, in the brilliant revisionism of V. S. Naipaul, white men and women in Africa are likely to be presented as abused, foolish innocents, and blacks as the villains. Conrad did believe in the notion of wilderness Edens, but these were not in Africa—they were in the South Seas, on wild, virginal islands whose light-skinned inhabitants he rather romanticized, although no more than other distinguished literary witnesses like Herman Melville and Robert Louis Stevenson. White men self-marooned in the Pacific islands could suffer the same poisonous drift in fundamental values, but it was far from being the fault of the natives or the beautiful setting; nor did the natives much participate. And in any case, a boyish dreaminess persisted in such a place for a white man like Lord Jim, even to the brink of his own destruction. He felt no foreboding that this was the White Man's Grave.

Conrad's novels of intrigue and politics like *The Secret Agent* are unsentimental and contemporary in feeling, and his sea is a slam-bang sea, the most sumptuous and comprehensive in all literature—this perhaps because he spent longer following the sea than Melville did, for instance (something like nineteen years to Melville's three and a half), and set down his vast store of memories with a bracing exactitude. Sailors such as Singleton, captains like MacWhirr, ports like Bangkok, pirates like Gentleman Brown, ships like the extravagant *Narcissus* and unsinkable *Nan-Shan* and sweet, doomed "Judea, London. Do or Die."

Youth is youth in Conrad, captains are captains, a man's ship is his one sure friend, and his character is his fate. The austerities of circumstance are dependably stern—only character isn't—and because it has lately become part of the privilege of wealth (or a privation of poverty), beyond the means of most middle-class people, to discover at some point in one's life whether one is a physical coward (one must own a ketch, it seems, or a plane, or travel extensively through a tropical continent), this

Edward Hoagland is the author of ten books, including African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan.

From 'heart'
to 'darkness,'
definitions of
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blurred, as has
the ideal of
fidelity—
Conrad's
watchword

antique question is often exhilarating.

Conrad loved the sea as few authors love their subjects—loved our actual planet, which few people now know intimately. But he did need to come ashore, alas, and rivers were another matter for this seaborne enthusiast. They narrowed and twisted claustrophobically, closing into confines where the stage was set for treachery and tragedy. With "the patient forest" all around, issues of conduct and craftsmanship were not straightforward but bewildering, and death came not in the midst of a violent storm but by dreadful, draining, silent fevers—"the playful paw-strokes of the wilderness," in *Heart of Darkness*. "Men who come out here should have no entrails," says Kurtz's boss, the manager of trade on the river.

Marlow, telling the desperate story to four complacently office-bound shipping-company executives in London, explodes with the exasperation that Conrad himself must have felt, like most travelers to rough places, returning to colleagues and friends in a great commercial center and its comfortable suburbs: "Here you all are, each moored with two good addresses, like a hulk with two anchors, a butcher round one corner, a policeman round another, excellent appetites, and temperature normal—you hear—normal from year's end to year's end." His bafflement at the stay-at-home's ignorance of the real risks and fragility of life is familiar not just to travelers who have returned from intemperate latitudes but to anyone who has had a brush with death.

Yet no ocean voyage ever frightened Conrad like his trip up the true Congo River in 1890, which nearly broke his health. This was the era of Henry Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent* and *In Darkest Africa*; but writers such as Naim Paul and Alberto Moravia still find the journey forbidding. Africa is different. Faddists in the West don't dabble in its religions, as they do in Zen Buddhism, Sufism, and Bahaism. Westerners don't regard it as an enormous social experiment like India or China, or go to it as to the Himalayas for romantic derring-do. It isn't recognized as a kind of sister continent, like South America, rich in European and New World traditions, with a new and formidably inspired literature.

On our own continent, rivers have generally wound back to a simpler existence—to virgin hunting territory or gold country, to bountiful fishing, crisp forests, mountain scenery, each turn of the valley perhaps revealing a deer or moose standing on the riverbank waiting to be shot, a waterfall leading to a sandy creek with nuggets in it, or a village of comradely Indian squaws to "marry" for a season. But the Congo for many white men meant mysterious pesti-

lences like fungal meningitis and blackwater fever, resulting in delirium and death. (And the local women suffered from yaws and onchocerciasis.) For distant readers it called up the immensely complicating factor of slavery: these black, barbarous tribesmen did not just stay on their continent like American Indians, to be massacred by force of arms or annihilated by European diseases, but instead were captured in large numbers to be brought across the ocean under circumstances past even discussing, to live and be abused and bred for sale in the most intimate proximity to many readers' ancestors.

Most recently, it is African famine, not African slavery, that unnerves us—maybe 30 million people at risk! The figures vary, but a human catastrophe is building, unprecedented in scale in peacetime at least since the Black Death of the fourteenth century. Like the untreatable, incalculable diseases, or like slavery, famine is horrifying partly because of its anonymity—children with fly-sucked eyes, bloated bellies, and geriatric faces, in as much pain as if they'd just swallowed a stick, and with what is called the tail of hunger, six inches of intestine, protruding from their backsides. If one is equipped with passport and credit card one can fly from New York to such a scene in a day or so, witness agony and elephantiasis, and promptly vanish again, via Swissair or Luft-hansa, physically unscathed. This is a phenomenon as new to civilization as the idea that the human species can be extinguished practically in a flash, and it has revived a kind of solipsistic tribalism: who is starving and who is not. Certainly for the duration of this famine Africa will remain as grotesque and enigmatic in our mind's eye as it was to a Polish-British mate named Korzeniowski on the riverboat *Roi des Belges* on the Congo in the summer of 1890.

But *upriver* is no more—neither the notion of an Eden's innocence waiting to be exploited and despoiled nor a spot where an extraordinary evil will effloresce from any tarnished soul who happens to be at hand. Upriver has become the same as downriver as regards such things, and the gulf between the true traveler and the tidy stay-at-home has diminished because there are fewer of each. From "heart" to "darkness," definitions of every sort have blurred, as has the ideal of fidelity which was Conrad's watchword.

We still yearn for the absolute, however, just as we yearn for a slam-bang sea. Conrad's literary longevity is assured by his love and his loyalties. And who's to deny that we won't come to believe in honor, decency, and austerity again that the truth doesn't lie with absolutism—that we yearn for it only because it is real?

THE HIGHER ECOLOGY

A well, a wall, and the 'interconnectedness' of things

By Ronald Jager

When one philosopher affirms that everything is separate, discrete, individual, that reality is like a heap of sand, and another philosopher asserts that all things form an indivisible whole, that separation is an illusion and reality like a ball of wax—what are they really disputing about? Metaphysics, some say. Not so, I say; once more, it's the Higher Ecology that is at issue.

The Higher Ecology asks the question: just how interconnected are things? And answers: more than you'd think, by golly, and in rather queer ways. The Higher Ecology offers a practical way of interpreting the lofty logic of the philosophers by contemplating more ordinary perplexities. But don't be misled: this branch of the tree of learning is often disguised by the underbrush—in my own encounters it was entangled with a well, a pond, a woodlot, and an old stone wall. I'd better try to explain. Here is my story.

East of our house and west of our woods lay a grassy area, low-lying and swampy, perfect for a pond. The forest is a cheerful mixture which includes every local species. So far as I can see, the trees feed on granite. With a diet so austere, one does not expect much timber growth. Nevertheless, we concocted a bold idea: shouldn't we sell the timber and with the proceeds build a pond in the swamp?

It is true that for some time after we acquired this place in the New Hampshire countryside either pond building or selective timber cutting was in every five-year plan we adopted. But in putting pond building and forest improvement in different five-year plans we were unwittingly violating the laws of the Higher Ecology. The great breakthrough was to get them both in the same plan, and we achieved this as a result of a chain of events that seemed quite irrelevant. There was, in fact, a definite moment when we first began to appreciate the depth and breadth of the underlying continuities among things.

Ronald Jager is the author, with his wife, Grace, of New Hampshire: An Illustrated History of the Granite State.

It was when our well turned against us.

The well is old style, dug and stoned up more than 200 years ago, before the house was built. It's a great idea: the well is accessible from the cellar, is fed from the eaves of the house, seldom goes dry; its pipes never freeze. We took pride in that well. City dwellers can easily fall prey to certain illusions—such as that water comes from the tap. With careful casualness we told our guests from the city about the cellar well. Often they'd say something clever like "How interesting," and then immediately edge over for more gin to further dilute the home-made ice cubes. They wanted to know where the water really came from about as much as they wanted to know what really goes into a frankfurter. For some years, however, we could assert that periodic tests showed the water was as safe as it was delicious.

But one summer the well mysteriously went foul. I managed to clear up the mystery and, eventually, the foulness, more or less, by fishing out of the well bottom a huge wad of fine roots that had crept in from a nearby butternut tree. The roots, for that summer at least, gave the water a rather unusual butternutty flavor. "How interesting," said my wife.

Butternut roots were but a foretaste of things to come. The next spring we discovered that a heavy rainstorm had somehow washed an entire battalion of night crawlers into the well. And the next year worms washed into the well again, but this time—due perhaps to jaded palates—we didn't taste them immediately and so didn't know about their visit until a good many of them had expired. Consequently, I can report that deceased night crawlers have a slightly different color: rather grayish, instead of the familiar healthy pink. Also, they don't move. In fact, they tend to break up rather easily if you scratch around for them with an apple-picker. A helpful neighbor suggested that I put a trout in the well to fish them out, and keep the trout on a leash, so that I could recall him after he had done his chores and dispatch him again

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well went
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flavors—
butternut,
worm,
and sink

whenever necessary. No doubt a trout trained in this particular line of work exists somewhere, but casual inquiry didn't turn one up in my vicinity.

I went back to scratching for gray mincemeat with the apple-picker.

It dawned on us that our equanimity was suffering some wear and tear. Though for the most part we try to appreciate all God's little creatures, we began to be suspicious of the entire cellar-floor crowd. After a lifetime of skulking about down there, where did these creepy-crawlies intend to go when they neared the end—maybe take the final plunge into our well?

But we had more to learn. It was the next summer that the pipe from the sink drain sprang a small leak, unnoticed at the time. Investigating a novel odor, we found that we were recycling our sink water, right through the well and up into our martinis. Though we subsequently adjusted to carrying ice-cube water from the neighbors, eventually we admitted to ourselves that we liked the *idea* of living with a 200-year-old cellar well more than we liked living with the well itself. At a family council we voted, three to zero, to fight back by giving up. We would dig a new well and barricade it against outside invasions.

This decision shifted our attention to a higher level of interconnectedness. First of all, the placement of the new well would be determined by the placement of the proposed pond. But constructing a pond at all was contingent upon harvesting the trees to pay for it. However, the timber operation was not possible until we resolved the boundary dispute down toward Bog Brook. We preferred that our neighbor agree that those trees were really ours—as we knew—rather than his, as he supposed.

Our neighbor is in fact not a person but a large landholding trust. The boundary problem was a legacy from a time, before our time, when the trust had bought the adjoining lot. For the preceding eighty years all deeds had defined one farm as bounded by the other farm without saying where either farm was. Instead of tracing the deeds back the trust hired a surveyor, who simply drew a couple of straight lines through the puckerbush and made a map. Good-looking map, too. As it happened, it was also bogus. After we had concluded from our research in the county registry that the real boundary line ran along the old cart road and not along the stone wall indicated on the map, that the map rested upon convenience but not upon record, and that it deleted some fine timberland from our assets, we began to make overtures to the land trust.

Time passed. The venerable well went right on serving up exotic drinks, occasionally in

three flavors—butternut, worm, and sink. Our friendly adversaries could not see what our urgency about an old boundary had to do with our graphic tales about an old well. We, however, were beginning to see it ever more clearly. The Higher Ecology is nothing if not a visionary discipline, and by its light we were pulling things together, producing one unified scenario.

Givens: the well needed attention and so did the forest. As for the forest, part of it we'd thin down to a sugar orchard; the loggers' skidder roads we'd recycle as cross-country ski trails. The timber would go to the mill, the waste wood to firewood, and the swamp topsoil to garden loam. With the pond we'd have additional fire protection, and we could also swim, skate, and irrigate. The connecting link between a decision on locating the boundary line and a decision on locating the new well was nothing less than the prospect of a walkable, skiable forest and sugar orchard sloping past the garden toward a swimmable, fishable, skateable pond.

Oddly enough, it just may work out. The land trust was finally overborne by our arguments, and we let the invasion begin. Surveyors and neighbors, plumbers and well diggers, two species of foresters, an engineer, a biologist, loggers and conservation officers, lumbermen, 'dozermen, and choppers—a long line of participants, observers, supervisors, and advisers come and go. Some work. They all leave a bit of slack, and my family and I have to take up that slack, which we do by becoming experts in title research, forestry, selective timber harvesting, landscaping, maple sugaring, pond design, and several other ancillary and connecting disciplines, the Higher Ecology among them. Quite a bit of fuss for 100 acres of backcountry. Quite a trick to remain solvent throughout the encounter. Quite an elaborate commitment to the interconnectedness of things, for the whole shebang has to pay for itself or our philosophy, our ecological theories, our credit, and our credibility will all collapse entirely.

To be sure, ordinary books on ecology put a finger on the pulse of the matter long ago: you cannot do just one thing. On our place you probably cannot do just two or three either—which is why we finally went for the whole ball of wax. There was the crucial moment when we said: we cannot just dig a new well and let it go at that—where would we dig it? In a sudden chain reaction we were sent to the study of a connectedness we had not dreamed of.

But now, thank heaven, the butternut roots and all their lowly little ecological cohorts can have the old well to themselves. They can wallow and slobber all they please, for all we care. From the fresh waters of the new well we drink to the health of the Higher Ecology. ■

LETTERS
Continued from page 9

transformed the media and their role in our political system. The first is the increasing refinement of story selection. Fewer and fewer stories from a burgeoning total—financial, technological, cultural, political—are covered and presented by the mass media. Such selection is unavoidable. But the verbal laissez-faire theory does not really address the problem. And such selection—which determines what people learn about, and what they don't—has become an unprecedented exercise of power.

The second development is the professionalization of journalism. Extensive formal education and extensive occupational organization are becoming characteristic of many vocations. Among journalists, however, professionalization carries with it the specific danger that one set of standards and mores will come to define what is news.

The third development is the distancing of representative government from the people. Authority has shifted from the local to the national level. All elected federal officials spend most of the year in Washington; congressional districts have become too large in population for personal contact between representatives and their constituents. Meanwhile, the political parties, which once served as links, are declining in vigor and influence. The gap between government and the people is increasingly filled by the mass media. Hence the media function as a part of government even though our constitutional tradition excludes them from legal and political responsibility.

Ivan W. Parkins
Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Making Art in Public
(Continued)

Both Tom Wolfe and the letter writers critical of his article ["The Worship of Art," *Harper's*, October 1984] miss an important point. If art has any practical function at all it is to preserve for future generations the

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May Index Sources

1,2 Nicaraguan Ministry of Industry; 3 *The New York Times*; 4 *Ambito Financiero* (Buenos Aires); 5 Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus (U.S. Congress); 6 Inter American Press Association (Miami)/Committee to Protect Journalists (New York City); 7 National Institute of Mental Health (Bethesda, Md.); 8 New York City Police Department; 9 West Side Rifle and Pistol Range (New York City); 10 *The New York Times*; 11, 12 Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (Washington, D.C.); 13 *America's War Machine*, by Tom Gervasi (Grove Press); 14, 15 Center on Budget and Policy Priorities (Washington, D.C.); 16 Media General (Richmond) and Associated Press Poll; 17, 18 "Investing in Children," by T. J. Espenshade (Urban Institute, Washington, D.C.); 19 U.S. Census Bureau; 20, 21 U.S. Department of Justice; 22, 23 National Aeronautics and Space Administration; 24 Centers for Disease Control (Atlanta); 25, 26 U.S. Department of Health and Human Services; 27 Harvard University; 28 *High School*, by Ernest L. Boyer (Harper & Row); 29 *The Economist* (London); 30 International Committee of the Red Cross (Geneva); 31 Cook County Hospital (Chicago); 32 National Institutes of Health Consensus Development Panel; 33 National Restaurant Association (Washington, D.C.); 34 Distilled Spirits Council of the United States (Washington, D.C.); 35 Air Transport Association of America (Washington, D.C.); 36 Mormon Church (Salt Lake City); 37 U.S. Department of the Interior; 38, 39 *Harper's* research; 40 International Flying Chicken Association (Rio Grande, Ohio).

SOLUTION TO THE APRIL PUZZLE

S	B	M	U	H	T	T	I	P	T	O	E
A	M	U	S	T	A	C	H	I	O	E	D
S	O	F	T	R	E	A	N	G	E	L	I
H	C	T	O	O	H	T	E	P	A	C	S
A	A	I	I	F	O	W	E	X	P	O	
Y	T	I	L	E	D	I	F	N	I	R	N
M	A	L	A	C	E	R	A	T	I	O	N
O	C	O	L	N	O	U	N	I	S	T	I
R	E	D	L	E	C	S	G	N	O	R	W
A	S	O	O	H	S	A	L	Y	B	U	R
L	I	L	Y	L	I	V	E	R	E	D	A
E	R	I	S	E	D	E	D	I	R	E	D

NOTES FOR "THE DJINTECS"

Note: Opposites are given in parentheses following explanations.

ACROSS: 1. THU(M-B); 6. TI(PT-O); 10. C-LEANS-HAVEN (MUSTACHIOED); 11. HAR-P, reversal (SOFT); 13. D-EVIL (ANGEL); 15. HOOT-CH; 16. SCAPE, anagram; 17. WAR-P, reversal (WOOF); 18. EXPO, hidden; 20. ALL(E.G.)IANCE (INFIDELITY); 23. LACE-RATION; 27. S(h)A-(w)N(e)E(s) (LOCO); 28. VERB, hidden (NOUN); 30. YOU-TH (em) (ELDER); 32. RIGHTS, homophone (WRONGS); 33. SHOO(t)s; 34. RU(g)BY; 35. LIONHEARTED, anagram (LILY-LIVERED); 36. A(PATH)-Y (DESIRE); 37. P-RAISE(anagram) (DERIDE). DOWN: 1. SA(reversal)-SHAY; 2. CAT(anagram)-A-COMB; 3. KHAKI, initial letters (MUFTI); 4. HERETOFORE, "hear 2/4" (HENCE-FORTH); 5. COLD, initial letters (HEAT); 6. RIO-TACT; 7. PI(GP)EN, anagram of pine; 8. C-LEO; 9. EDISON, anagram; 12. LA(ici)ZE (TOIL); 14. ANTIQUATED, anagram (NEWFANGLED); 19. P(ROT)RUDE, reversal of tor; 21. DIS(reversal)-COED; 22. M(ORAL)E; 24. ALLOYS, hidden; 25. HUG-E(arly) (TINY); 26. DARWIN, anagram; 29. D(...R)UNK (SOBER); 31. F-FALL (RISE); 32. SAVE, two meanings.

SOLUTION TO APRIL DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 28): In those precincts where the products of the Picasso industry are de rigueur, Wyeth incunabula are something of a social liability. Those who share Wyeth share values we can identify with some confidence. For ... this community ... the concept of "nature" is still a living force.

—Brian O'Doherty: *American Masters*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 29, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 27 (March) are Davida Charney, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; John Crider, Austin, Texas; and Roger L. Winters, Seattle, Washington.

sensibilities and character of the age in which the art was created. Abstract art does this perfectly. The public sculpture that Wolfe finds abhorrent is in fact a wonderful portrait of life in the moral Ice Age. In years to come the residents of Hartford, Connecticut, will gaze on *Stone Field Sculpture* and understand with absolute clarity the confusion and gullibility of their forebears, who forked over eighty-seven grand for an assortment of unadorned rocks. Modern art advertises the dangers of going adrift, and will therefore have meaning for those who have learned to steer a truer course.

Clark Whelton
New York, N.Y.

Wright's Stuff

A friend called my attention to Robert Wright's letter in the February *Harper's*. Somehow I had missed it. I'm grateful to him, and to you for printing it.

If I'd spent two dollars for the issue—I didn't, because I'm a subscriber—I'd have considered my money well spent just for this brilliant essay. Wright's letter is, in my judgment, the best thing in the issue. In fact, it's the best piece on pornography I've ever read. And I've read a lot of them.

Lynda Beltz
Department of Communications
Simmons College
Boston, Mass.

Who is Robert Wright, and what is he doing in Brooklyn, Nova Scotia?

Wright, innocuously featured in your Letters column, offered one of the most thought-provoking diatribes I have yet seen on the subject of pornography. If he is not a professional writer, he should be. His use of metaphor is superb: not one hackneyed phrase in the entire four-page spread. Tremendous imagery! I can see him with his own monthly column right next to Asa Baber in *Playboy*.

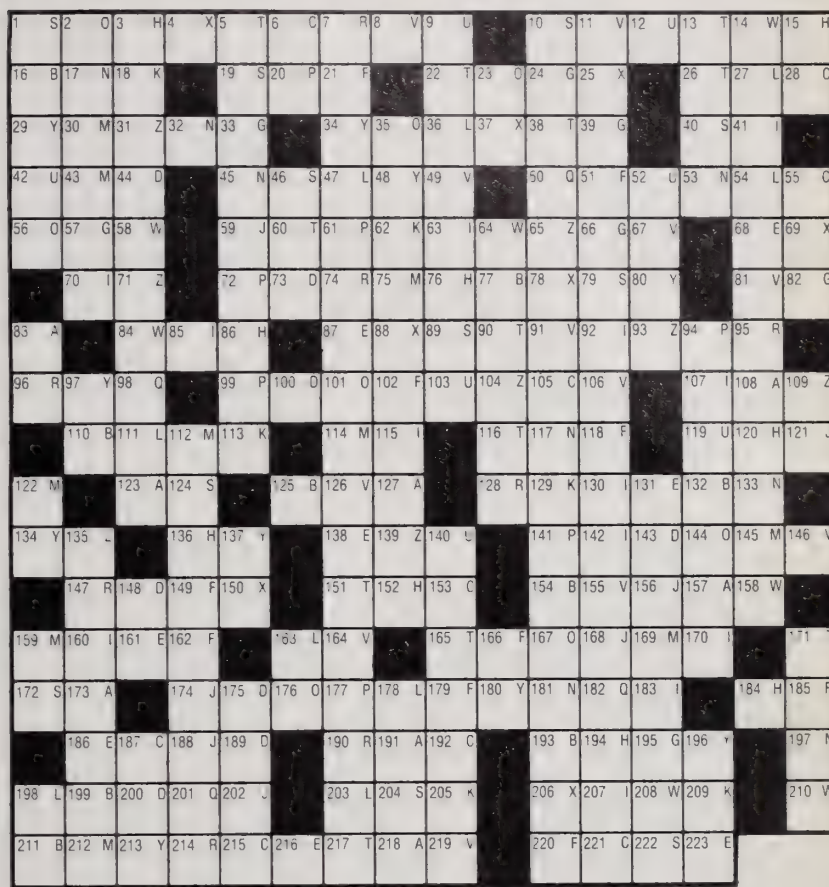
Brian K. Buggé
South Setauket, N.Y.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 29

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

WORDS

A. Slaughterhouse

83 191 108 173 123 218
157 127

B. "Because I persecuted _____ of God" (2 wds., 1 Corinthians 15:9)

16 110 132 77 193 211 154 199
125

C. Transitory

105 221 28 153 55 192 215 187
6

D. Emergency rations

143 44 175 189 73 100 200 148

E. Maiden name of she who was willed "my second best bed, with the furniture"

131 216 223 186 87 138 68 161

F. Vast

166 162 149 21 51 220 102 179
118

G. One who imposes retribution

39 66 24 195 57 82 33

H. The last words in scarcity (2 wds.)

152 76 86 15 3 120 194 184
136

I. To the max (4 wds.)

142 207 130 70 63 107 41 170
183 160 85 92 115

J. Brought back to a healthy condition

188 202 59 174 156 121 168

K. Poorly done; cheap, vulgar

205 62 129 18 113 209

L. Eng. author (1874-1936), creator of Father Brown

27 203 198 135 47 111 178 163
54 36

M. Infernal ding-a-lings? (2 wds.)

43 145 212 30 75 114 169 112
122 159

N. Caused worry; took the time or trouble

197 181 53 117 17 133 32 45

O. Manifestation of a supernatural being

35 176 56 144 101 23 167 2

P. Am. diving duck related to the canvasback

61 177 72 20 94 99 141

Q. Largest of the Marianas

98 182 50 201

R. Alpine mountain range in N. Italy

95 7 96 185 128 147 190 214
74

S. Rashness

172 1 89 79 19 46 222 10
204 40 124

T. Eng. actor-director-producer (*The Angry Silence*, *Gandhi*)

26 116 151 60 22 217 5 165
38 90 13 171

U. Frightful; horrible

12 119 52 140 42 103 9

V. "The glimpses of the moon," *Making _____* (2 wds., *Hamlet*)

67 155 5 49 91 81 126 146
219 164 11 106

W. Publicly

84 210 14 158 55 208 64

X. Calmed, made easy or level

69 88 150 206 78 4 25 37

Y. Coarse

180 213 80 97 196 29 48 134
34 137

Z. Delayed

109 93 139 51 104 71 65

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PUZZLE

Northern Lights

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Clue entries, or "lights," begin at their appropriate numbers but may proceed to the north, east, south, or west. If an edge of the diagram is reached before the light is completed, it resumes from the opposite side.

The lights that extend northward, however, require an appropriate adjustment before the clue answers can be entered. In the completed diagram, it will be found that each letter appears in precisely two lights.

Clue answers include two proper names and a common two-word phrase not in the dictionary. Northern lights include a nickname, a hyphenated verb, and a two-word phrase that is in the dictionary. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.

CLUES

1. Poles start talking during church service (5)
2. Succulent alcoholic beverage with nothing added (4)
3. They leave the post—military leader has ailment (but not terminal) (7)
4. "Top Ten" kind of recording that doesn't start in front (4)
5. Harmony is heard in musical composition (5)
6. Buxom, topless specimen (5)
7. Haphazardly colored, an extremity for the Frenchman (4)
8. Somewhat coloristic lemur (5)
9. One of the Yokums rebuilt barn without energy (5)
9. One quiet symbol of grief (3)
10. Common law initially is taken from gun (4)
11. Dig right in: seeds and soups (11)
12. Money in Budapest, in Dusseldorf, or in Tashkent (6)
13. To be full of activity, I'd like a tropical climate (5)
14. Gets involved with libidinous activity (I'm facing the wrong way) (5)
15. For snow, five dollars is about right (4)
16. Girdle kept in linen closet (7)
17. Brown boards with no indication of length (5)
18. Grant's progeny, one hears (4)
19. Poetry that's due to be read aloud (3)
20. A prime piece of steak, and well balanced (5)
21. \$100 taken in by phony game (6)
22. Make pink stocking cap for soldier (4)
23. The lady's swallowing cool drink in dive (6)
24. A bit of pain, or the results, possibly (5)
25. Mean British school editor is reversed (6)
26. Rare throw-in, without argument (4)
27. Answer to 20 minus 6 into fourteen. Recalculate using the final figures (3)
28. Read pen scribbling around page—it's inside the cover (8)
29. Perform Hindu incantation for judgment day (4)
30. Air is spoiling Northern fruit (6)
31. Not excited about the extremes of liberalism (4)
31. Desire for recess time (5)
32. Made fun of mobilizing of dopes (7)
32. Speedily . . . and this is, etc. (4)
33. College official gets top mark in study (4)
34. Ireland turned back Indian tribe (4)
35. Look, we're Democratic and put down (7)
36. How a Democrat has a place for Ford (4)
37. "A foul calumny" restates it direly (5,3)

	1			2	3	4	5			
	6		7	8			9			
			10					11		
						12	13		14	
			15				16	17	18	
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23					24				25	26
		27	28		29					
	30	31				32				
33	34			35		36				37

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Northern Lights," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Parting Words II," are Virginia Bell, Sudbury, Massachusetts; Norman E. Colten, Asbury Park, New Jersey; and Anna D. Sheppard, Murphy, North Carolina.



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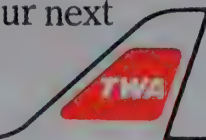
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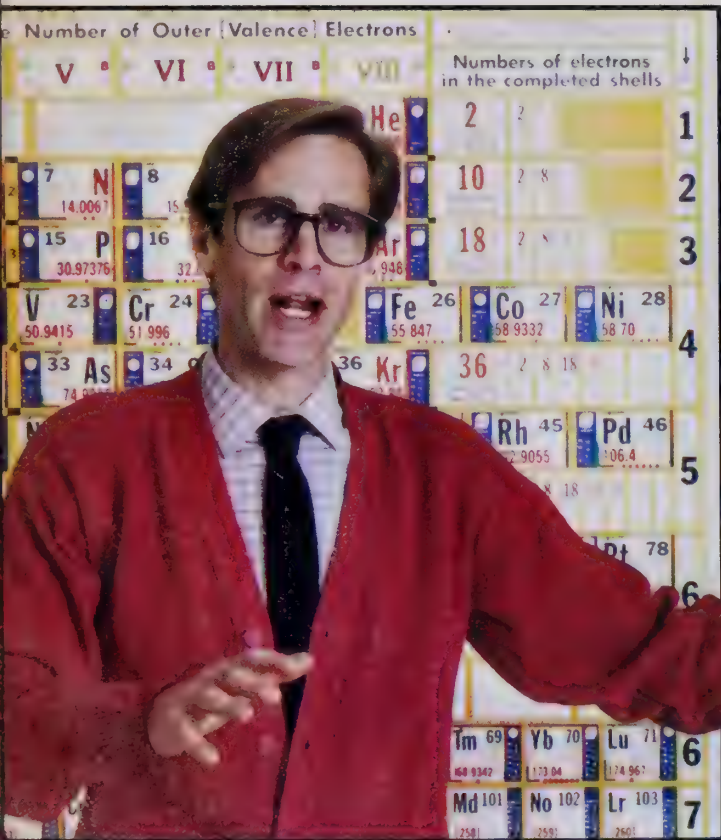
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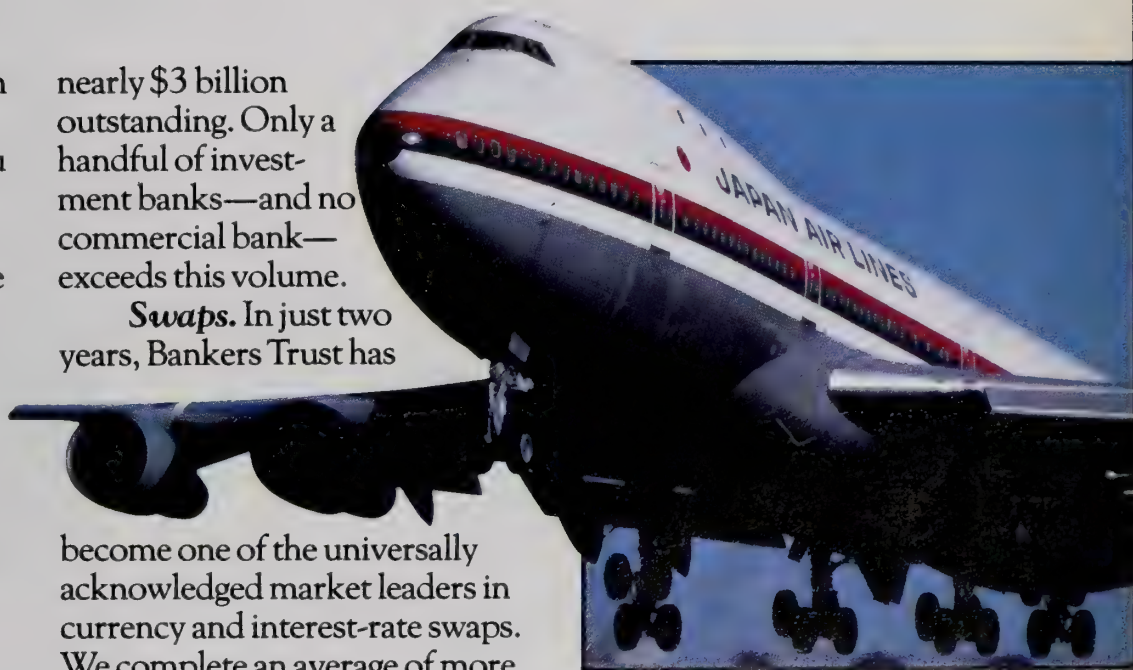
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LETTERS

Sellafield and the Sea

The essay "Bad News from Britain," by the novelist Marilynne Robinson [*Harper's*, February], might well have been an extract from her latest work of fiction. She is pathetically frank, at least, about the quality of her research. Everything factual in her article, she confesses, was gleaned from British television and the British press. If she had been completely honest she might have added that the material she presented was selected only from stories devoted to the pronouncements of the most hostile critics of nuclear power.

There is a phrase used to describe this kind of selective scissors-and-paste work: "hack journalism." One would not have expected to find such methods acceptable to a journal of *Harper's* standing.

Had Robinson troubled to check her facts with British Nuclear Fuels—the target of her attack—or with the regulatory bodies responsible for monitoring and controlling nuclear operators, she might have produced a worthier article. Let me deal with just three matters:

1. The November 1983 incident at Sellafield did not become known because of Greenpeace. It was reported by British Nuclear Fuels to the government and to the press as soon as contamination was confirmed.

2. Far from being impatient with the idea of reducing radioactive discharges from Sellafield, the chairman of British Nuclear Fuels has committed £150 million—over and above the £190 million already spent—to a program designed to bring discharges

down to a level as low as that achieved by any comparable plant in the world.

3. The picture of an impoverished Britain too enfeebled to care about the environmental performance of its industries is really quite laughable. I am confident that any U.S. corporation asked about the regulatory pressures placed on its British subsidiaries would confirm that the standards imposed in Britain are comparable with the best international practice.

Jeffrey Preece

Risley, Warrington, England

Jeffrey Preece is director of information services for British Nuclear Fuels.

Marilynne Robinson refers to the Control of Pollution Act of 1974 but fails to understand that radioactive discharges in the United Kingdom are subject to stringent government control under the 1960 Radioactive Substances Act. All radioactive discharges have to comply with the terms of authorizations issued jointly under this act by the secretary of state for the environment and the ministers of agriculture, fisheries, and food. These ministers have the duty to protect the human population and the natural environment from all forms of pollution. They take this duty very seriously.

As to discharges from the Sellafield reprocessing plant, the British government is committed to ensuring that such discharges are as low as is reasonably practicable, taking into account the best available technology. Substantial reductions have already been made and measures to achieve further reductions are in hand. In addition, on December 18, 1984, the government announced a further major program of reductions which will bring discharges to the

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

level of those from the newer French plant at Cap de la Hague, the only plant at all comparable; in some cases, the discharges from Sellafield will be even less.

It is the British government's firm policy that radiation exposure to the public from Sellafield discharges should be within the limits recommended by the International Commission on Radiological Protection. Even for those members of the public most exposed (a small number of local people who eat large amounts of fish and shellfish), the new measures will reduce the radiation to well under 10 percent of the international limit.

Finally, Robinson is wrong to suggest that only childhood leukemia was considered by Sir Douglas Black's inquiry into the possible increased cancer incidence in West Cumbria. Sir Douglas found no evidence of any general risk to the health of children or adults but recommended further studies. The British government accepted all his recommendations and is considering how best to implement them.

A. E. Huckle
New York, N.Y.

A. E. Huckle is executive director of the British Information Service.

Marilynne Robinson replies:

This is what British Nuclear Fuels can manage by way of reply. There is no denial that the sea has been contaminated with plutonium and other radioactive substances; there is no denial that these substances are entering the human environment; there is no denial that British Nuclear Fuels is responsible for this.

But to respond to the specific points raised by Jeffrey Preece:

1. The matter of the leak and BNF's response to it is a matter that has been under investigation by Britain's director of public prosecutions. Preece's version can hardly be assumed to be a disinterested one.

2. I did not fail to mention that BNF has stated that it is about to spend what is actually an unspectacular sum to do on a less egregious scale what it should never have done at all. Preece's is merely a declaration of

BNF's intention to go on polluting. There is careful avoidance in Preece's response of any commitment to end the polluting altogether. And there is no hint at the scale of the problem that does exist. As to Preece's last point, about British concern for the environment, this speaks volumes.

If Preece and A. E. Huckle adhere dutifully to their government's standards, we may derive from the fact of a quarter-ton of plutonium in the sea off their coast how stringent these standards really are. We are told that these standards are "international." Yet Sellafield is unexampled: note the evasiveness of "as low as is reasonably practicable" and "taking into account the best available technology." [Italics added.] There is no admission here that past practice has been harmful, even while the prospect of reduction of discharge is offered to allay criticism. The government did indeed accept a government commission's report on the operation (under government supervision) of the government's reprocessing plant. Life is full of surprises.

Nuclear Conflict, Class Conflict

Robert Coles calls the vote by Brown University students to have the infirmary stock suicide pills in case of nuclear war a "strange idea" ["The Freeze: Crusade of the Leisure Class," *Harper's*, March]. What is truly strange is that Coles cannot understand the symbolism behind our vote. We knew from the beginning that the infirmary would never stock suicide pills. Instead, we were trying to make a point in a way that might break through the "psychic numbing," to use Helen Caldicott's phrase.

Nuclear bombs are suicide pills. Nuclear war is suicide. We did not vote to stock the pills so that we "might quickly end [our] lives in the event of nuclear war." Should there be a nuclear war, we would be dead; the idea behind the referendum was to make students realize this before the bombs start falling.

It is too bad that Coles did not visit Brown before writing that we should "channel [our] energies more

Continued on page 74

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NOTEBOOK

The gods of the empty horizon

By Lewis H. Lapham

Religion consists in believing that everything which happens is extraordinarily important. It can never disappear from the world, precisely for this reason.

—Cesare Pavese

After World War I it was generally assumed that all the gods were dead. Most of them had been reported missing on the western front; the few that survived the armistice of 1918 soon perished in a succession of purges mounted by enemies as various as Marxism, psychoanalysis, quantum mechanics, and Dadaist aesthetics. For the next thirty years, professors of history as well as literature informed their students that it was no good trying to find the lost light in the well of metaphor or the wine of orgy.

The vogue for modernist cynicism dissolved in the explosion at Hiroshima. At first, of course, not everybody understood what had happened, and for another twenty years the professors continued to teach the language of Joyce and the doctrines of Freud. As long as the nuclear weapons were neither too numerous nor too available, it was still possible to believe that they might not be divine, that maybe they weren't too different from crossbows or howitzer shells.

But the equations of destruction now stored in the world's arsenals, together with the sophistication of the guidance systems that can cast the fires of heaven as accurately as Capitoline Jupiter, make it impossible for the secular authorities to pretend that the miraculous birth at Los Alamos somehow failed to take place, that the makers of modern physics hadn't also succeeded in making an appropriately modern religion. In consecrated ground on three continents, as serene in their indif-

ference as Aztec or Delphic stone, the gods of the empty horizon wait patiently for the end of the world. Their fierce silence has imposed on the world what can be fairly described as the forty years' peace.

Even the blasphemous heathen who never have seen a cruise missile or an ICBM can infer the divinity of the weapons from the nature of the discussion that attends their deployment and use. President Reagan speaks of the Strategic Defense Initiative (known to the vulgar as Star Wars) as if it had been shown to him in a prophetic dream. The apologists for the more orthodox dogma (known as mutual assured destruction) rely on an equally inspired acquaintance with the truth.

Once recognized as theological discourse, the weapons debate takes its place among the gospels of Revelation. Knowing that it is by paradox that the gods declare themselves, the nuclear clergy has devised at least six proofs of their presence.

1. What was irrational becomes rational. The dogma of mutual assured destruction, which has governed American strategy for thirty years, implies a threat so monstrous, so beyond reason, that it offers, in the words of its proponents, the only benign and rational policy. The United States preserves civilization by promising to obliterate civilization.

The theory of the impregnable defense guarantees, in President Reagan's words, "security against all contingencies," which, in its divine presumption, is an assurance as monstrous and as beyond reason as the promise of utter annihilation.

2. What was real becomes magical. The analysts of all sects concede that nuclear weapons no longer retain a practical military use. They have become so frightful that no-

body, not even Patrick Buchanan, conceives of sending them against either a strategic or a tactical objective; these lesser purposes give way to the higher purpose of sustaining the myth of omnipotence. The logic of deterrence, like that of the Strategic Defense Initiative, requires an arsenal that stands as both symbol and embodiment of absolute power.

3. What was static becomes dynamic. By increasing its store of weapons, the United States hopes to reduce the burden of arms. The doctrine assumes that the Soviet Union will negotiate disarmament only if it feels itself intimidated. The United States thus has no choice but to pile missile upon missile, laser beam upon laser beam, bomb upon bomb. The tower of hideous strength must always overreach the competitive icon raised up by the Soviet Union.

The impious ask, What is the point of building so many weapons when it needs no more than a few thermonuclear displays to poison the earth? As always, the impious fail to make the leap of faith. Deterrence is never constant, and cannot be measured out in what the Pentagon calls "mere numbers" (either of warheads or of casualties); it resides in the always shifting "interaction of capabilities and vulnerabilities," i.e., in an unutterable mystery.

In his speech announcing the advent of Star Wars, President Reagan observed that "the defense debate is not about spending arithmetic." Not only is it mystery, but it exists in a realm beyond the tawdry stink of commerce.

4. What was human becomes divine. The construction of a nuclear weapon depends upon as brilliant a work of the human imagination as the world has ever seen. Over the course of centuries the collective ge-

nius of hundreds of thousands of mathematicians, physicists, and engineers has gathered the wonder of the universe in a space not much bigger than a hatbox.

But the nuclear religion transfers the qualities of human courage and resourcefulness to supernatural objects. The substitution diminishes the men who make the objects; having become pygmies, they find their response to emergent political occasions reduced to the primitive shout: "Our gods will destroy your gods."

5. The unknown takes precedence over the known. As the weapons become more dangerous and more complex, it becomes more impossible to predict what would happen if they were to escape and walk abroad among the nations of the earth. What savage race would rise from the ashes? What fish would still swim in the oceans?

Nobody can answer the questions, and so the preachers of descriptive sermons can find nobody to quarrel with their visions of hell. Carl Sagan's nuclear winter is as plausible as the day of judgment advertised on network television. The strategists in both the United States and the Soviet Union make pictures on computer screens, but their calculations bear comparison to the paintings of Hieronymous Bosch.

6. What was temporal becomes spiritual. Statesmen come and go, but the nuclear fires abide. The congregations worship the terrible magnificence of the idols at rest in their sanctuaries, adorning them, as if they were statues of Apollo, with the votive gifts of higher accuracies and greater quotients of power. Despite the immense sums of treasure and intelligence offered in rituals of sacrifice, nobody can expect to live to see the result of his handiwork.

Among people accustomed to a religious understanding of the world, this final paradox permits a measure of peace. In New York a few months ago to speak to a university audience about the landscape of Armageddon, a Jesuit priest dismissed as irrelevant a question about the extent of the nuclear inventory. "These things are not of this world, my son," he said. "They belong to the afterlife."

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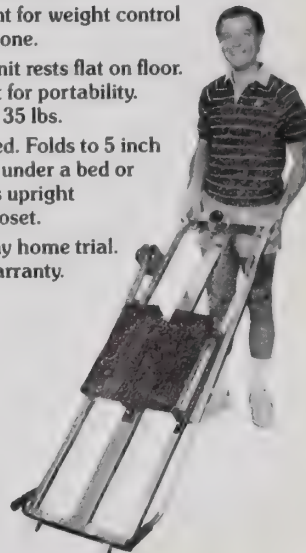
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report provided the outside world with the first piece of solid evidence that the Soviets are indeed gaining ground against the Islamic guerrillas.

For Patricia Sethi, Afghanistan proved to be just one in a number of scoops she was able to capture last year.

As our U.N. bureau chief,



Wed.

Photograph by Ed Grazda/Magnum

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Sat.

...i has used her contacts
...e to great advantage. On
...Year's Day last year, Fidel
...ro granted her his first
...view with an American
...rter in over five years. Pres-
...t Pinochet of Chile met
...Sethi for his first interview
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HARPER'S INDEX

Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000

U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000

Percentage of new government R&D spending that will go to Star Wars in 1986 : 28

Amount that will be spent on Star Wars R&D before a deployment decision is made : \$76,000,000,000 (see page 45)

Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000

In 1984 : 51,000,000

Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1, 2, 3

Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8

In 1984 : 11

Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000

Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12

The average New Englander : 23

Tons of strawberries sold at Wimbledon each year : 15

Percentage of Americans who say they would rather have a tooth pulled than take a car in for repairs : 20

Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000

Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77

Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York City : \$145

Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39

Who say that today : 56

Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19

Percentage of American women : 6

Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7

Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8

Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2

Rank of *indifferent*, *apathy*, and *obscure* among the vocabulary words appearing most frequently on the SAT : 1, 2, 3

Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385

The average "colored" student : 872

The average black student : 192

Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320

In 1984 : 896

Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000

Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40

Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3

In 1984 : 12.9

Average age at which an American first gets a watch : 6½

Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67

Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1

Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11

Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74.

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READINGS

[Interview]

CONFESSIONS OF A STATE TERRORIST

Excerpted from an interview with Andres Antonio Valenzuela Morales, the first defector from the Chilean secret services to describe publicly their activities under the Pinochet regime. Valenzuela was interviewed last August by Monica Gonzalez, a reporter for Cauce, one of the main opposition publications in Chile. But on November 6, before the interview could be published, General Pinochet imposed a nationwide state of siege and banned Cauce as well as several other publications. The interview has since appeared in Diario de Caracas, a Venezuelan newspaper, and in Mensaje, a magazine published in Chile by the Catholic Church. The church petitioned the Chilean Supreme Court to investigate Valenzuela's charges; in January, the petition was denied, 11 to 1. Currently on the secret services' most wanted list, Valenzuela lives under an assumed identity in France.

How old are you?

I am twenty-eight.

That means you were only nineteen when you were assigned to work for DINA [the former name of Chile's national intelligence agency].

No, I never worked for DINA. I belonged to SIFA, the intelligence service of the air force. At that time we had problems with DINA; we thought they were not good enough. That's what my bosses said. Although we were fewer in number, we worked more effectively. For example, it was our group that arrested the heads of

the MIR [Movement of the Revolutionary Left].

Where did you take the people who were arrested?
In the early days we took them to the Academia de Guerra. But we were not in charge of the prisoners. We had no idea if they were released or tried. I do know that there was plenty of torture. The first time I witnessed it, the victim was a girl. I was shocked. She was from the MIR.

Describe her.

She was very young, middle class; she was blond.

Why did it shock you?

I had never seen anything like that before. I was among the strong guards, but . . . They took her to a bathroom and they beat the hell out of her. I saw them.

How did Contreras Maluje's death really happen?
[Maluje, a high-ranking official in Chile's Communist Party, was abducted in 1975.]

He was handed over to us by a man who had been arrested. I don't remember what position this man held. We called him "Jose." He was important among the Juventud Comunista [Communist Youth].

What happened to Maluje?

I remember this mission quite well, because I participated in it. We arrested him along with a relative or friend of his in San Bernardo. We brought along "Jose," who was still under arrest. By then we had arrested practically all the members of the Juventud Comunista, except Maluje.

When we interrogated "Jose," he told us that Contreras Maluje was in a house in San Bernardo. He said, "If you let me go, I'll make contact with him and you can arrest him."

It was very difficult to arrest Maluje. He was a strong guy. We took him blindfolded to our headquarters and interrogated him about the other men we had arrested. He refused to talk about them and said he had not seen them in a long time. We took off his blindfold and he saw all the men. I think he realized right away that "Jose" had given him away. Then he told us he could lead us to a high-ranking communist in Calle Nataniel. We all discussed this—knowing Maluje's importance in the Communist Party, we were afraid that he might be plotting something.

We decided to let him go and to follow him. He started walking toward Avenida Matta and we trailed him at a distance in a car. Then we heard on the radio that someone had jumped in front of a bus. We rushed to the scene and found that a big crowd had already gathered around him.

What happened next?

His wrists had been broken the night before when we had tortured him. When he saw us he started yelling that we were from DINA and that we wanted to kill him. He kept shouting his name and asking people to tell the Maluje Pharmacy in Concepción [his family's business] what was happening to him. Several patrol cars arrived at the scene. The police didn't know what to do. One of the policemen took the bus driver behind the bus and told him to get the hell out of there. Maluje was almost unconscious, but when we tried to get him into one of the cars he started yelling again that he had been tortured, holding out his broken wrists to the people. He even asked the police to help him. We got him inside a light blue car, a Fiat 125, which was registered under the name of the director of intelligence of the air force, who had no idea we had his car. We should never have used it; that was a mistake.

Where did you take Maluje?

To our headquarters on Calle 18. He had a broken arm and his head was bleeding. He was taken from the car like a sack of potatoes. He was kicked badly.

When was he killed?

That same night. He spent the whole day in jail. He was constantly beaten up, just for the hell of it, because at that point it was useless trying to interrogate him. A policeman kicked him in the face and broke his nose. When I arrived the next morning I learned that he was

going to be buried; a group of policemen left very early to dig a grave.

You told me you knew of an operation in which the disappeared were thrown from a helicopter.

I am familiar with one operation, but I know there were many more. It was in 1975, when we were going after the Juventud Comunista.

About ten or fifteen people were taken up in an air force helicopter. Among them was a former councilman of Renca; he was lame, pretty old. The rest were probably those who had been arrested with him.

Were they alive?

Yes, but they were drugged. They had been given some drugs, but not very strong ones. A colleague of mine who participated in the operation told me later that one of the prisoners had woken up in the helicopter and then been hit on the head with an iron pipe. They were all thrown into the ocean.

Was something done to them before they were thrown into the ocean?

They were opened.

What do you mean by that?

Their stomachs were slit open so they wouldn't float. There were army commanders aboard the helicopter, and I was told that they did this with their knives.

Have you ever had any emotional problems?

Yes, I was under treatment once. Many of us have been hospitalized.

Where were you hospitalized?

In the clinic in Nuñoa. There is an agreement with that clinic. I was treated by a psychiatrist.

Were you asked about these same subjects?

No, because the doctor belongs to the intelligence service. I asked for medical help because I was feeling extremely tense. I talked to a psychologist, who sent me to have an encephalogram. I had several sessions, just conversations. I was also asked to solve some puzzles, organize cubes, etc. They decided that my problems were a consequence of my financial situation.

How did you feel after your treatment?

I still had the same problems, but I felt fine. What I mean is that I realized that the problems are within me. That is why I decided to talk to you.

Why didn't you talk to the doctor about this?

I couldn't talk to him about this! How was I supposed to tell him that I was fed up and wanted to leave the service? How could I have told him that I felt filthy and was nauseated by what I was doing? Can you imagine! The doctor works for the service. I would have had a very short life.



Best Foot, a hand-painted photo-collage by Daniel Babior, is part of a series of his works, *Urban Transplants*, that appears in the Spring 1985 issue of the *Georgia Review*. Babior, whose work is shown at the Bertha Urdang Gallery in New York City, grew up in Brooklyn and now lives in Cullowhee, North Carolina.

How do you behave as a father?
I am a bad father.

Do you hit your children?
No, but I hardly ever play with them.

Why?
I don't know. I've been looking at my life for a long time . . . I see things differently now, and I have analyzed what I have done. I don't want my children to love me. I know I will be killed any day, and I don't want them to suffer. That's why I behave the way I do in my house. My kids love their uncles more. When they visit, the children run out to greet them . . . Sometimes they do that when I arrive, but I don't pay any attention to them. I know I love them, but not the way I should.

What did you do when you weren't working?
I didn't enjoy being at home. I read a lot—I enjoy reading. I used to play soccer, but I stopped going to the stadium.

What would you like to have done with your life?
I don't know. I have never thought about it.

Do you remember what you wanted to be when you were little?

Yes. It might sound ironic . . . I wanted to be a policeman or a detective.

What would you like your kids to be when they grow up?
A doctor.

When you met a doctor who worked for the service and participated in these activities, how did you feel?
Once I saw a doctor injecting Pentothal into a prisoner; that shocked me. The prisoner was also hypnotized, but nothing could make him talk. I admired him; he was brave and had integrity. Sometimes when we were torturing him we would break down, but not him.

I can only say that when you first start doing this job, it is hard . . . you hide yourself and cry, so nobody can see you. Later on you don't cry, you only feel sad. You feel a knot in your throat but you can hold back the tears. And after . . . not wanting to . . . but wanting to, you start getting used to it. Yes, definitely, there comes a moment when you feel nothing about what you are doing.

[Manual]

HOUSE & GARDEN W/COCAINE

From a document seized by U.S. drug enforcement officials in the apartment of Lizardo Marquez-Perez, a Venezuelan awaiting trial in Miami on cocaine-trafficking charges. According to federal officials, the document is a manual for a group of Latin American drug smugglers. The excerpts below are from the introduction and from a section on "safe houses."

There is no substitute for a written outline. It forces you to think, to analyze, and to put your ideas in order.

We must evaluate our personnel needs. More people should not be hired until the responsibilities of those already working are properly distributed. We must give them more work so as to justify better salaries. This way, they will think they have been promoted, and will perform better. In general, do not overload a person with work or responsibilities; but do not let him be idle, for he will lose interest. Every person employed by the company must have a schedule of activities. It is very dangerous for a person to be doing nothing.

HOUSES

The house represents the operating center "par excellence." Therefore it must be functional, comfortable, and, above all, secure.

Who shall pay for the house?

This must not be left to the discretion of the person who is occupying it. The company must pay all the expenses pertaining to the house.

Who shall live in the house?

Preferably a middle-aged couple with children.

What are the obligations of the occupant?

To live a normal life.

To try to leave the house at the same time every day (and to go to a predetermined location for delivery instructions).

To try to imitate all the habits of an American (mowing the lawn, washing the car, etc.).

The occupant must not have extravagant social events in the house, *but he may have an occasional barbecue with trusted relatives.*

It is recommended that every occupant have a well-maintained dog. Preferably a Great Dane.

What are the minimum requirements for a house?

Residential neighborhood (preferably on a street with little traffic).

Lots of green space.

Two-car garage (hopefully not within sight of the neighbors).

Swimming pool (optional).

Who must O.K. the selection of the house?

The prospective occupant. His point of view and his hunches must be respected.

Who may go into the house?

Ideally, whoever lives there. If that is not possible, then only one person.

What must the occupant of the house have ready?

Tickets for another U.S. city and for abroad.

Money for emergencies (which can't be used for anything else).

The address of a refuge.

The name of a trusted lawyer.

An escape vehicle.

What must the occupant never do?

Fill up the house with furniture he would be sorry to leave behind.

Give his address to strangers.

Use work vehicles for personal activities.

Go out with his wife, leaving the house unguarded when there is something to guard.

[Proclamation]

WINGO FEVER STALKS BEANTOWN

Mayor Raymond L. Flynn of Boston recently issued the following statement proclaiming the week of March 4 Wingo Week. Wingo, a promotional game resembling bingo, appears in the Boston Herald as well as several other newspapers owned by Rupert Murdoch. This proclamation was inserted in the Congressional Record by Representative Joe Moakley, Democrat of Boston.

Whereas: Wingo has provided excitement to countless thousands in the greater Boston area;

Whereas: Young and old alike have shared in the anticipation of the daily Wingo in their households;

Whereas: Wingo has provided many with the opportunity to improve the quality of life for themselves and their families;

Whereas: The *Boston Herald* has reached people in every neighborhood of Boston and made them aware of the potential to win at Wingo;

Therefore, I, Raymond L. Flynn, mayor of the city of Boston, do hereby proclaim the week of March 4 through March 10, 1985, to be Wingo Week in the city of Boston and wish all my fellow Bostonians the best of luck at playing Wingo.

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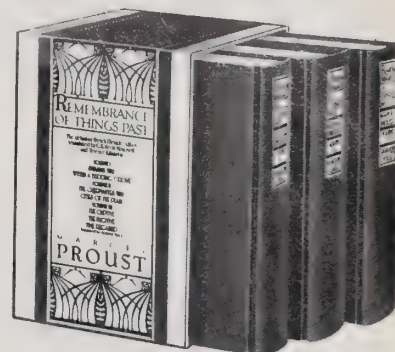
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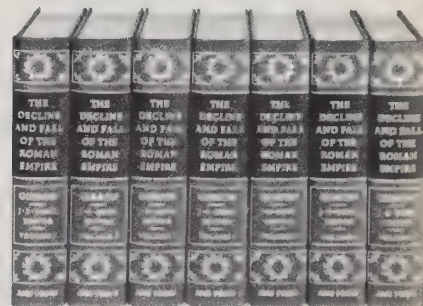


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[Survey]

96% CAN'T BE WRONG

From the Bruskin Report, March 1985. A thousand people were asked whether they believe each of the following sayings is true. The Bruskin Report is a market research newsletter published in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Saying	% who believe it
Look before you leap.	96
Don't count your chickens before they hatch.	93
Don't cry over spilled milk.	88
Don't put all your eggs in one basket.	87
A penny saved is a penny earned.	85
Haste makes waste.	84
Beauty is only skin deep.	82
A stitch in time saves nine.	78
The early bird catches the worm.	75
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.	73
What's good for the goose is good for the gander.	57
The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.	38

[Commentary]

NOTES FROM THE FRINGE

From "It's 'Life for a Life' on Abortion Issue," by Michael H. Brown, in the March 4 issue of the *Spotlight*, a Washington, D.C., weekly that describes its perspective as "populist and nationalist."

There is one thing the participants in the current abortion controversy have overlooked: the inevitable conclusion. Let's ignore the morality of the issue. Let's merely consider the consequences.

First, and most obvious, is the fact that more than 16 million Americans have been destroyed since the Supreme Court's twisted reasoning in *Roe v. Wade*. If this decision remains in force until the beginning of the twenty-first century, our nation will be missing more than 40 million citizens, of whom approximately 8 million would have been men of military age.

These missing citizens (and we are talking

only about aborted children, not those who were never even conceived because of birth control) will cause the following problems:

- ☐ American farmers will have 40 million fewer people to whom to sell their products;
- ☐ American manufacturers will have 40 million fewer people to whom to sell their products;
- ☐ America's service industries will have 40 million fewer people to whom to sell their services.

The second consequence, as most of the pro-abortion crowd is beginning to understand, is that the level of violence is liable to escalate.

For almost ten years, the "right-to-life" people tried to use the political process to stop the slaughter. That didn't work. For the last two years, some of these people have been using fire and dynamite to halt the killing of the unborn. That isn't working.

The next act in this drama should be obvious. When these individuals and groups realize that dynamiting an unoccupied building is having no effect, the next logical step will be to take the biblical commandment of "a life for a life" literally.

The federal government has declared itself to be solidly on the side of the baby-killers, regardless of Ronald Reagan's rhetoric and his lip service to the rights of the unborn. Reagan could stop the slaughter in an instant by issuing a presidential pardon to every individual convicted of blowing up or torching an abortion clinic. Instead, he has sworn to "crack down" on those who use violence.

Federal judges used to be impartial arbiters who dished out sentences to fit the crime. However, when Don Benny Anderson, self-proclaimed leader of the Army of God, receives thirty years from a federal judge for kidnapping (and not harming) an abortionist, it is obvious where that judge's sympathies lie. A lot of anti-abortion militants will eventually consider themselves "at war" with the federal government, and will begin disposing of federal agents and judges accordingly.

Federal agents have already been killed by people who feel they are at war with the government, such as Gordon Kahl [the tax protester who was killed in a shootout with federal marshals in 1983]. Clearly, we are facing another civil war—this time between religious fanatics and the government. This is a war the government can't win. A government can win a civil war only when it has the support of the population it governs.

There are literally millions of men "cocked and primed," waiting for someone to light the match. As a Justice Department official recently said: "If it starts, we can't stop it."

[Guidelines]

THE AYATOLLAH'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

From A Clarification of Questions, by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, published in the United States by Westview Press of Boulder, Colorado. Khomeini's treatise sets out his position on 3,000 questions of everyday life. Translated by J. Borujerdi.

#64. Evacuation is unlawful in four places. First, in dead-end alleys. Second, on the property of a person who has not given his permission. Third, in a place assigned to a specific group of people, such as some schools. Fourth, over the graves of the faithful, if it would be considered disrespectful.

#107. The whole body of an infidel, even the hair, the nails, and its wetness, is unclean.

#112. Industrial alcohol used for painting doors, tables, chairs, etc., is clean if one does not know it was made of something inebriating.

#120. The sweat of a camel that eats unclean substances is unclean.

#125. When a clean object touches an unclean object and one or both are wet enough to convey that wetness to the other, then the clean object becomes unclean. But if the wetness is not enough to reach the other, the clean object does not become unclean.

#145. If a host, while eating, realizes that the food is unclean, he must inform his guests. But if one of the guests realizes this, it is not necessary to inform the others, unless his relations with the others are such that as a result of remaining silent he himself becomes unclean.

#206. If someone kills a mosquito that is sitting on his body and he does not know whether the blood ejected from the mosquito is his or that of the mosquito, it is clean.

#462. Divorcing a menstruating woman is void.

#464. If a woman begins menstruating while praying, her prayer is void.

#2,054. These are the major abominable dealings. First, selling real estate. Second, butchery. Third, selling shrouds. Fourth, dealing with base people. Fifth, dealing between the morning *azan* and the onset of sunshine. Sixth, choosing to buy and sell wheat, barley, and the like as one's occupation. Seventh, entering into a deal involving the purchase of a commodity that another person is about to buy.

#2,139. If a butcher says he is selling male meat and sells instead that of a female, he has sinned.

#2,179. It is correct for one who cannot talk to convey that he is paying rent or that he has rented a property by pointing.

#2,445. When a man and a woman who are strangers to each other are alone in a quiet place that no one else can enter, they must get out of there if they fear that they may fall into an unlawful act.

#2,622. Eating locusts caught with the hand or by some other means is lawful after they are dead. It is not necessary that the person who caught them be a Moslem or that he mentioned the name of God when he caught them. But if a dead locust is held by an infidel and it is not known whether it was caught alive, it is not lawful to eat it, even if the person who caught it says that he caught it alive.

#2,629. It is not unlawful to swallow the food that exits from between the teeth as a result of flossing if one's nature has no aversion to it.

#2,631. It is loathsome to eat the meat of a horse, a mule, or a donkey if someone has had coitus with the animal.

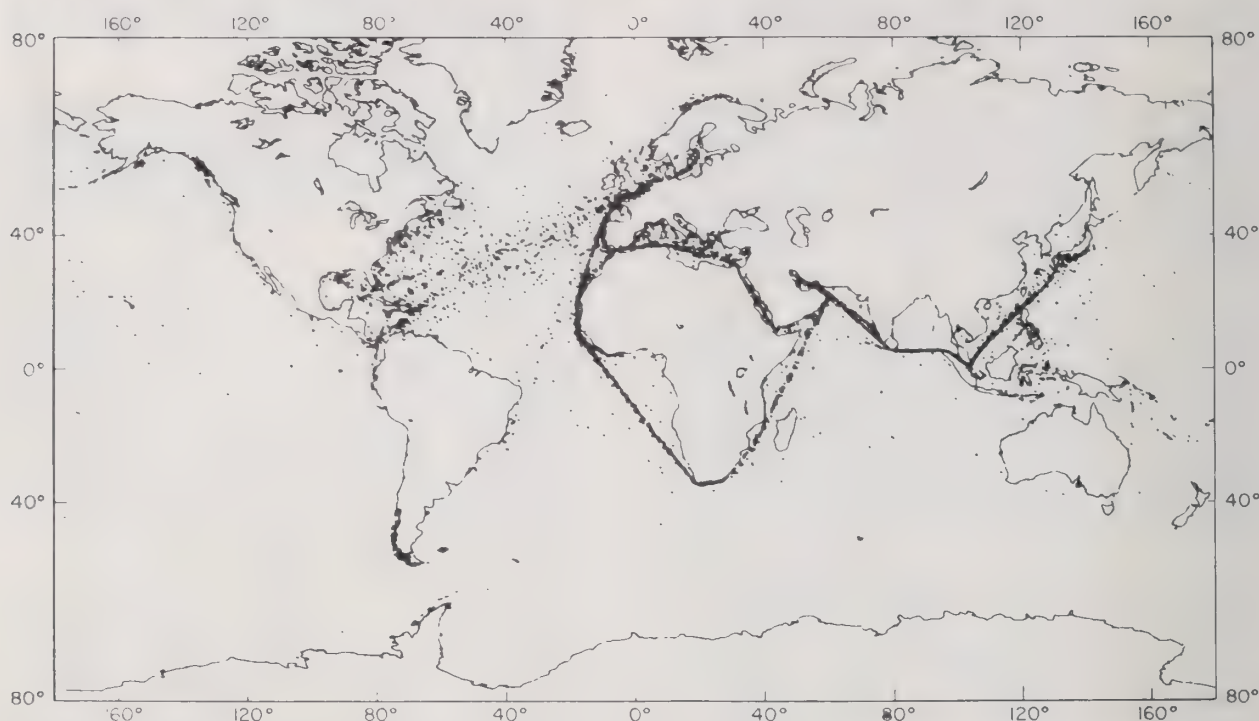
#2,637. Several things are loathsome (abominable) when eating. First, eating while satiated. Second, excessive eating (it has been said that the God of the World dislikes a full stomach



From the April issue of Science '85.

[Map]

THE GEOGRAPHY OF POLLUTION



From "Oil Pollution in the World's Oceans," by Eric M. Levy, in *Ambio*, Vol. VIII, No. 4. The map shows the location of oil slicks sighted during a three-year study sponsored by the United Nations. Most of the observations were made along shipping routes (from aboard merchant vessels), but according to Levy, "data were also collected for the less well-travelled regions of the ocean." Approximately 3.5 million metric tons of oil are released into the seas each year, yet "broad expanses of the oceans remain relatively uncontaminated." *Ambio* is published bimonthly by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences.

more than anything else). Third, looking at other people's faces while they are eating. Fourth, eating hot food. Fifth, blowing at what one is eating or drinking. Sixth, waiting for something else after the bread has been put on the tablecloth. Seventh, cutting bread with a knife. Eighth, putting bread under a container of food. Ninth, cleaning the meat stuck to a bone so that nothing remains on it. Tenth, peeling fruit.

#2,858. The prizes that banks give to encourage borrowers, and those that institutions give to encourage buyers and customers, are lawful. The things that sellers put inside their merchandise to attract customers and increase buyers, such as gold coins in boxes of shortening, are lawful and of no concern.

#2,874. It is not unlawful to introduce a man's semen into the uterus of his wife with devices like suction cups.

#2,882. When the preservation of a Moslem's life rests on grafting an organ from a dead Moslem, severing that organ and grafting it are acceptable.

[Memorandum]

THE SELLING OF STAR WARS

From "A Proposed Plan for Project on BMD and Arms Control," a study commissioned by High Frontier, a Washington group that has been promoting Star Wars since 1982. The memorandum was written last year by John Bosma, a consultant retained by High Frontier to develop strategies for selling the concept of a ballistic missile defense (BMD) as "a new approach to arms control." Bosma is now editor of *Military Space*. The document was disclosed by the Council on Economic Priorities. BMD, Star Wars, and Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) are synonymous.

STRATEGY PROPOSED FOR PROJECT PLAN

Arguments and associated activism should be developed that would permit the United States to move ahead forcefully and unilaterally with an urgent BMD program that would do "double duty" as a new approach to nuclear

arms control. At the same time, the United States should undertake appropriate domestic and diplomatic activism for a BMD that could be represented as a *bilateral* effort: one with Soviet reciprocation and participation.

Ideally, the strategy should focus on "high road" themes. In very significant contrast to today's debate on BMD, the arguments should focus not on technology, cost, Soviet countermeasures, etc., but on the policy attractions of a new strategic posture with lots of BMD. A *primary objective is to force a drastic reorientation of the arms control debate in such a way as to make it politically risky for BMD opponents to invoke alleged "arms control arguments" against an early BMD system. In fact, the project should unambiguously seek to recapture the term "arms control" and all the idealistic images and language attached to it.* This can be done by showing that BMD is very supportive of classical and contemporary arms control objectives (e.g., limits on war, protection of civilians, "just war" conduct, stabilization, etc.), and that early BMD deployments on a major scale are critical to the realization of such highly lauded initiatives as a nuclear freeze, a nuclear build-down, and permanent disarmament. To the extent that it is possible, BMD proponents should stress nuclear disarmament as their new goal, perhaps using such descriptors as "arms control through BMD = nuclear disarmament." This is directly contrary to the mainstream arms-control community's belief that BMD is antagonistic to "real" arms control.

Finally, *the strategy should appeal to U.S. allies. Unlike earlier cycles in U.S. strategic thought (primarily the emergence of MAD-dominated thinking in the early 1960s), this hoped-for policy change should emphasize trying to get an "offshore" constituency, particularly the governments of major U.S. allies—the more vocal and outspoken the better, of course. This offshore advocacy will lend credibility to domestic proponents of BMD while enlisting international political support that will inevitably register on the entire U.S. national-security bureaucracy.*

TACTICS CONSIDERED FOR PROJECT PLAN

The two poles of the proposal—one unilateral, the other bilateral—open up numerous routes for activism for BMD. The core of both poles is identical: a radical approach that seeks to *disarm BMD opponents either by stealing their language and cause (arms control) or by forcing them into a tough political corner.* This can be done by stressing their explicit or de facto advocacy of classical antipopulation war crimes. Both tactical routes should seek to involve as

many big names as possible. And both should make major efforts to involve as many liberal or moderate constituencies as possible.

The two approaches should ideally be combined through several mechanisms: a forceful "architectural" personality (such as Henry Kissinger) who is very good at conveying a "big picture" rationale for BMD; a team effort, such as an "Arms Control Summer Study Group" (a model used repeatedly and successfully by mainstream arms controllers); or a political group that tries to act as an umbrella group (i.e., one that folds in many divergent organizations that can agree on a pro-BMD agenda of great simplicity). *It is critical, however, to find some kind of institutional "home" for this effort, if only to provide office support, logistics, etc. While High Frontier can play a formative role in any one of these proposed routes, for political reasons it is best that such activism be undertaken elsewhere.*

TACTICS OUTLINE: FEATURES AND COMMENTS

Option One: A forceful personality approach featuring activism primarily by one individual of "star" quality (specifically, Henry Kissinger).

Advantages: Kissinger is the primary architect of SALT, but is on record as being very skeptical of Soviet behavior and motives. He has begun making major "testing the waters" proposals, such as his recent splashy proposal for reforming NATO. He is reportedly eager to find a place in the second Reagan Administration. A private approach to him, stressing the *high risk but extremely powerful case to be made for BMD as arms control* and also appealing to his self-interest in positioning himself for a new role in arms control (unquestionably his favorite subject), might pay off. Kissinger's reputation is such that a pro-arms-control "rethinking" of BMD on his part would in itself generate headlines.

Disadvantages: Kissinger may not agree with this proposal. Also, those pushing him as a front man for a new BMD/arms control policy will not be able to control his agenda once he starts moving. Also, he is controversial with many New Right groups.

Option Two: A "Summer Study Working Group" on arms control, which would produce a team document.

Advantages: This would keep the study small and manageable, reduce the problem of having superstar players on board, and keep the study from being disclosed prematurely.

Appropriate forums for releasing this study include a conference, a book, etc. However, given the *objective of this project—forcing a change in U.S. arms control and strategic policy within five years—efforts like this cannot be decoupled from activism of the "mobilization" variety.*

Disadvantages: This would keep the effort locked into "just another book."

Option Three: An umbrella group seeking a "new agenda" for arms control. This would focus on three basic arguments: *the United States needs a BMD system fast (for moral and political reasons); it needs it regardless of what the Russians do in BMD; and it needs it for arms control.* This approach would thus stress a few simple statements of principle (as was done so effectively by freeze groups—e.g., their "Call to End the Arms Race" of 1980–81). More attractively, it would concentrate on collecting lots of names—the bigger the name, the greater the credibility of the cause.

Advantages: This simple approach is not dependent on intellectual or political conversion. It stresses common denominators and themes rather than full agreement on a document or study. Pro-BMD interests can be broken out from liberals and moderates, permitting them to modulate their own approaches to arms control. (This would take advantage of the fact that under a BMD posture, there are many arms control variations, such as a freeze or a build-down in offensive forces, that suddenly start looking good.)

Also, with appropriate political and emotional packaging, this approach may be able to tap the freeze constituency (those who favor a "do something" approach to arms control) by advocating a freeze *plus* BMD for disarmament, using the 1962–63 Soviet approach (i.e., Gromyko's proposal for a radical mutual reduction in missiles, rendered permanent and irreversible by BMD). It can also tap the "urgency" element of the freeze movement. Paradoxically, it is likely that the freeze movement represents the best mass constituency for an early BMD system—but only if an unorthodox and radical approach to selling BMD to peace groups is undertaken.

Disadvantages: This approach would run up against the space denuclearization movement already well entrenched in the Democratic Party and the freeze movement itself. As a result, a major non-arguable/non-counterable thrust is needed to convey moral urgency as well as political appropriateness.

Who could organize such an umbrella group? It would be dangerous to the cause of BMD if this effort were initiated by High Frontier or other identifiably New Right alignments (e.g., Eagle Forum, Moral Majority, etc.). A centrist group is absolutely essential, one that has no image problems (as the preceding most certainly do). An important "initial target audience" should be *Commentary* magazine readers, who are politically influential, active on behalf of Israel, and support sizable U.S. defense budgets. Special efforts should be made to attract neolib-

erals and moderates, particularly Democrats.

The drafter of this proposal has no suggestions of his own, and stipulates primarily his views on who *shouldn't* organize this effort. He can't help but notice, however, that BMD is primarily a "right-wing" cause, because assent to a pro-BMD position means subscribing to a whole array of other "conservative" pro-defense arguments or programs. Nobody has yet tried to sell BMD to political centrists and liberals. Nor has there been consideration of a "lean and mean" organizational/"mobilizational" style in selling BMD to the public (although peace groups have been using that style for years).

TARGET GROUPS AND INDIVIDUALS

Pro-BMD: conservatives; New Right activists and affiliated groups; aerospace industry (*pro-BMD for \$ reasons*); science fiction community; L-5 Society; Reps. Kramer, Gingrich, Whitehurst; Sens. Heflin, Wallop, McClure, Symms, Armstrong; Heritage Foundation; Hoover Institution; U.S. Space Foundation; selected analysts (Edmund Gray, Rand Corp., Max Hunter, Freeman Dyson); *Commentary* magazine and U.S. Jewish/pro-Israel community; *Reader's Digest*; OMNI; *Wall St. J.*; *Wash. Times*; George Will; William Safire; veterans groups; Catholic fraternal organizations (Knights of Columbus); prominent ex-military figures (Schriever, Moorer, Zumwalt, etc.); Ed Teller; Hudson Institute; selected members of U.S. laser community; Ernest Lefever (Ethics and Public Policy Center); pro-civil-defense groups; Republican Party strategists.

Neutral (note: not actively for or against, but convertible and "big"): Jewish community (esp. if Israeli government strongly endorses a U.S. BMD posture); Congressional Space Caucus; Military Reform Caucus; evangelicals; *Wall St.* advisory firms; brokers; Henry Kaufman; "celebrity press" (*Us*, *People*, *We*, etc.); *Saturday Evening Post*; Hispanics; Asian-Americans; ethnic groups; American Management Associations; American Bar Association (?—may have been hit by "freeze"); American Medical Association (?—see above, plus hit by Physicians for Social Responsibility); foundations.

Anti-BMD (some convertible/some "declared enemies"): Space denuclearizers; Federation of American Scientists; Arms Control Association; SANE; Center for Defense Information and affiliated groups; freeze groups (some may be approachable); Catholic bishops; *Washington Post*; *N.Y. Times*, *Chr. Sci. Monitor*; "elite media" (CBS, NBC, ABC, w/exceptions); professional societies; Fusion Energy Foundation ("crazies" league); Physicians for Social Responsibility; associated medical groups.

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What does the salesman in Death of a Salesman sell? ²

How many miles an hour do you have to average to run a four-minute mile? ³

What parts of the body account for one quarter of all its bones? ⁵

How many weeks a year does the typical office worker spend on coffee breaks? ⁶

Who called Tallulah Bankhead "as pure as the driven slush"? ⁴

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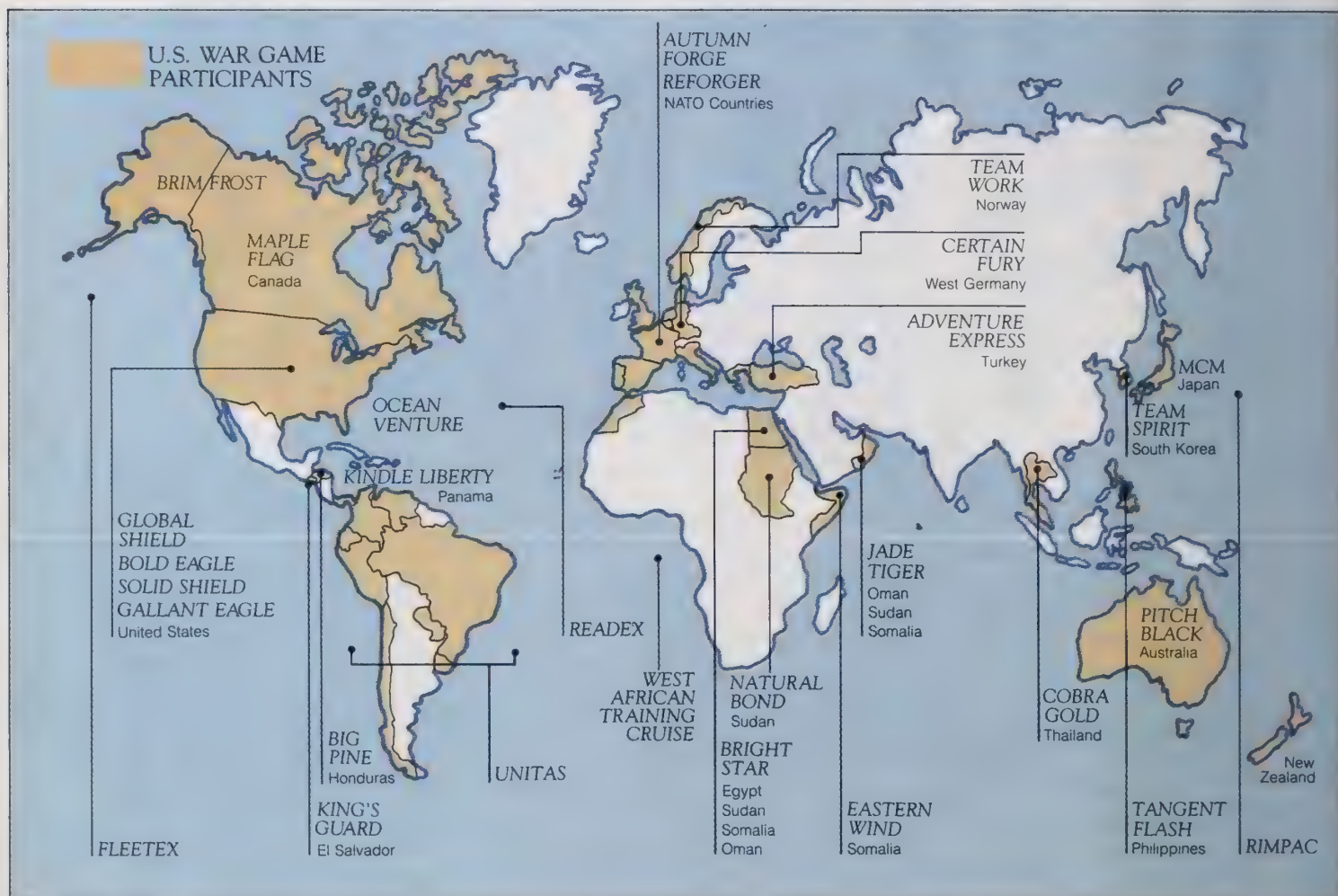


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[Map]

WAR GAMES

"Major Continuing U.S. War Games Around the World" was prepared by the Center for Defense Information and appears in the Defense Monitor, Vol. XIII, No. 7.



ADVENTURE EXPRESS—Maneuver involves movement of NATO multinational force to flanks. Annual.

AUTUMN FORGE—Series of exercises held throughout NATO Europe each fall.

BIG PINE—Joint training with Honduras in counterinsurgency warfare and construction of airfields, bases, and other permanent facilities. Annual.

BOLD EAGLE—Rapid deployment operation. Biennial.

BRIGHT STAR—Middle East/Persian Gulf rapid deployment operation. Biennial.

BRIM FROST—Simulated Arctic combat. Biennial.

CERTAIN FURY—U.S. ground maneuver; includes contingents from other NATO countries. Annual.

COBRA GOLD—Joint U.S.-Thai amphibious landing operation. Annual.

EASTERN WIND—Amphibious landing phase of Bright Star.

FLEETEX—Naval battle-group operations. Annual.

GALLANT EAGLE—Middle East/Persian Gulf rapid deployment force exercise. Biennial.

GLOBAL SHIELD—Tests, with Canada, of SACs, ICBMs, bombers, and command and control systems; simulation of nuclear war. Annual.

JADE TIGER—Middle East air defense exercise. KINDLE LIBERTY—Simulated defense of the Canal by U.S. and Panama. Annual.

KING'S GUARD—Practice interdiction of supplies sent to guerrillas from Nicaragua. Other participant: Honduras.

MAPLE FLAG—Air combat training in European-type environment. Semiannual.

MCM—Mine countermeasures exercise with Japan.

NATURAL BOND—Airborne operation; part of Bright Star.

OCEAN VENTURE—Naval battle-group operation; rapid deployment operation, including amphibious landings and airborne assault. Biennial.

PITCH BLACK—Joint U.S.-Australian exercise stressing air defense. Annual.

READEX—Major Atlantic fleet deployment, including strike operation. Other participants: Britain, the Netherlands. Annual.

REFORGER—Airlift and sealift of forces from U.S. to participate in Autumn Forge; test of reinforcement capabilities. Annual.

RIMPAC—Maritime fleet exercise, including amphibious landing. Other participants: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan. Annual. **SOLID SHIELD**—Practice rapid deployment for contingencies in Atlantic; large naval/air component. Biennial.

TANGENT FLASH—Joint U.S.-Philippine exercise including amphibious landing. Annual.

TEAM SPIRIT—Troops transported from U.S. and other bases in Pacific; ground, air, naval components. Annual.

TEAM WORK—Amphibious landing; tests ability to reinforce northern flank. Other participants: NATO countries. Every four years.

UNITAS—Five-month naval exercise to promote regional military and political cooperation. Other participants: Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela. Annual.

[Essay]

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

"Women's Novels," by Margaret Atwood, appears in the Spring 1985 issue of *Open Places*, a special issue on "Humor in America." *Open Places* is published twice yearly by Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri. Margaret Atwood's most recent novel is *The Handmaid's Tale*.

1

Men's novels are about men. Women's novels are about men too but from a different point of view. You can have a men's novel with no women in it except possibly the landlady or the horse, but you can't have a women's novel with no men in it. Sometimes men put women in men's novels but leave out some of the parts: the heads, for instance, or the hands. Women's novels leave out parts of men as well. Sometimes it's the stretch between the belly button and the knees, sometimes it's the sense of humor. It's hard to have a sense of humor in a cloak, in a high wind, on a moor.

Women do not usually write novels of the type favored by men but men are known to write novels of the type favored by women. Some people find this odd.

2

I like to read novels in which the heroine has a costume rustling discreetly over her breasts, or discreet breasts rustling under her costume; in any case, there must be a costume, some breasts, some rustling, and, over all, discretion. Discretion over all, like a fog, a miasma through which the outlines of things appear only vaguely. A glimpse of pink through the gloom, the sound of breathing, satin slithering to the floor, revealing what? Never mind, I say. Never never mind.

3

Men favor heroes who are tough and hard: tough with men, hard with women. Sometimes the hero goes soft on a woman, but this is always a mistake. Women do not favor heroines who are tough and hard. Instead they have to be tough and soft. This leads to linguistic difficulties. Last time we looked, monosyllables were male, still dominant but sinking fast, wrapped in the octopoid arms of labial polysyllables, whispering to them with arachnoid grace: *darling, darling*.

4

Men's novels are about how to get power. Killing and so on, or winning and so on. So are

women's novels, though the method is different. In men's novels, getting the woman or women goes along with getting the power. It's a perk, not a means. In women's novels you get the power by getting the man. The man is the power. But sex won't do; he has to love you. What do you think all that kneeling's about, down among the crinolines, on the Persian carpet? At least say it. When all else is lacking, verbalization can be enough. Love. There, you can stand up now, it didn't kill you. Did it?

5

I no longer want to read about anything sad. Anything violent, anything disturbing, anything like that. No funerals at the end, though there can be some in the middle. If there must be deaths, let there be resurrections, or at least a heaven so we know where we are. Depression and squalor are for those under twenty-five; they can take it, they even like it, they still have enough time left. But real life is bad for you; hold it in your hand long enough and you'll get pimples and become feeble-minded. You'll go blind.

I want happiness, guaranteed, joy all around, covers with nurses on them or brides, intelligent girls but not too intelligent, with regular teeth and pluck and both breasts the same size and no excess facial hair, someone you can depend on to know where the bandages are and to turn the hero, that potential rake and killer, into a well-groomed country gentleman with clean fingernails and the right vocabulary. Always, he has to say. Forever. I no longer want to read books that don't end with the word *forever*. I want to be stroked between the eyes, one way only.

6

Some people think a woman's novel is anything without politics in it. Some think it's anything about relationships. Some think it's anything with a lot of operations in it, medical ones I mean. Some think it's anything that doesn't give you a broad, panoramic view of our exciting times. Me, well, I just want something you can leave on the coffee table and not be too worried if the kids get into it. You think that's not a real consideration? You're wrong.

7

She had the startled eyes of a wild bird. This is the kind of sentence I go mad for. I would like to be able to write such sentences, without embarrassment. I would like to be able to read them without embarrassment. If only I could do these two simple things, I feel, I would be able to pass my allotted time on this earth like a pearl wrapped in velvet.

She had the startled eyes of a wild bird. Ah, but which one? A screech owl, perhaps, or a cuckoo? It does make a difference. We do not need more literalists of the imagination. They cannot read a body like a gazelle's without thinking of intestinal parasites, zoos, and smells.

She had a feral gaze like that of an untamed animal, I read. Reluctantly I put down the book, thumb still inserted at the exciting moment. He's about to crush her in his arms, pressing his hot, devouring, hard, demanding mouth to her as her breasts squish out the top of her dress, but I can't concentrate. Metaphor leads me by the nose, into the maze, and suddenly all Eden lies before me. Porcupines, weasels, warthogs, and skunks, their feral gazes malicious or bland or stolid or piggy and sly. Agony, to see the romantic *frisson* quivering just out of reach, a dark-winged butterfly stuck to an overripe peach, and not to be able to swallow, or wallow. Which one? I murmur to the unresponding air. Which one?

[Composite Photograph]

ANDROGYNE



NANCY BURSON, WITH RICHARD ARLING AND DAVID KRAMICH

Androgyny, by Nancy Burson, appears in an exhibit of her work at the International Center of Photography in New York City, March 29–May 12. Burson creates her portraits by feeding photographs into a computer (via a television camera) that has been programmed to merge facial features. In the case of Androgyny, she blended snapshots of six men and six women selected at random.

[Fiction]

A FACE LAID WASTE

This is the opening passage of The Lover, by Marguerite Duras, published this month by Pantheon Books. Duras is the author of many novels and screenplays, including Hiroshima, Mon Amour. The Lover, which was a best seller in France last year, won the 1984 Goncourt Prize. Translated by Barbara Bray.

One day, I was already old, in the entrance of a public place a man came up to me. He introduced himself and said: "I've known you for years. Everyone says you were beautiful when you were young, but I want to tell you I think you're more beautiful now than then. Rather than your face as a young woman, I prefer your face as it is now. Ravaged."

I often think of the image only I can see now, and of which I've never spoken. It's always there, in the same silence, amazing. It's the only image of myself I like, the only one in which I recognize myself, in which I delight.

Very early in my life it was too late. It was already too late when I was eighteen. Between eighteen and twenty-five my face took off in a new direction. I grew old at eighteen. I don't know if it's the same for everyone. I've never asked. But I believe I've heard of the way time can suddenly accelerate on people when they're going through even the most youthful and highly esteemed stages of life. My aging was very sudden. I saw it spread over my features one by one, changing the relationship between them, making the eyes larger, the expression sadder, the mouth more final, leaving great creases in the forehead. But instead of being dismayed, I watched this process with the same sort of interest I might have taken in the reading of a book. And I knew I was right, that one day it would slow down and take its normal course. The people who knew me at seventeen, when I went to France, were surprised when they saw me again two years later, at nineteen. And I've kept it ever since, the new face I had then. It has been my face. It's gotten older still, of course, but less, comparatively, than it would otherwise have done. It's scored with deep, dry wrinkles, the skin is cracked. But my face hasn't collapsed, as some with fine features have done. It's kept the same contours, but its substance has been laid waste. I have a face laid waste.

[Monologue]

IN THE NAME OF LOVE

This monologue, by Octavio Paz, appears in a profile of the Mexican poet by Enrique Fernández, in the March 19 Village Voice. Fernández also translated Paz's remarks.

Love was born in ancient Rome. In the Roman elegies woman is not seen merely as an object for childbearing and pleasure—she has freedom. The Western model of love implies the big city and the relative freedom of women there. Love implies reciprocity. The loved object must have the freedom to say yes or no and even to go off with another person. That's what creates the love conflict, the tension. It's founded on freedom and the notion that sexual attraction is focused on a unique person, a person with a soul. This can be seen more clearly in Provençal poetry, in the cult of the lady, and so on. Of course, the Church became frightened by all this and tried to channel the emotion toward the cult of Mary. In any case, the great invention of Western poets is love. Love understood as love of a unique person, one capable of being free.

On the one hand, there has to be freedom; on the other, there has to be fidelity. It's this tension that makes love at once a walking paradox and an explosive force. Not everyone falls in love, but this vision of love—which can be homosexual as well as heterosexual—has lasted throughout the history of the West. And now it's in danger. First, because the idea of the soul has disappeared. And second, because in the so-called socialist countries, everything, including love, is subordinated to production and ideology, while in the capitalist countries, love is endangered by promiscuity. I'm all for freedom of love, but I'm against promiscuity.

Love's connection with politics is the concept of "person." A more or less civilized society has to be based on a minimum of respect for the person. The destiny of the person is linked to the destiny of love and the destiny of politics.

Love is transgression, but to turn it into transgression without risk, i.e., promiscuity, is to destroy it. In consumer society the notion of "person" has been replaced by the notion of "partner." The most lucid writer on eroticism was de Sade, and there's a scene in one of his books in which the libertines torture two lovers because love seems to them the worst thing. The notion that one could have a special pleasure with just one other person seems absurd to them. Eroticism is with everyone; otherwise, it's no fun. Love is fun only with one person.

That is love's great transgression against family, society, and marriage, but also against promiscuity and libertinage.

The libertinage of consumer society is a lie. For example, one of the essential ingredients of love is jealousy. Jealousy is a negative force, but it's justified: one is afraid the other person will leave. Jealousy is an explicit recognition of the Other's freedom. But if we don't care whether the Other, whom we love, after sleeping with us goes off to sleep with a porcupine or an elephant, then that means the person matters little to us.

Surrealism was the last expression in Western society of the Romantic dream of the freedom of love. Surrealism proclaimed this freedom, but it never proclaimed libertinage. Like all sects, Surrealism had its heroes and heroines, and one of those ideal figures was Héloïse, Abelard's lover, who stayed in love with him even after he was castrated. Surrealism always affirmed love, and in this it is the heir of the Provençal poets and the Romantics. I think that's the road to love's recovery: the road of the re-valorization of singular love. D. H. Lawrence saw it quite clearly. He has a very beautiful poem in which he talks about fidelity being the most difficult thing to attain in love and also the most essential. Lawrence never managed to say the last word, but at least there was an effort to make love sacred. Without gods. That is very important. I believe that through love we can re-sacralize society without need of theology.

[Fiction]

ON THE RADIO

From Love Always, a novel by Ann Beattie, published this month by Random House.

She listened to the radio. She was trying to get back to that. When Les left, she had stopped listening to music. He had played the radio all the time. When she had an image of Les, music accompanied it, like the beginning of a movie. The Eurythmics were on the radio. This summer's Eurythmics record was not as good as "Sweet Dreams." Lyrics didn't remind her of Les—he had loved all AM music, so just the sound of the radio was painful. The specifics changed, but the format never did. It was one advertising jingle or another. Music playing softly, gradually getting louder as the D.J. finished talking, the number to call to name a song and win a prize, the number-one song, the big hit of summer, fast talk about worthless products, where to get tickets to this concert or that

concert, whatever shouldn't be missed, and don't be late. Men at Work. Culture Club. Michael Jackson then and now. Blast From the Past, oldies but goodies, two hot dogs for the price of one, and a cold front moving in from the north. Then came a Möbius strip of music. All over America, people were driving around hearing a song and remembering exactly where they were, who they loved, how they thought it would turn out. In traffic jams, women with babies and grocery bags were suddenly eighteen years old, in summer, on the beach, in the arms of somebody who hummed that song in their ear. They ironed to songs they had slow-danced to, shot through intersections on yellow lights the way they always had, keeping time with the Doors' drumbeat. They might have to be reminded of many of the names of kids they had gone to school with, but once they heard the name, they could say with certainty which of them thought John was the best Beatle and which thought Paul was. They were as sure of the top ten, the summer they graduated from high school, as any minister of the Ten Commandments. It was how people kept in touch with their past. And above all, no matter how many other people had danced to it or made love to it or hung pictures of Jackson Browne or Bruce Springsteen or Van Halen in their bedroom, it was personal. Cyndi Lauper was singing "Time After Time" when Lucy turned off the radio. Bad enough that one song, or two songs, could break your heart—she had to make the mistake of falling in love with somebody

who was addicted to all of it. It was like falling in love with someone and having it be your own special secret that the sun went down at night.

[Epithalamion]

PAMINA'S MARRIAGE SPEECH

By Patricia Storace. From the Agni Review, No. 21. Storace is the featured poet in this issue of the Review, which is published twice a year in Amherst, Massachusetts.

We thank you all for your congratulations,
for the staves you loaned us
to lean on through the trials.
I hope I won't darken our celebrations
if I affirm my marital consent
with an honest, but agnostic epithalamion,
in praise of that dubiety, sustained connection,
and love, that questionable reality,
unlikely, but possible, like resurrection.
I say this as I place a husband's hand
beneath the breast so intimate
in act two with a knife,
exchanging steely certainty of blade
for malleable gold of wedding band.
Guard, oh my husband of the literal sex,
against the male bias toward the radiant spasm
of heroic loss, sad captains gathered
at the last feast to applaud
the old lion's shaggy, final roar
and toss love on the fire, ecstatic holocaust
suspiciously similar to male orgasm.
You see the carnal parallel I make;
so I too, for my husband's sake
will discipline my woman's love
of endless possibility, the maenad's
blind absorption in sensation,
the response, naive, momentous,
to any cynic's predatory kiss
by which our love of fresh beginning,
generation,
follows bad directions and misprinted signs
to that much used freeway, promiscuity.
Remember, too, that love contains, but is not
an emotion;
is not romance, that color photograph
of a smiling couple on a short vacation
whose kisses are purchased, pretty souvenirs,
in gabled shops with good views of the ocean.
Love is, in supreme form, concentration.
Enough of this. Raise the veil, beloved,
now I've made it dark enough to kiss
and teach those guests we've rendered skeptical
love passionate as doubt, as radical.

[Correction]

VENUS AND MARS ARE ALL RIGHT

From the New York Times, March 19.

Because of a computation error, the Weather Records and Forecasts printed in February incorrectly listed the rising and setting times for Venus and Mars. Setting times for Venus were two hours later than those shown. For Mars, times ranged from about two hours later to about half an hour later—for example, rising fifty-nine minutes later on February 1 and setting one hour and six minutes later, and rising thirty-five minutes later on February 27 and setting one hour and forty-one minutes later.

By these hands' imperfect light
receive a resonance of knowledge,
through flickering palms, lucid embrace,
read by this uncertain flame,
achieve description of a face.
Pray that we withstand the shock of blessing,
assembled friends, with lowered heads,
Pray urgently that we may make
for good the crucial and ecstatic risk
we take, following brilliant torches to this bed.

[Short Story]

BOREDOM

By Goffredo Parise. Translated by Isabel Quigly.
"Boredom" appears in a collection of the Italian
writer's short stories, *Solitudes*, published by
Aventura/Vintage Books.

One day a man who often (though not too often) deluded himself that he could find something new, unexpected, and even mysterious, as happens in thrillers, in people like himself and in life in general found himself having lunch with a group of acquaintances on a fine terrace at the sea. The reason for his hope lay in the fact that he had often heard it said: life is always unexpected, sometimes exciting, never boring. This was a conviction which deep down he didn't share, because he had lived through seventy years of events that, apart from the years when he was between twenty-five and thirty, had all been foreseen, and, even more, foreseeable.

Admittedly, there had been some events in his own life that had seemed exalting at the time and boring immediately afterward. Sometimes, though, he had been shown to be enjoyably wrong, but by very unimportant events: once he was shut in a lift for over ten hours (unforeseeable), another time he found himself without petrol in the middle of the Arizona desert (foreseeable but surprising), at other times he had felt drawn to people's faces and attitudes, which was something he had hoped for and which really surprised and interested him, either very briefly or for a much longer period. But even these people became predictable in the end because of a mechanism of selection that individualized the repetitions, that is, the boring characteristics. A certain style in people, and candor—these did attract him and didn't bore him, but he rarely found them, and when he did it was in a sort of flash; children's candor was in any case short-lived.

That day at the sea he had no special reason

to hope as he looked at his hosts, but neither was he deeply disappointed. The guests round the table were all middle-class families, to use the word "middle-class" as best one can, and thus exhibited the family warmth that comes above all from the presence of young people and children, even tiny ones: it is foreseeable that small children will cry, but not when. And this in itself was something. There were some boys and girls from about fifteen to seventeen, a curious age and one which can be called interesting because in it character first appears or is hidden. There was also a married couple aged about thirty-five, with an air at once dignified and dejected, whom he had never seen and was amused to watch. Then there were the owners of the house and several others.

He began by watching the young people. Two were girls, both "pretty" and, as always with girls of that age, with something innocent and hesitant that gave them a sweet, open air. Not so the boys, one of whom (and not because of the presence of the girls, respectively his sister and his cousin) had an expression of disgust, superiority, and mockery, though whom he was mocking or why wasn't clear. But there are plenty of boys like him. The other had an eye (one eye of the pair) that actually squinted, squinted in the true sense of the word; that is, it seemed crushed, quite different from the other, with which he peered askance at everyone. "But it's the age, not the eye, that's squinting," the man said to himself, struck by that eye, which seemed to be hiding real hatred of the "grown-ups" and in particular of the boy's father. "At that age you start being what you're really going to be for the rest of your life. This boy may not be a famous criminal, but he'll certainly have a squinty attitude toward life, like his eye."

While he was thinking this the food arrived, foreseeable and good, in other words slightly boring; and after it came conversation. The married couple among the guests began to see to their own affairs, that is, they did what a couple in someone else's house can do. The wife picked up her twins, who had begun to grizzle; the husband circled the round table taking photographs, first of people individually, then of them all together, carefully writing down addresses so that when the pictures were printed he could send them to them. The man, who had never seen the couple before—and that in itself was something new—in order to pass the time began watching their faces and mannerisms in order to get a general impression of them; a sieving process that these days is more and more rapidly done. It didn't take him long: the woman was really faded and sad, someone who had married because she had to marry and

had known, instinctively and luckily, how to combine the duty of marriage with the duty of love, both conjugal and familial. She had drooping, tearful-looking eyelashes and the corners of her eyes turned down as well. A gap between her front teeth had probably been attractive in adolescence and youth and had thus found her a man who in the end had married her.

After which, having achieved its aim, the gap between her teeth ceased to mean anything; but her whole expression, physically and verbally (she spoke very little, pleasantly and sensibly, in a very plaintive voice), was that of a wife and mother who could very easily be imagined at fifty, sixty, or seventy. In other words, however weak or dejected she might seem, she had a certain modest familial strength that promised fidelity and continuity for the rest of her life.

Her husband, on the other hand, who was also extremely dejected-looking, also promised family continuity and fidelity (not so long-term, though), but, it would seem, in an almost resigned, reluctant way. It was as if he was saying: "I could have done and could still do better with women and with life." He was saying it without saying it, more to others than to himself: within himself he knew that he would never get beyond that dejection, but he hoped that others, because of a certain proud dignity in him cultivated by his English mother—polite and "hopeful" one might call it—might be so good and kind as to think it. At the same time he knew that however good they might be, they couldn't think it, it was quite impossible for them to do so: because of his watery, old man's eyes, because of his double chin, because of the droopy breasts under his T-shirt, and above all because of his buttocks, which were those of a fat man grown thin, a goose's behind which, like a goose's, wagged this way and that.

He made it clear that his work as a manager forced him to live in Turin, where he had bought a house, and at this point he went into detail about house prices, about the cost per square meter in this place or that, and about how many rooms and services were involved, ending by saying they had a tiny place but it was "practical." The subject of house prices was clearly his strong point: it was clear that he had thought anxiously about where and how to spend money, which was not his own but the family's, on a house that was going to have to last a lifetime. Every time he spoke of it—and in doing so he assumed the humble tone of someone who knew about building materials, tiles, and bathroom fittings—his wife listened to him, holding the twins (who were both very ugly, to be honest), and although she backed

up every word he said she couldn't help the corners of her eyes and lashes drooping even farther, as if to apologize for him and for herself. The tacit mimed apology seemed to her to be called for, as if her own politeness forced her to make it.

The conversation turned a little to politics, of course, and the manager said he felt, was, and voted liberal. He said it with as little conviction as he said all the rest (except when he spoke of house prices per square meter), as if to make it clear that "for family reasons" he was a conservative, English-style (like his mother). So dejected, even if disguised in liberal dignity, was this declaration of how he voted, and this whole political interlude, that everything came to a full stop. The boys and girls were bored, as they always are at that age with "grown-ups," and went off. People looked at the sea, on which a white sail with blue stripes was outlined and, with a breeze, puffed out.

Briskly and efficiently the hosts started taking plates with unfinished food on them, glasses, and everything else from terrace to kitchen. They moved with the casualness that ownership of a house confers and with the efficiency that, for all their goodwill, the married couple among the guests lacked. At this point it was inevitable that the subject of servants should come up. But the hostess scotched it by saying: "You've got to be organized, that's all." Nonetheless, the man who was watching tried to imagine the life of the couple and their twins in Turin, in the "practical" home where there were certainly no servants. He imagined them partly with the help of some color photographs that were handed round, the details of which allowed him to imagine the sort of life they led: the parents in dressing gowns with the twins, one each, a cream-colored wall in the background, the back of a "modern" chair, bright red china teacups, a fairly abstract painting. Then suddenly the photograph of a little girl, the eldest child, who wasn't with them now, aged about nine or ten: a goose, with a beak for a nose, small round eyes on the sides of a pale head, a low-slung, fat behind, and even large, almost webbed, gooselike hands.

The man, as if forced to do so from politeness, from the very way his hair had been washed as a child and from a nice human effort to judge them, thought: "Well, they've got hearts like everyone else," a silly thought and not his own, which had emerged from somewhere, handed down from what is called human society. A sugary, stupid thought, at which he smiled; but at that point, overwhelmed by boredom, even at himself, he made his excuses and left.

[Photographs]

BEFORE AND AFTER

From Second View: The Rephotographic Survey Project, by Mark Klett, Ellen Manchester, and JoAnn Verburg, published by the University of New Mexico Press. Begun in 1977, the Rephotographic Survey Project was a three-year effort to locate and reshoot the sites of the U.S. Geological Survey photographs of the West taken in the late nineteenth century.



1872: Green River, Wyoming. Timothy O'Sullivan



1979: Mark Klett and Gordon Bushaw



1869: Uinta Mountains, Utah. Timothy O'Sullivan



1979: Gordon Bushaw



1868: Quartz Mill, near Virginia City. Timothy O'Sullivan



1979: Mark Klett



Photo by Cheryl Rossum

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IS THERE A WAY OUT?

Forty years ago this summer the birth of a new era was announced not by a star twinkling over Bethlehem but by a mushroom cloud rising over Alamogordo. By miraculous intellectual effort mankind had acquired the power to destroy the earth.

Mass campaigns to ban the bomb arise periodically, often in conjunction with urgent programs to build more and better ones. Such is the case in this anniversary year, but with a critical difference. The proponents of disarmament have been joined in their attacks on nuclear deterrence by the advocates of rearmament, who claim technology has made it possible to render nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete." Apostles of both the left and the right—the troubled bishop as well as the zealous high-energy physicist—today form an unlikely alliance in challenging the first law of deterrence—that nuclear weapons exist in order to prevent their use.

What is the future of deterrence? Why does the arms race continue to accelerate? Will Star Wars make it possible to eliminate nuclear weapons? In the first of two discussions on international security, *Harper's* invited a group of scientists, strategists, and historians to reflect on the arms race, deterrence, and the chances of escaping the nuclear impasse.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Columbia University School of Law in New York City. It was cosponsored by Harper's and the Lawyers Committee on Nuclear Policy. Thomas Powers served as moderator.

THOMAS POWERS

is the author of The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA and Thinking About the Next War, among other books. He is at work on a history of strategic weapons.

THEODORE DRAPER

is the author of many books, including American Communism and Soviet Russia and, most recently, Present History. He writes frequently on nuclear issues for the New York Review of Books.

HERBERT SCOVILLE JR.

is president of the Arms Control Association. He was deputy director for research at the CIA and an assistant director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

LEON WIESELTIER

is literary editor of the New Republic and the author of Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace.

RICHARD GARWIN

is a physicist who has served as a consultant to the Defense Department for thirty years, helping design the hydrogen bomb, cruise missiles, and military space systems. He is currently an IBM fellow at the Thomas J. Watson Research Center.

SAUL H. MENDLOVITZ

is a professor of law at Rutgers University and the Ira D. Wallach Professor of World Order Studies at Columbia University. He is an editor of On the Creation of a Just World Order.

ROBERT JOHANSEN

is a senior fellow at the World Policy Institute and editor in chief of World Policy Journal. He is the author of The National Interest and the Human Interest.

GREGORY A. FOSSEDAL

writes for the editorial page of the Wall Street Journal. He is co-author, with Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham, of A Defense That Defends.

ROBERT JASTROW

is a professor of earth sciences at Dartmouth College and the author of Astronomy: Fundamentals & Frontiers, among other books. He writes frequently on nuclear issues for Commentary.

THOMAS POWERS: We are here to consider the great fact of our age: that the United States and the Soviet Union, each with roughly 10,000 nuclear weapons that are aimed and ready to fire at any moment, could conceivably end the human experiment in a matter of hours. The military relationship between the two countries has long since come to dominate the political relationship. At the moment, the military relationship is one of parity; the nuclear arsenals of the two countries are roughly equal.

Parity has a nice ring to it; the word connotes fairness and justice. Yet parity arouses great anxiety among military strategists on both sides. Even though they are planning wars in which there can be no winner, at least not in

the conventional sense of the word, parity introduces an element of doubt about the outcome that makes military men very nervous. Perhaps this is one reason why the present situation is so dynamic. Although many people seem to believe the strategic relationship is essentially stable, a sort of Mexican standoff, in fact it has changed dramatically from one decade to the next. Congress recently voted funds for a new intercontinental missile, the MX. But even more important, the United States is about to spend as much as a trillion dollars on a missile defense system—officially called the Strategic Defense Initiative, or SDI, but more commonly known as Star Wars. If history is any guide, the Soviet Union will follow suit.

I hope we can consider the implications of these changes, while bearing in mind a much larger question: Where is it all leading? The United States and the Soviet Union exist in history. The bitter rivalry between them, already forty years old, strongly resembles the traditional rivalries of great powers. Those rivalries turned out one way or another; so too will this one. And while I do not believe that war is likely to break out over some trifling issue, I do believe that if the enmity between the two countries goes on long enough, we will eventually have the war we are preparing for.

Perhaps we can begin by examining how the present situation came about. How did we come to believe that building 25,000 nuclear weapons would make us more secure?

Second, how will Star Wars and other new weapons programs alter the strategic relationship between the two countries?

Finally, is the present strategic relationship moving toward greater stability or greater fragility? If the latter, is there a way to reverse the movement? Is there a way out? Although we may never live in a world not threatened by war, or even in a world without nuclear weapons, surely we need not live indefinitely in a world that can destroy itself in a few hours. But, just as surely, we must imagine a solution before we can find one. Maybe today we can start.

Theodore Draper, perhaps you could describe how we got where we are today. What exactly is nuclear deterrence?

THEODORE DRAPER: The strategy of deterrence is as old as warfare itself. But nuclear deterrence extends the concept greatly, because the destructive power of these weapons is so massive that war between nations armed with them is bound to be mutually devastating. As long as one nuclear power can retain enough of its forces to retaliate in kind against the other, the notion of achieving "victory" by initiating a nuclear war becomes meaningless. The potential costs are so wildly disproportionate to the possible benefits that there can be no rational reason for using nuclear weapons.

Jacob Viner, then a professor at the University of Chicago, used the word "deterrent" in this way only six weeks after the first atomic bomb was dropped, observing that "retaliation in equal terms is unavoidable and in this sense the atomic bomb is a war deterrent, a peace-making force." As Bernard Brodie, a former student of Viner's, wrote the following year, "Thus far the chief purpose of our military establishment has been to win wars. From now on its chief purpose must be to avert them. It can have almost no other useful purpose."

Previous strategic doctrine had been devoted

to the problem of how to win wars or how not to lose them. The strategy of nuclear deterrence is devoted to how *not* to fight a war at all. To deter the other side from launching its weapons, each side must make sure that under all circumstances it will have enough nuclear weapons to retaliate if attacked.

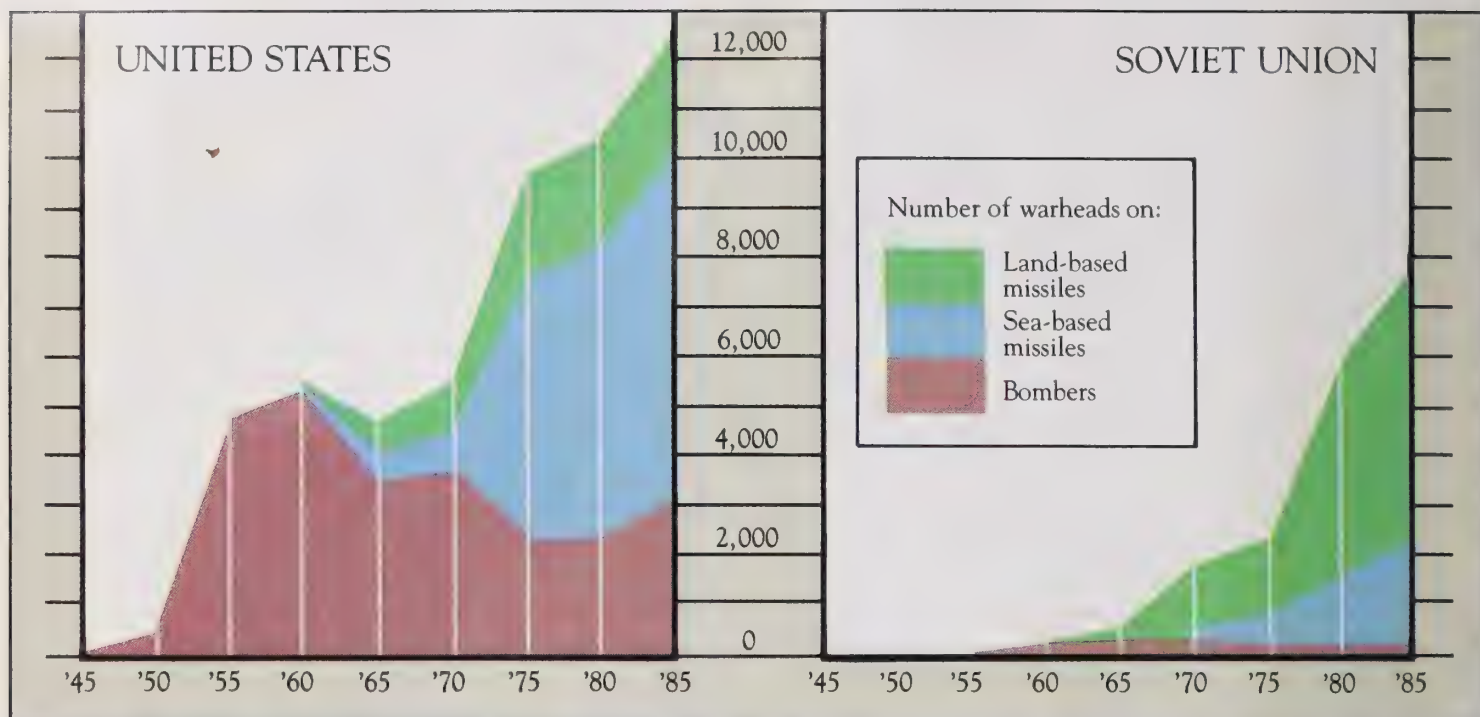
Nuclear deterrence was only an idea, not a fact, until the Russians successfully tested a nuclear device in 1949 and developed nuclear weapons sometime thereafter. The Soviet Union finally achieved equality in nuclear forces, or parity, during the 1960s. Parity seems to reinforce deterrence because both sides can hurt each other in more or less the same way. Yet it is important to note that parity is *not* essential for deterrence. What's crucial is not how many weapons a nuclear power has but how few it needs. If a nation deploys, say, 10,000 weapons, but needs no more than 1,000 to make the risk of nuclear war unacceptable to the other side, then the other 9,000 are redundant.

POWERS: Dr. Scoville, how did we move from the notion of nuclear deterrence to the conviction that we need the enormous and, it would seem, redundant number of weapons we have today?

HERBERT SCOVILLE JR.: The crucial point is that deterrence is not psychologically satisfying as a strategy. Even though it has worked, it causes many people a great deal of anxiety. So the concept has been distorted in order to support arguments for weapons and strategies that have nothing to do with deterrence. For example, many have long argued that the United States must have sufficient weapons to deter an attack at each "level" of escalation. This fuels the arms race, for it means in effect that the United States must match the Soviet Union system for system. More recently, the concept of deterrence has been used to support a twisted argument that the United States must have first-strike weapons—highly accurate missiles that could conceivably destroy the other side's forces in a surprise attack. These weapons are necessary—so the argument runs—to deter a first strike by the other side. This reasoning was used to win support for the MX.

The logic of this escapes me. To argue, in the name of deterrence, that the United States must be able to *destroy* the deterrent of the other side is to blatantly misuse the term. Such a capability would encourage the Soviet Union to try to destroy U.S. forces first. Instead of deterring, these weapons offer an incentive to the other side to launch its missiles in a crisis. But people persist in believing that only greater numbers of more and more sophisticated weapons can increase our security. By twisting the

Charting the Strategic Balance



Estimating the number of deliverable strategic warheads—warheads controlled by one side that are able to strike the territory of the other—is by nature controversial. Bare numbers conceal judgments about the capabilities and purposes of weapons, and thus tend to reflect political perceptions. They also ignore geographical and historical factors. The U.S. total, for example, includes medium-range missiles based in Europe and long-range cruise missiles based at sea, all of which can hit targets in the Soviet Union. The Soviet total does not include weapons targeted against Western Europe and unable to strike the United States. Historically a maritime power, the United States has emphasized ballistic missile submarines, while also maintaining a sizable bomber force. The Soviet Union, a continental power, has emphasized land-based missiles, which are larger and, until recently, were more accurate than submarine-launched missiles. The sharp rise in U.S. forces in 1970 and in Soviet forces in 1975 reflects the introduction of multiple warheads, or MIRVs. (Source: Center for Military Research and Analysis.)

concept of deterrence they offer an attractive, if misleading, argument for buying more weapons.

LEON WIESELTIER: We should distinguish between deterrence, which is a strategy for avoiding a war, and strategies for fighting a war. By definition, deterrence obtains only prior to a war; much of people's dissatisfaction with the concept of deterrence derives from their need to have a strategy for fighting a war. They keep asking: What do we do if deterrence fails? Deterrence offers no answer to that question. While deterrence can be enhanced in a number of different ways—some versions call for the MX, for example, while other versions reject it—it is always a way to *manage* a certain situation and not to *transcend* that situation.

Deterrence is obviously a terrible, repugnant strategy, or anti-strategy. Nobody likes it. The President doesn't like it, which is why he's developed his great Star Wars fantasy. Those in the peace movement don't like it, which is why they campaign for disarmament. But the current debate has too often depended on a willful misreading of deterrence, which has been viewed as synonymous with mutual assured de-

struction, usually called MAD. MAD has been made a straw man. Generally, it calls for the destruction of Russian cities in direct response to an attack on the United States; yet the drawbacks of such a policy, both moral and military, have been perfectly obvious for a long time. And that partly explains why MAD, at least the version that is usually criticized, never was adopted as a real operational strategy for the use of American nuclear weapons.

But if mutual assured destruction does not correctly describe our strategy, it perfectly describes our condition. There seems no political or technological way to escape this condition. If the United States and the Soviet Union agreed tomorrow to eliminate half their arsenals, both countries would still possess more than enough power to blow up the world. Technological solutions—for example, deploying higher-accuracy, lower-yield weapons to give the United States "flexible options" in responding to an attack—raise the same problem. We can argue about the wisdom of such options for managing deterrence. But the basic dilemma will persist. Adding more rungs to the ladder of escalation will not get us off the ladder.

Deterrence is a detestable thing. Still, it's not *only* a detestable thing. Given the reduced expectations one must have for the species in a world we share with 50,000 nuclear warheads, now is probably not the time to try to abolish the evil in man. The attempt to do so—whether the President's attempt or the peace movement's attempt—could well turn out to be more dangerous than the detestable thing itself.

RICHARD GARWIN: To paraphrase what Churchill said of democracy: Deterrence in the age of nuclear weapons is the worst strategy that has been devised, except for all the others. Even though we may feel a moral repugnance for ensuring our survival by threatening to kill tens of millions of innocent men, women, and children—as President Reagan put it when he first proposed Star Wars—that is no reason to reach out recklessly for something new. Rather, we should continue trying to survive—confidently and morally. If deterrence makes it possible for us to survive year by year, decade by decade, and pass not only the problem but the moral concern on to our children and grandchildren, I think we'll be doing very well indeed.

It is not really true that a nuclear war is inevitable. If the probability of nuclear war this year is one percent, and if we manage each year to reduce the probability to only 80 percent of what it was the previous year, then the cumulative probability of nuclear war for all time will be 5 percent. That's not bad, especially since nothing else has been proposed that could possibly change the deterrent relationship in less than fifteen or twenty years.

How to manage deterrence? Some people say the United States must always seek parity. But it is impossible to achieve parity in the eyes of everyone on both sides, especially when the respective arsenals are so different. A better goal is stability: the Soviet Union and the United States are deterred from starting a nuclear war by comparing their prospective situations after an exchange with their known situations before. For deterrence to work, it need only be made clear to the Russians that they will not survive a nuclear war they begin. Retaliation in kind, matching the Russians at each level of weaponry, is not necessary. The United States need only be able, under any circumstances, to deliver punishment that is immeasurably worse than any gains the Russians could possibly hope to achieve in starting a war.

If deterrence fails, what will we do? Don't we need weapons and a strategy to fight a nuclear war? The answer is no, not if we have prevented nuclear war in the first place. We don't need a cure for the disease if we have an effective vaccine to prevent it. Of course, whatever the So-

viet Union does, the United States must retain the ability to strike back and destroy it. But that does not mean that every element of our strategic force need be survivable. By using perhaps six nuclear weapons, the Russians could destroy ten of our nuclear submarines in port at any time, eliminating as many as 2,000 of our warheads. How do they resist doing that? Because they know the United States would respond by launching its remaining 4,000 warheads. So no one ever talks about those "vulnerable" submarines. Yet for the last fifteen years at least, the supposed vulnerability of our *land*-based missiles has been offered as an argument for building weapons that make no difference whatever to the strategic situation.

POWERS: I once talked with Norris Bradbury, who succeeded J. Robert Oppenheimer as director of the Los Alamos laboratory shortly after World War II. On becoming director, Bradbury asked General Leslie Groves, who was in charge of the Manhattan Project, how many nuclear weapons Los Alamos should build now that the war was over. General Groves's answer was simple. First, he asked, how much fissionable material is needed to make a nuclear weapon? Second, how much are we able to produce each year? Now, continued the general, divide the second figure by the first and you will arrive at the number of nuclear weapons the United States "needs."

In other words, the United States needed to make all the nuclear weapons it *could* make.

DRAPER: General Groves was thinking in traditional military terms. At a time when we still had very few nuclear weapons, he saw them as a tool to win a war, not to prevent one. Deterrence goes against the military grain; General Groves was going with the grain, and that mentality persists. Many of the attempts to get around deterrence reflect the influence of traditional military thinking. Thus the present Administration believes that the United States must be prepared to fight and even to "prevail" in a protracted nuclear war. Or it proposes that we develop defenses to protect us from the other side's nuclear weapons.

SAUL H. MENDLOVITZ: I agree that the United States does not develop or deploy most nuclear weapons to enhance deterrence. The United States uses nuclear weapons not only to deter the Soviet Union from attacking but to apply political leverage—for example, to protect Europe from a conventional Russian invasion and to contain the Russians elsewhere in the world. After all, there have been a number of instances of the United States' threatening to use nuclear

weapons—Suez in 1956, Lebanon in 1958, Cuba in 1962, and the Middle East in 1973, to name only the better known—and none of them had to do with deterring the Russians from attacking this country directly.

ROBERT JOHANSEN: Clearly, the United States continues to build all these absurdly redundant weapons in order to gain political, psychological, and strategic advantage. The current build-up arises from U.S. officials' desire to recapture some of the enormous nuclear advantage the United States enjoyed in the 1950s and early 1960s. U.S. policymakers use nuclear deterrence to achieve two purposes: discouraging the Soviet Union from doing things the United States doesn't want—invading Afghanistan, for example—and preventing the Soviet Union from using nuclear weapons against the United States or its allies.

The problem is that when deterrence fails repeatedly in its first purpose, it will inevitably fail in its second. Though deterrence may seem stabilizing in the short run, there *must* be a probability of its failure in the long run—otherwise, it would cease to deter. Repeated threats to use nuclear weapons can remain credible only if the weapons are occasionally used. Otherwise the threats will come to be viewed as a bluff. As long as maintaining a credible nuclear threat remains the driving force behind U.S. security policy, it will be impossible to move away from the unstable deterrent system. When a nation tries to maintain deterrence based on such dynamic technology, there will always be demands for new arms to gain an advantage.

DRAPER: To bring Afghanistan into the discussion is to get altogether away from the question of nuclear deterrence.

MENDLOVITZ: Europe is a better example. Deterrence in Europe has nothing to do with the Russians using their nuclear weapons against us, or against the Europeans, for that matter. The United States has a policy of "first use" of nuclear weapons in Europe precisely to deter the superior *conventional* Russian forces from invading.

DRAPER: Threatening to use nuclear weapons to deter a Soviet conventional attack on Europe was credible, if at all, *before* the Soviet Union had enough nuclear weapons to retaliate in kind. Once that condition had been satisfied, the threat became less and less credible, as de Gaulle was one of the first to realize. In any case, the United States has never been able to use its nuclear power to deter the Russians from any political or non-nuclear military move—

not in Eastern Europe, not in Afghanistan, not anywhere.

GREGORY A. FOSSEDAL: Deterrence is simply an attempt to influence human behavior. We don't want the Russians to launch nuclear weapons at us so we try to deter them. Deterrence itself will never go away. However, we can rid ourselves of undesirable *forms* of deterrence, such as mutual assured destruction.

WIESELTIER: But the United States never really had a strategy of mutual assured destruction. With the possible exception of a brief period in the McNamara years, the United States never adopted an operational plan that would begin with the massive destruction of Soviet cities.

FOSSEDAL: If I were trying to deter the communist elite from attacking, I would not make their cities my primary target. The communist elite couldn't care less about losing 50 million people in a war.

ROBERT JASTROW: The Russians have killed 60 million of their own people since the Bolshevik revolution, so I think that's a fair statement.

FOSSEDAL: Our strategists have naturally chosen to threaten those assets the Russians do care about: their factories and military installations, and their leaders hidden in their bunkers.

In any case, there are various ways to deter. One way is to threaten to act if the other party does something you don't want it to do: if you hit me with your club, I'll hit you with my club. This is deterrence by threat, which is the present U.S. policy. One can also deter with complexity or uncertainty: if you hit me with your club, you don't know what I'll do. Perhaps I've put a shield on my arm; perhaps I've learned new techniques for dodging your club; perhaps I've developed laser beams that can destroy your club.

Another way to deter is by making the cost of maintaining a first-strike threat prohibitive. The United States might say to the Soviet Union, in effect: We know you build your weapons because you think you might be able to use them in a first strike against all our retaliatory forces. But although our defenses are not perfect, they can stop 90 percent of your missiles, thereby ensuring that you can never plausibly threaten to destroy our society. So why not stop building those expensive weapons?

At present, the United States does not have a broad-based deterrence strategy. In the 1960s and early 1970s American planners decided that other forms of deterrence were ineffective, unnecessary, or—in the case of missile de-

fense—unworkable. So the United States committed itself to deterrence by threat, a policy that leaders of both parties claimed would eventually encourage the two sides to agree to get rid of nuclear weapons. In fact, however, the two countries have been stuck with this dangerous policy for close to thirty years. Perhaps it's time to try deterrence by complexity.

WIESELTIER: This "deterrence by complexity" ought to be called deterrence by credulity—and the credulity is yours. Before we abandon what you call deterrence by threat, it must be shown that it's possible to dodge an attack successfully. Moreover, why should we believe that if the United States built defenses, the Soviet Union would stop building offenses? Before the ABM treaty was signed, the United States was worried that the Russians would build defenses, and responded in exactly the opposite way: it shifted to MIRVs, which carry multiple warheads. The other side's defensive inclinations encouraged the United States to deploy new offensive technology.

I don't understand your blithe reference to defenses that "are not perfect." That is not a mere detail. If it were somehow possible to defend the population of the United States against nuclear weapons, then we would be able to dispense with deterrence. As soon as you concede the imperfection of the defenses you advocate, you admit that we have not escaped deterrence at all. In fact, the defenses are just another proposal to manage deterrence differently. Why is your idea preferable? The premise behind the imperfect defense—really a defense of military installations—is the old fear of a successful Soviet first strike. But if the Soviet Union can knock out America's land-based missile force without risking real retaliation, why has it not launched its missiles? Why were they not launched in 1978, 1979, or any of the years since?

Finally, the kind of imperfect defense you describe, whatever its uses, certainly does not deserve the moral glamour that the President and other Star Wars advocates have attached to it. The only defense truly deserving of that moral glamour is an effective defense of the men and women and children of the United States.

FOSSDAL: That any defense must defend either silos or cities is an invention of Stars Wars opponents. We can defend both. And the notion that by building defenses we will make the Russians build more missiles goes against everything we know about human behavior. When we discover that one of our weapons can be efficiently countered, we shift to different weapons. The goal is to make the Soviet Union shift

to different systems—including defenses of their own, which I hope they keep building.

SCOVILLE: In my view, developing defenses encourages a first strike. Even if every one of the United States' land-based missiles were destroyed, it could still retaliate with the 4,000 or so missiles aboard its submarines. But if the Soviet Union built defenses, U.S. planners would begin to worry that those defenses could stop an American retaliatory strike. This might encourage us to fire first in a crisis.

POWERS: Star Wars strikes me as an attempt to find a technical solution to what is ultimately a political problem. We can't really make ourselves safe all by ourselves anymore. We've got to do it with the Russians. We'll either both be safe or both be threatened.

As Leon Wieseltier mentioned, in 1970 the United States began to deploy MIRVs, after briefly considering banning them in the SALT I negotiations. The Russians followed suit in 1975, and we realized that we'd created a world in which we felt much less safe. We found ourselves debating the vulnerability of our land-based missiles, a vulnerability which became possible only after the Russians began equipping their own heavy missiles with multiple warheads. I wonder if Star Wars may not ultimately have a similar result.


SCOVILLE: Star Wars will make it virtually impossible to limit offensive weapons any further. The Soviet Union will respond by building new missiles and developing countermeasures to penetrate American defenses. After all, a defensive system is intended to render the opponent's strategic missile force impotent. The man who heads the Star Wars program, Lieutenant General James Abrahamson, has said that if the Russians developed defenses, any prudent military officer would feel the need to build offensive weapons that could counter them. Indeed, the Pentagon already has a major research project under way to develop ways to defeat a Russian defense program.

Star Wars will put an end to any hope for progress in arms control. It will also destroy the best arms-control agreement we have, the ABM treaty, which by forbidding defense ensures that every retaliatory warhead is able to reach its target.

WIESELTIER: But if Star Wars *could* conceivably work, the damage to arms control would probably be a price worth paying.

POWERS: It depends what you mean by Star Wars "working." Even if it could stop 100 percent of





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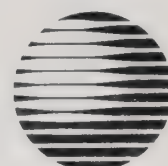
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incoming missiles, it would bring new dangers into the strategic relationship. There is already a tremendous interest in determining how such a system might be incapacitated, perhaps by means of the anti-satellite weapons both sides are developing. So even if Star Wars did work, it would never be perfect or entirely predictable, and it would bring with it new uncertainties. To "make nuclear weapons obsolete," as the President wants, Star Wars would have to work in a way that things in this world just don't.

DRAPER: Of course, Star Wars would have to be perfectly effective—impossibly effective—to be worth deploying. What counts is not how many missiles it could stop, but how many could get through. If it managed to stop 9,000 missiles out of 10,000—an extraordinary percentage for any defense—the 1,000 that got through would still be utterly devastating. It would be as if none had been stopped.

The Star Wars propaganda suggests a nation can have purely defensive and purely offensive weapons. But in nuclear warfare, as in all warfare, the defense and the offense are intimately linked. To say a nation has developed a better defense is equivalent to saying it has developed a better offense; by making the "offensive" weapons more secure, it has added to their effectiveness.

JOHANSEN: Which is to say that the push for Star Wars is actually a continuation of the movement toward redundancy that has been accelerating throughout the postwar years. Indeed, Star Wars has helped restore legitimacy to nuclear weapons. President Reagan's proposal, couched as it is in highly moralistic terms, helps people accept the arms race—after all, they think, it might one day enable us to abolish nuclear weapons. Reagan was able to tap into the general revulsion against nuclear weapons evident in the freeze movement. Meanwhile, what began as a sales pitch for a technology that would render nuclear weapons obsolete has deteriorated into just another costly escalation of the arms race.

Star Wars is another in a long line of weapons systems intended to give the United States more political leverage. After all, if the goal of U.S. policy is to increase the security of this country rather than to increase the threat to the Soviet Union, why build the MX? It's unquestionably destabilizing. It will be deployed in the supposedly vulnerable Minuteman III silos, and its accuracy and multiple warheads threaten the Russians' land-based missiles. The MX, and other new weapons such as the Trident II and Pershing II missiles, increase the Russians' fear

that the United States may soon be able to strike first in a crisis. Whenever we increase the threat to the other side, it is only a matter of time before the threat to us is increased.

MENDLOVITZ: This discussion demonstrates the paucity of imagination with which we approach the problem of nuclear weapons. The Star Wars debate raises a much larger, more important issue: we have entered the post-deterrence age. Deterrence is being vigorously attacked from both the right and the left. It is time to begin thinking about new ways to escape deterrence.

The most obvious way is through demilitarization. I don't mean this as a pie-in-the-sky, utopian notion. It is time for people who are concerned about human life to begin *seriously* discussing how to develop and implement international institutions that can effectively monitor disarmament, the dismantling of weapons, and, above all, the maintenance of peace. How to move toward such a project? This forum is cosponsored by the Lawyers Committee on Nuclear Policy, an organization whose stated goal is to educate the American public about the *illegality* of nuclear weapons. It's important to say that, loudly and repeatedly. After all, the Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* that separate but equal facilities are unconstitutional preceded the civil rights movement; the normative order came first. It is apparent that the human race is disgusted with nuclear weapons. Our task is to create a normative order that will legitimize that revulsion and channel it into a true political process. Instead, we sit here talking about Buck Rogers.

WIESELTIER: But no one has come up with a workable answer to the question of *how* to demilitarize. Until you have a concrete way to get us from here to there, it is unfair to criticize proponents of deterrence for a "paucity of imagination." They imagine one thing very vividly: the possibility of nuclear war. Until you idealists find a way out, scorning the realists is unfair.

MENDLOVITZ: You're the idealists. To believe that during the next twenty years or so we can depend on an arms race for our survival without doing ourselves great harm seems very idealistic to me. Realism begins with the conviction that something must be done. I agree with George Kennan, who wrote that the only way to rid the world of nuclear weapons is to dismantle the war system itself. To begin doing that we must take the normative initiative here at home and begin *serious* discussions with the Soviet Union. I believe the Russians are ready for a radical new initiative, and I don't mean Star Wars or extended deterrence.



Jackie West (white coat), Industrial Safety Engineer, and other Sun employees who are volunteer firefighters in Marcus Hook, Pa.


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"At the refinery, one of our most important jobs is safety. We train and drill regularly. In fact, Sun sends some of us to special firefighting schools.

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At Sun, we think putting our energy back into the community is just as important as getting it out.

WHERE THERE'S  THERE'S ENERGY.

WIESELTIER: I have no idea why you think the Russians are willing to go ahead with such negotiations; you and I must be living on two different planets. You argue that because civilization might be destroyed at any time, mankind must take great conceptual leaps and "dismantle the war system." But precisely because the stakes are so high, we have to be very cautious about fiddling with the rules of the game—for the simple reason that those things might go off.

GARWIN: I reject the dichotomy Dr. Mendlovitz introduced between certain destruction and dismantling the war system. Deterrence doesn't require an arms race. The United States can slow the arms buildup unilaterally simply by ceasing to threaten the strategic offensive forces of the other side. The United States ought to build 400 Midgetmen, the small, not very accurate single-warhead missiles proposed by the Scowcroft commission, and put them in Minuteman II silos. Meanwhile, we should reduce our forces temporarily by 50 percent—send half our submarines to cruise in the Antarctic, pile twenty meters of earth over half our Minuteman silos, and put half our strategic bombers in mothballs. Then we should invite the Soviet Union to follow suit within six weeks, and if it does, we should make the arrangement permanent.

Eventually the U.S. might have 40 submarines, each carrying only two or three missiles. After a decade of that, we'll realize we're paying far too much to deter, and we'll replace those big submarines with smaller ones, carrying a total of 400 warheads. At the same time the 400 Midgetman missiles will remain in their silos, and perhaps 200 air-launched cruise missiles will be deployed on 100 little bombers that won't be able to penetrate the Soviet Union. This adds up to a very cheap and effective deterrent force of 1,000 warheads. Meanwhile, if the Soviet Union prefers to keep its thousand warheads on 100 land-based ICBMs, let it. They will not threaten our retaliatory force.

When both sides are building up, there's no way to propose a big reduction. The main thing is not necessarily to be reducing; the main thing is not to be building. Our goal should be stability, not parity, and certainly not supremacy, which both sides obviously cannot have.

POWERS: What you propose sounds like a fine program. But how do we actually embark on it? I see no groundswell of feeling in Washington that we should eliminate the MX; on the contrary, Congress has just approved it. I see no large movement in favor of a build-down.

MENDLOVITZ: So long as Dr. Garwin's program is confined to the level of strategy—so long as it is

not part of a larger vision—it will never muster the widespread support needed to execute it. We will not begin moving in that direction until the paradigm is changed. Only when people begin questioning the validity of nuclear deterrence as part of a general movement toward demilitarization—when they begin building on some of the issues the Catholic bishops have raised, for example—only then will something happen.

GARWIN: Obviously some arms control is necessary for the program to work—strengthening the antiballistic missile treaty, for example. A ban would have to be negotiated on the testing of anti-satellite and space weapons, and on the testing of nuclear explosives.

MENDLOVITZ: But a context already exists for a more comprehensive kind of negotiation. The McCloy-Zorin agreement, signed in 1961, and the two general disarmament proposals tabled at Geneva in 1962, all of which point to the need to dismantle the war system, could be used as starting points. We should breathe new life into them and begin establishing the multinational institutions I mentioned.

DRAPER: You are really talking about a world government.

MENDLOVITZ: It wouldn't scare me. I would prefer that to the present situation.

DRAPER: But is it realistic to talk about a world government that could force the United States and the Soviet Union to do things they might not want to do? Without the force to back it up, the *Brown* decision would never have been implemented. There is a world of difference between what happens within one nation and what happens between different nations, especially antagonistic ones.

MENDLOVITZ: The same kind of imagination that made some kooks in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries think getting rid of slavery was possible will have to be present if we are ever going to make nuclear weapons illegal. A group of people must take on the task of establishing the institutions—peacekeeping, monitoring, adjudicating—that are the beginnings of government. That process will gradually encourage people to trust in the system, as they have gradually lost trust in the present nuclear system.

JOHANSEN: There are steps the U.S. can take that won't jeopardize its security in the short run, and that may open the door to this kind of

world transformation. First, Congress should refuse to fund any first-strike weapons, such as the MX; such weapons don't increase the security of the United States, regardless of what the Soviet Union does. Second, Congress should refuse to fund any weapons whose numbers cannot be verified. If the United States insists on building long-range cruise missiles, international inspectors should count them as they roll off the assembly line. That way, the Soviet Union couldn't use inflated estimates of U.S. weapons to justify increasing its own deployments, and the Russians would be encouraged to comply with similar inspection. Third, Congress should insist that the United States not test any major system unless the Soviet Union has already tested its own version. Without such a principle the two nations will keep leapfrogging each other into catastrophe. Congress has already applied this principle in delaying testing of our anti-satellite weapon; it should extend its ban on testing ASAT while a treaty is negotiated, and apply the principle to all major weapons systems. Finally, Congress should ensure that the Pentagon stop blurring the line between conventional and nuclear arms. We have been steadily moving to smaller, more accurate weapons that lower the threshold at which a local conflict could escalate into a nuclear war.

FOSSDAL: These proposals touch on the real case for Star Wars. Arms control, as currently structured, raises tremendous verification problems. There now exist two distinct sorts of weapons: the "stabilizing" sort Dr. Garwin wants to build and the verifiable sort, which are not stabilizing. But the mobile survivable systems aren't verifiable even by on-site inspection; and the systems that *are* verifiable are also vulnerable, which makes them, arguably at least, first-strike weapons. How do we get around that gridlock? With imperfect defenses.

It's true there is no perfect defense against 10,000 Soviet weapons. But it is possible to build a defense that would allow the two countries to mutually disarm. Right-wingers have talked about radical solutions to the nuclear problem: Star Wars has been proposed in conjunction with unilateral disarmament. Once Star Wars is operational, the United States can eliminate a large part of its offensive forces.

This idea of defense in conjunction with a build-down is not original. It is drawn from Andrei Gromyko's speech to the United Nations in September 1962, in which he in effect admitted that the two nations would never conquer the verification problem because it tends to grow more important the fewer arms both sides have. Gromyko proposed that the Soviet

Union and the United States draft a timetable for eliminating all offensive weapons. But there was one important proviso: both nations would be permitted to build defenses. Thus, even if they didn't fully trust each other to carry out the agreements, or if they were worried about the nuclear forces of the Chinese or the Libyans or whomever, they could still proceed with disarmament, confident that their defenses would protect them.

I would be delighted to accept Mr. Gromyko's proposal. What do the left-wingers here think of it?

GARWIN: It's fine for Mr. Fossedal to call himself a right-winger, but I happen to be an extreme conservative myself. Mr. Fossedal's fascinating proposal happens to be presaged in a remarkable "strategy" document, entitled "A Proposed Plan for Project on BMD and Arms Control,"* which was apparently written by John Bosma, then a consultant to Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham's High Frontier group. The document explains how "we"—those "right-wingers" who want the United States to build Star Wars—have to "capture" the freezers and the arms controllers. One of the suggestions is that "we" talk about Star Wars as a return to the Gromyko proposal of 1962.

In many of the arguments for strategic defense a fancy tune is being played, like that we just heard. President Reagan's call was for a program to render nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete"—that is, for a program that would be morally preferable to deterrence. But technical studies done after the President's speech hold out little hope that the Russian threat to the United States' survival can ever be eliminated by defense, and *no* hope that the United States could ever abandon its retaliatory weapons. Star Wars is really intended to strengthen deterrence, not replace it.

In the next five years the United States will devote \$26 billion to Star Wars research and development, which, if successful, will bring another five years of research projected to cost about \$50 billion. After this ten-year \$76 billion effort, someone—not President Reagan—will have to decide whether to build the system, which, according to former Secretaries of Defense Harold Brown and James Schlesinger, would cost about a trillion dollars and still not protect this country against destruction by Soviet missiles.

Star Wars proponents like Lewis Lehrman say defenses would largely banish fears of a nuclear war occasioned by something other than a deliberate, all-out attack. But the United States

* Excerpts from the document appear on page 22.

has already provided itself at very great cost with a large force of retaliatory warheads on submarine-launched missiles, and those submarines are becoming less vulnerable with time. As for reducing the vulnerability of our land-based missiles, the Scowcroft commission recommended that the United States develop a single-warhead missile, the Midgetman. And if protecting the United States against accidental launches of Russian ICBMs is truly important, why wait for an elaborate defense? The United States and the Soviet Union could more easily and cheaply protect themselves against accidental launches by installing the command-destruct radio receivers commonly used in test firings of their operational missiles.

Star Wars, the new "shield of the Republic," as Lehrman dubbed it, seems more a costly and fragile emblem than an effective defense.

POWERS: Discussions about nuclear weapons always seem much more vivid when people are talking about the problem than when they are talking about the solution. I am left with the impression that there's nothing one person or even large groups of people can do about this problem. The situation of the United States and the Soviet Union today is not unlike that of the Allied powers and the Central powers in 1910. Very few Europeans foresaw that Germany would be destroyed in two world wars. What will the world look like in fifty years?

SCOVILLE: Fifty years from now the Soviet Union and the United States will remain at swords' points, each armed with weapons systems that make the other increasingly fearful of a first strike. Many other countries will have nuclear weapons as well. How to deal with such a problem baffles the imagination, for in many ways proliferation is an even more frightening development than the continuing growth of the American and Soviet arsenals.

We have to get over the idea that there is a technological fix that will eliminate the nuclear threat. Developing defenses will not solve the problem. Buying new offensive weapons will not solve the problem. We must stop replacing existing weapons with new ones that offer incentives to attack first in a crisis. The real problem today remains how not to use nuclear weapons; after all, even if we somehow started getting rid of them, it would be a long time before we made any meaningful reduction in the stockpiles.

JASTROW: I think all of us want to see nuclear weapons abolished, at least all of us in this room. But it's not true, as Thomas Powers suggested, that this is really a political problem, be-

cause its origin is technical. With the Soviet Union building its Star Wars defenses at the same time as the United States, the two nations could proceed together toward the abolition of nuclear weapons. This would involve parallel deployments of defenses in tandem with the incremental reduction of the two arsenals. I believe that is the road to a nuclear-free world.

FOSSEDAL: I would not want the world to look the way some people predict it will—a perpetual stalemate between the United States and the Soviet Union. Given the unlimited objectives of the Soviet Union, and the unlimited objectives set forth in our Declaration of Independence, which states that all men are created equal—not all white men, not all men in America, but *all* men—it seems to me the conflict will be resolved only through free elections in the Soviet Union, a shift to a world government, or a triumph on the part of one side or the other. If there is any question we should ask ourselves about any of these proposals it is this: Will it advance U.S. democratic interests and strike a blow at Soviet tyranny? The burden of proof is not on those who want to counter tyranny, but on those who oppose them.

WIESELTIER: I would like to see the Soviet Union become weaker and weaker at home and less and less influential abroad, and I would like to see the United States do whatever it can to bring that about without damaging itself. But I don't see how Star Wars will weaken communism; that's demagoguery. Since I don't believe technology points the way to abolishing nuclear weapons; since I don't see any institution of human creation abolishing war or the system of sovereign states or eliminating the evil in man; and since I know of no weapon that has never been used, the future fills me with great foreboding.

GARWIN: The Soviet Union may or may not ever have democratic elections. Frankly, I'm more concerned about the United States' continuing to have them. Very often a choice must be made between advancing Western democratic ideals, which we all want to do, and striking a blow against Soviet tyranny. Too many would prefer to hurt the Russians even if it hurts democratic principles at the same time.

Congress today does not represent the people, because the men and women we elect know they will be beaten around the ears by the President, and defeated in the next election, if they refuse to vote for unnecessary and dangerous weapons. Democracy tends to vanish when people are denied information; the SDI office provides propaganda, not information, about

both our own technological capabilities and those of the Russians.

MENDLOVITZ: In 2035 a minimum of 8 billion people will live on the earth—if there is not a major exchange of nuclear weapons. If the world in 2035 does not resemble the chaos and anarchy of Lebanon, or the system of two or three super-states depicted in Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*, then a global society will likely have emerged. Right now the world is going through a change as great and as profound as the transformation from a world of hunters and gatherers to a world of cities and nations. The old structures and paradigms will not carry us through this change. We must intervene to ensure that the world emerges intact. I don't expect people to become "global citizens" overnight. But we do need a new movement to take on the responsibility of promoting global security.

This discussion makes me pessimistic. Until responsible people provide imaginative, courageous leadership, the bleaker scenarios seem much more likely to me than a global society.

JOHANSEN: We can begin to build a more secure world by moving from a system of nuclear deterrence to one of non-nuclear deterrence, and from that to non-military deterrence. The goal is a demilitarized world system in which aggressors are not able to take what they want by force, in which the means used to prevent aggression are political, legal, moral, and economic.

First, we must acknowledge that differences in the numbers of nuclear weapons don't matter much at the present levels of armament. We shouldn't quibble at arms-control negotiations over differences of a few hundred, and we should avoid building first-strike weapons even if the other side does. Second, we must not attempt to use deterrence to attain diplomatic leverage. Third, we must work to change the international code of conduct. A first step could be to establish principles of non-intervention in the Third World and a commitment not to build any new bases there. We must begin to create institutions for international monitoring and enforcement—not because they are a panacea, but because they point the way to a more secure system of international relations.

The only way to enhance security in the nuclear age is to decrease the role of military power in world affairs. That obviously can't be achieved by military means. Any use of military force, even in self-defense, reaffirms the legitimacy of military power. The emphasis must be on positive, militarily nonthreatening incentives to encourage nations to change their conduct.

It is moral action that gives purpose to our

lives and our political activity. Why else would we marshal arms and go to war, except to defend values that are central to us? It's high time we consider whether nuclear weapons can really defend the values we hold most dear. Nuclear weapons are fundamentally antidemocratic. Can we imagine anything less democratic than a huge arsenal of nuclear weapons under the authority of one man? However evil the Soviet empire might be, I see no moral purpose that would condone U.S. retaliation against the Soviet Union, which would destroy the Russian people for the misdeeds of a government over which they have no control. This willingness to destroy innocent people by the millions is the modern equivalent of tribalism and racism, which denies that another part of the human species is also human.

There is another way to live and to act, and it's no more risky when you consider all the dangers inherent in the use of or threat to use nuclear weapons. In fact, this other way is more prudent, more truly self-interested. It acknowledges that there will either be human security or human insecurity. One nation attaining security all by itself is no longer possible. The new way must emphasize common security—the security of all.

POWERS: I once talked with a fellow who helped write Presidential Directive 59, a document drafted under President Carter that partially established the war-fighting strategies now central to American planning. He told me he had a very difficult time persuading the National Security Council to write such a document; everyone knew it would be a great bureaucratic chore. Nonetheless, he went to General William Odom, who was then military adviser to the National Security Council, and to Zbigniew Brzezinski, who was national security adviser, and told them that the United States absolutely must have that strategy document. Why? The administration was proposing to buy the MX, a new counterforce weapon, and as yet there was no strategy for its use. Unless the administration had a strategy for the missile, it couldn't convince Congress to fund it. That's how the administration was persuaded that the United States needed Presidential Directive 59.

This story is symptomatic of the history of nuclear weapons. From the very beginning the weapons have been telling us what to do. First they told us they could be invented; then they told us they could be numerous; now they're telling us they can be accurate and versatile. My hope is that fifty years hence we will somehow have reversed this relationship, that we will finally have found a way to tell the weapons what to do. My fear is that we won't have. ■

War and Peace

This year marks the 40th anniversary of the end of World War II. Allied victory in Europe — V-E day — came in May of 1945. V-J day — victory in Japan — followed in August.

Ultimately, the end of the war proved to be not only a victory for the Allies but also, ironically, for Germany and Japan. For the end of war liberated both countries from the yoke of totalitarianism, paving the way for the emergence and growth of democratic government from which they derive their present freedoms.

In this anniversary it's important to recall those epochal events of four decades ago. But it's even more worthwhile to remember the reconciliation that has taken place since then. The successor states to the German Reich and Imperial Japan are not America's foes. They have become our trusted friends. We once fought each other, head to head. Now we proudly stand together with them, side by side, in close friendship.

Unfortunately, the end of that war did not mark the end of war. Peace has been fragile. Throughout the world, there have been more than 100 wars since 1945.

There's an important lesson to be learned from this. And the 40th anniversary of the end of World War II, is an appropriate time to recall it.

It is a paradox of life that the better prepared a country is to fight a war, the less likely that country will be attacked. Countries maintain military power not only to triumph if war breaks out, but also to deter conflict from ever happening in the first place.

This is hardly a new idea. The Athenian historian Thucydides observed in the 4th century, B.C., that when one side's strength is comparable to another's, their mutual strength is a deterrent to war.

Countries generally do not start wars because other countries are strong. Countries tend to start wars because they believe other countries are weak — either in arms or in a willingness to fight. Such countries resort to force because they believe they have more to gain from war than from peace.

Addressing a joint session of Congress in February, Margaret Thatcher put it this way: "The war of 1939 was not caused by an arms race. It sprang from a tyrant's belief that other countries lacked the means and the will to resist him."

Armaments do not cause wars. Ambitions do...ambitions unchecked by compassion, unmoved by wise counsel, ignorant of consequences, encouraged by an aggressive spirit, and tempted by easy victory.

It's a lesson we can never learn too well.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

WALKING THE CAPE

Distance measured in time

By David Black

Cape Cod is an arm flexing into the Atlantic, an ambiguous gesture: America summoning Europe, showing its muscle, or giving the Italian equivalent of the finger. In 1849 and in 1857, Henry David Thoreau walked from Eastham to Provincetown, a distance of about twenty-eight miles. Since then the dunes haven't changed much, but Provincetown has been transformed from a fishing village into a capital of honky-tonk. So walking from Eastham to Provincetown, which I do each summer, is like hiking through time, from 1849 to the present, from a landscape that is not too different from what Thoreau saw to one that is very different. And comparing Thoreau's Cape with the Cape today is a means of measuring some of the ways in which our country has changed in the past century and a third. Or so I, at first, thought.

On reaching Boston . . . we noticed in the streets a handbill headed "Death! one hundred and forty-five lives lost at Cohasset." . . . The brig *St. John*, from Galway, Ireland, laden with emigrants, was wrecked on Sunday morning. . . .

The first time I walked up the Cape, in the summer of 1974, when I was twenty-nine, the body of a woman had just been found in a secluded spot in the dunes near Provincetown. She had been sexually assaulted, and her hands had been chopped off. At the time, it had seemed a neat, if melodramatic counterpart to the shipwreck that had greeted Thoreau on his first walk up the Cape.

Thoreau's egoism—the selfishness that led him to seek at Walden Pond a life in which any dealing with others could be on his terms—had found in the wreck an excuse to turn life into a pageant staged for his benefit. "If I had found one body cast upon the beach in some lonely

place, it would have affected me more," he wrote. "I sympathized rather with the winds and waves. . . ." One hundred and forty-five dead, and Thoreau sympathized with the forces that killed them. It is unpopular to suggest that Thoreau's self-reliance—which in our time has been reinterpreted to mean *self-service*—might be rooted in narcissism, the theatrical pride of a spoiled kid who retreats to his bedroom, slamming the door to keep out the adults. But throughout his book *Cape Cod*, Thoreau makes himself the measure of what he hears and sees—which is, of course, exactly what any author must do. Literature is full of the sound of slamming doors.

The 1974 dune murder was so barbarous that it stirred elemental fears. People in bars were sure the killing had been part of a satanic ritual. A garage mechanic claimed he'd heard that the body had been drained of blood; the killing was an act of vampirism, although he took comfort in his conviction that the vampire wasn't a supernatural creature. It was merely a man with a taste for blood.

In a restaurant in Hyannis, a local lawyer who sat next to me at the counter said he was sure the murder had been done by hippies—this was 1974, remember, not long after the height of what was then called the counterculture. He'd just seen a science fiction movie about the end of the world. Reveling in the apocalypse, people went crazy, he told me; had sex in the streets, broke windows, trampled one another. It was the same up there in Provincetown, he said. They—he jabbed his thumb over his shoulder as though *they* followed him around, a ghost chorus—lived as if the world were about to end. That's how *they* could do such ghastly things.

The crime became a promiscuous symbol, representing whatever evils an outraged citizen felt threatened by. The breakdown of the family.

David Black is the author of Minds and Murder at the Met, which has been nominated as the best Fact Crime Book by the Mystery Writers of America.

The noise the surf made would have been the same 135 years ago, but Thoreau would have heard it differently

The sexual revolution. The decline in respect for property.

For years—this is my own door slamming—whenever I walked up the Cape, I took smug satisfaction in believing that the woman-in-the-dunes murder fixed the present in the same way that the wreck of the *St. John* fixed the past. It betrayed the barbarism of our age. There is something seductive about living through what we convince ourselves is a crisis in civilization; it gives us the illusion that everything we do is important because the times are so extraordinary.

A few years later, on the way to make my annual walk, I stopped for lunch in Fall River, Massachusetts, and overheard two other out-of-towners discussing Lizzie Borden, who was accused of hacking her father and stepmother to death in that town in the summer of 1892. Violence, even meaningless violence, is a constant in human nature, as unchanging as the dunes.

Last year, I took my walk late, the week after Labor Day. I arrived on the beach near Eastham at dawn, about two hours before high tide. The wind was blowing from the southeast. There was a drizzle pockmarking the sand. The sea and sky were gray, and a mist smudged out the horizon, so looking at the ocean was like staring at the inside of an egg, which—as the mist lifted—seemed to be cracking along its middle as though the world were about to hatch.

The Nauset Light, on the cliff to my left, was a squat tower, like a chess rook: white on the bottom, red on the top. Its searchlight, pale yellow, getting paler as the sky brightened, turned off as I passed below on the beach. The three lighthouses Thoreau had seen were destroyed in 1892, the same year Lizzie Borden was accused of her crime.

Two surf-casters were walking back and forth along the shore, checking their rods, which they'd stuck upright in metal tubes jammed into the sand. They were serious fishermen, one in an orange windbreaker, the other in a blue-hooded sweatshirt, who except for their costumes could have been on the beach when Thoreau walked up the Cape. As I passed, the three of us nodded as solemnly as if we'd been in church.

Once I was far enough along the shore so that they were out of sight, I sat in the shelter of the high cliff that ran along the length of the beach all the way to Provincetown. I unpacked a thermos of coffee and a doughnut from the rucksack I was carrying (Thoreau had walked with an umbrella) and had breakfast. The surf sounded like a stereo demonstration record: soft off to

my right, getting louder as the breakers rolled along the beach, cracking like a gunshot right in front of me, and getting softer as they rolled farther along the beach to my left. The waves, as they slid up the sand, foamed and hissed like butter sizzling in a frying pan.

The noise the surf made would have been the same 135 years ago, but Thoreau would have heard it differently. It is not just that I use a simile he would not have used, but that because I live in a time in which stereos exist, I actually hear the noise of the surf differently. Figures of speech are not decorations, but clues to how our minds interpret the world.

Sitting there, I had my first suspicion that my thesis about walking forward through time might be arbitrary. I could just as easily have been walking backward through time—from a landscape very different from the one Thoreau had seen to a town that, for all its modern honky-tonk, was closer to the village he'd visited than I had at first assumed.

Because it was harder to get to, the beach seemed far more savage to Thoreau than it did to me. For him, it was "a wild, rank place" with "no flattery in it." For me, it was a park, protected by the federal government, subject to regulations, planted with Erosion Control Area signs.

For Thoreau, Provincetown was "a flourishing town" that looked forward to a prosperous future. For me, it was a city that looked backward to its past. Its history was the central fact of its life, the thing that heightened its value as a tourist attraction. As for the town's notoriety as a sinkhole of vice, Provincetown had a bad reputation as far back as 1727. The Devil, according to Mary Heaton Vorse, chased a ship's captain named Jeremiah Snaggs all over the Cape, from Barnstable to Orleans to Wellfleet, finally catching him in Provincetown.

"Well," said Captain Jeremiah, "you caught me fair and squar'. Whar do we go from here?"

"Go?" said the devil. "Nowhar. Ain't we to Provincetown?"

When I started walking again, the last of the mist was rolling in big balls off the cliffs and spreading along the beach. The sun broke through. A man in a red plaid shirt and chinos, another beach hiker, appeared up the shore about 200 feet ahead of me, his long-legged shadow stretched out on the sand. I was to see him off and on all day.

By the time I reached Marconi Beach, the sun was out for good. Where the water retreated on the sand, it left a silvery luster like the sheen of a dead fish. Styrofoam egg cartons, plastic six-pack holders, and empty bleach bottles washed up with the waves. The debris Thoreau

found, the remains of wrecked ships and their cargo, seemed more heroic—ships breaking up in storms instead of bathers tossing beer cans into the surf. But, of course, littering doesn't lead to loss of life; shipwrecks do.

At various secluded spots, the garbage had been turned into art. In one place, driftwood, colored cloth, crab shells, plastic containers, and yellow rope had been used to build the skeleton of a boat. At another spot garbage had been organized into an antic house, something out of an Edward Lear poem, flying half-deflated balloons and raggedy pennants made of old T-shirts.

There is usually, as I have said, no bathing on the backside of the Cape, on account of the undertow. . . .

On Marconi Beach, three white lifeguard towers stood empty, facing the sea. It was still before seven o'clock in the morning, almost an hour before high tide, and there were no bathers in sight, although farther along the shore I found an elderly man dressed in white slacks, a

shirt the pale yellow of the Nauset Light, a blue blazer, and a white visored cap with an emblem of a jumping marlin stitched to the front. He sat in a low beach chair on the very edge of the dry sand, his polished loafers planted as though, like King Canute, he were daring the sea to advance.

By the time I reached the Wellfleet beaches, a few late-season bathers were sitting on towels, waiting to get warm enough to dash into the water; and some scavengers were wandering along the shore, looking not for firewood or valuable cargo from shipwrecks (like the scavengers Thoreau met), but for shells and stones and pieces of smooth colored glass. I'd been filling my pockets with souvenirs, too: rocks shaped as perfectly as eggs, clam shells, ark shells, periwinkles, and translucent gray stones that looked like solidified smoke.

A few hundred feet from the crowded part of the beach, naked bathers lay, working on tans. The adults were nude, and the kids were clothed. In 1954, before I'd ever heard of Tho-

The remains of wrecked ships, the debris Thoreau found, seemed more heroic than plastic six-pack holders



*Thoreau called
the beach a vast
morgue. I
found half a
dozen dead
sand sharks and
the remains of a
seagull covered
with flies*

reau, my family visited one of my father's cronies—let's call him Ernst Weibeck—who had a summer place in Wellfleet, a large Queen Anne house with double doors that opened onto a strip of sand. Beyond, framed by the door's arch, the ocean gleamed like black plastic.

There were a few other families down for the day. It was mid-May, so no one had thought to bring a bathing suit; but it was unseasonably warm, so the younger kids had stripped and were playing at the water's edge, naked.

"Go on in," my father told me.

I'd just turned nine and was too old, I thought, to swim naked.

My father kept goading me, and I kept refusing—much to the amusement of the other adults.

"It's too babyish," I said.

"Balls," said Weibeck, who in Germany in the early 1930s had been a member of the *Verband Volksgesundheit*, a socialist nudist organization. In the middle of the living room, he stripped; and he ran through the double doors down to the water—followed by the other men, who also stripped and who, cavorting in the sand, looked as goatish as figures in a late Picasso print.

As I passed a nude woman, stretched out on her back, she opened her eyes, started—as a token of modesty—to raise one knee so she wouldn't be caught spread-eagled, then resisted the impulse, staying defiantly as she was.

I like nudity, but I've never been able—as friends of mine claim they have—to find it innocent. When I used to camp on these dunes with the couples with whom my wife and I were sharing a house, I was never able to pretend that skinny-dipping was an act of liberation—which meant I found it hard to counterfeit a disinterested gaze at the bodies of the women as they proved how free they were by wandering around the campsite naked. I'm sure it is a character flaw. But my response to seeing an attractive woman undressed is nearly always lewd.

Even in a museum, when I come upon a nude—whether it is an obviously pornographic Boucher or a matter-of-fact Manet—I take pleasure as much in the sexual tension as in the solution to the formal artistic problem. Like Miles, the writer in John Fowles's novel *Mantissa*, I look forward to the "sexy parts." Which doesn't mean that I like only erotica. It does mean that I delight in the attempt to translate the physical details of the world into art—whether the art is deliberate, an artifact like a story or a painting, or only a stray thought, a narrative moment. We live in our heads; no wonder we enjoy the intellectual equivalent of a hard-on, pleasure at the fact of creation, even if the act of creation is merely identifying—rec-

ognizing—what we are experiencing.

On the other hand, I know it is possible to look on even the most obscene image with innocent eyes. Once, as I drove through Times Square, my daughter, who was then five years old, gazed through the window at a marquee cutout of the porno star Vanessa Del Rio, twelve feet high and shamelessly draped—or rather undraped—in transparent scarves, and cried, "Look. Tinker Bell!"

The tide was now going out. A dead sand shark, about two feet long, was washed up on the beach. Its belly was very white and streaked with blood, which looked like water stains on wallpaper. The gills and eye sockets were filled with sand. The dorsal fin fluttered in the breeze. A little beyond the shark were the remains of what must have been a skate, although part of the tail and most of the body had been eaten away. The chunks of flesh that still stuck to the bones looked like clumps of tapioca pudding.

Thoreau called the beach a vast morgue. That hasn't changed. Between Wellfleet and Provincetown I saw half a dozen more dead sand sharks, the stinking carcass of an animal that could have been a dog, the remains of a seagull covered with flies that buzzed away in a cloud when I approached, small dead fish that looked like spilled exclamation points, and, of course, shells, all that remained of clams, scallops, cockles, and limpets.

I walked through patches of dried kelp that rustled like autumn leaves. For a while, I strolled along popping the little air bladders in the strands of rockweed. Where the beach was deserted, gulls stood in crowds, each gazing over the heads of the others, like guests at a chic party on the lookout for celebrities. Later, I noticed crowds of gulls that all faced the same way, south, into the breeze. Their footprints looked like wishbones, or photographs of chromosomes.

I sat on the beach, drank some more coffee, ate a gritty blueberry muffin, and, having stripped, ran through the chilly air into the waves. I came out, dried myself, dressed, and drank some warm whiskey out of a pint bottle I'd been carrying in my back pocket.

By two in the afternoon I had reached the Truro shore, more than halfway from Eastham to Provincetown. The day after I graduated from Amherst College, in 1967, I headed—as I did after school ended every year—for the Cape, detouring by way of Providence, Rhode Island, to visit my grandparents. That morning, my grandfather had awakened hardly able to breathe. The doctor was there when I arrived, examining him. My grandfather gazed up at me

mildly, unable to speak, smiling over the doctor's shoulder. Six and a half feet tall, broad as a refrigerator, white hair like hot phosphorus, he had loomed over me in my childhood, not only because of the foreshortening with which kids view adults—looking up from below as if at skyscrapers—but also because he seemed, with his pawlike fists and booming laugh, an elemental force, a hurricane or an earthquake. He had always been a heroic and comic figure, like Gargantua, Falstaff, or Paul Bunyan. On his back, in bed, he looked shrunken, defeated, apologetic. By the time I left the room he had become—in the story I told myself about his life—a tragic figure: perhaps still Falstaff, but the Falstaff at the end of *Henry IV, Part 2*. Even his hair, once as fiery as a halo, was now the dingy yellow of old teeth.

My grandmother had called my parents, who were on their way from their home in Springfield, Massachusetts. She took me into the living room, where we sat, made formal by death, before glass-fronted bookcases filled with Hebrew prayer books and a set of Dickens. These were the only volumes she'd kept from a collection she had saved up for when she first came to America and was sewing dresses in a sweatshop in New York City. The rest of the collection, about 500 books, was intended to form the core of a library for the children of the village in Lithuania where she had been born; but when she took the books to Europe shortly before World War I, the wooden trunks in which they were packed were stolen at a railway terminal in Poland. Having come so far, she didn't want to cancel her trip, so she continued on her way, carrying the stories in her head. Surrounded by the children of her village, she recited what she could remember of *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, and *Great Expectations*, placing the events in twentieth-century New York City, not nineteenth-century London, to make them more immediate, as though they were true tales she was importing from her experience in the New World, tales in which—out of tribal loyalty—Riah (the Jew in *Our Mutual Friend*) became the hero and Fagin a ruined Cossack. In my grandmother's America, Cossacks drove through the Lower East Side in jalopies.

Despite how fast and loose she played with Dickens's plots, my grandmother worshiped books and felt unworthy of them. The one time she visited me at college, she refused to go into the library—a great campus attraction, which JFK had dedicated a few weeks before he'd been shot—because (she said) she wasn't dressed properly. As I tried to convince her that she was dressed just fine, the bells of Johnson Chapel tolled the hour, and my grandmother turned white. I loved the sound of the bells. For me,

they evoked a sense of community; they transformed the landscape into a Norman Rockwell painting. For my grandmother, the sound was murderous. In the village in which she was born, Christians rang church bells as they rode through the Jewish quarter, killing and burning. In us, the bells set off clashing stories; and the stories kept us apart.

Trying to distract me—and herself—from my grandfather's illness, my grandmother asked, now that I had graduated, what I intended to do.

"I'm going to be a writer," I said.

She grabbed my hands and squeezed them as though I'd blasphemed.

"That's not something we do," she said. "That's for the gentry."

I pulled away. Furious—maybe because I half believed her—I grabbed my rucksack, slammed from the house, and, when I got to the corner of the block, stuck out my thumb and hitched to the Cape. When I got to Truro, I called Providence to apologize. My mother told me my grandfather had died that afternoon. I said I'd hitch back the next morning. I spent the night in a shack I'd rented, an abandoned gas station with a huge plate-glass window facing the highway. There were no curtains. In full view of the passing cars, on my old portable typewriter, I wrote about how my grandmother had refused to enter the Amherst College library and how terrified she'd been of the Johnson Chapel bells, trying to reduce the distance between us by making her story part of my story.

North of Truro, a surfer in a black wet suit flopped in flippers down to the ocean. He looked like a great lizard that had learned to walk erect, one of the creatures from Karel Čapek's novel *War With the Newts*. A woman, bundled in a parka and with a plaid blanket wrapped around her legs, waited for him onshore, fiddling with a portable radio. When Thoreau arrived on the Cape, he saw two organ grinders on their way to Provincetown, who, he thought, would provide the only music to be found in the towns he would be passing.

I had become a human sundial. At the beginning of my hike, my shadow had been behind me and to my left. As I walked up the Cape, my shadow had moved clockwise around me until at noon it had been right in front. By the time I reached the Highland Light, about five o'clock, my shadow was behind me and to my right.

Thoreau had stayed overnight at the Highland Light and had talked at length with the lighthouse keeper. I scrambled up the cliff, grabbing on to the beach grass. At the top was a field. The breakers, below, were abruptly softer,

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The past is
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as if someone had turned the volume down. Crickets chirruped in the bushes. A bobwhite called off to the left. It was idyllic. The wind had changed, coming now from the southwest. All the stalks of grass leaned over in the light breeze and pointed the same way.

Beyond the field were radar domes, dimpled like golf balls. To the right was the lighthouse with a high fence around it. When Thoreau walked up the Cape, he had been a welcome distraction to the lighthouse keeper. Now, the lighthouse was off-limits to hikers.

I slid back down the cliff and headed up the beach to Provincetown. For a while, I was kept company by a woman riding a horse along the sand. She would trot beside me, then suddenly canter into the waves, which would splash up and make the horse toss its head.

Another dead shark, dried, gutted, and collapsed like a punctured inflatable toy, lay nearby. Beyond that I found the arm of a doll, a rubber snake, a toy horse, and a plastic dinosaur scattered over the sand, looking like the failed attempts of a bungling god to populate a dead planet.

Outside of Provincetown, I passed a section of beach that had been fenced off as a tern colony: a separate site set apart for birds—it seemed the most alien thing to Thoreau's world that I had seen. I climbed the cliff and followed a footpath through the dunes.

The obvious difference between Thoreau's Provincetown and ours lies in a reversal of the public and private.

The outward aspect of the houses and shops frequently suggested a poverty which their interior comfort and even richness disproved.

Provincetown now presents a rich mask, hiding an impoverished life. During the summer, Commercial Street, Provincetown's main thoroughfare, becomes a carnival. Shops sell candied apples, spun sugar, saltwater taffy, fudge, hot dogs, hamburgers, ice cream, fried clams, portraits in chalk, tintypes (customers dress up in clothes from Thoreau's time and have their pictures taken so they'll look in the photos like their own great-grandparents, so they'll become their own ancestors), ceramics, "Poetic Impressions: original pen and ink prints and poetry, personalized for you by the poet, \$1.50 matted, \$1.00 unmatted," trinkets. The music from one bar merges with the music from another bar up the street. People lounge at outdoor cafes, watching the passing circus.

In the late summer, the town seemed as deserted as an off-season amusement park. In a bar, a man was sipping a drink, apparently oblivious to the blond girl holding him around the waist and resting her cheek against his shoulder. At a table in the back of the room sat

the man in the red plaid shirt I'd been shadowing all day. I wanted to ask him why he'd hiked up the Cape, but by the time I'd ordered my drink he was gone.

Later, I walked out along the pier. Mist was coming off the water in strands like cigarette smoke. At the end of the dock, a man was urinating into the harbor.

When I look at old photographs of the Cape—or of New York City, or of anyplace—I rarely try to imagine what life was like then. Instead, I try to fit the past into the present. I like to go to the location where the picture was snapped and try to conjure the image up, so I can see how it would look on that spot now. When I was writing a biography of August Belmont, a nineteenth-century financier and sportsman, I used to walk up Broadway from the Battery to Prince Street, where Niblo's Garden used to stand, superimposing old New York on the present city.

The past has its own geography, crosshatched with emotional longitudes and latitudes. It is no longer a physical place, but a series of overlapping stories. We use the past—the stories about the past—to nourish us. And we need nourishment. We are hungry as Saturn. But, unlike Saturn, we devour not our own children, but those who lived before us. We are continually doing what I did with my grandmother's memories of tolling church bells, what I do with Thoreau's *Cape Cod* every time I repeat his walk: making the past part of the present, and making of the present one more story that will feed us in the future.

Every day, we turn life's Chinese boxes inside out. At the center is the infinite universe; then, each a little larger and enclosing the last, come successive realities—all the way down to our country, our city, our community, our family, until, on the outside, enclosing everything, is ourselves.

In Islamic legend, a king sewed up a peacock's head in a bag so there would be nothing to distract from the beauty of its tail. The bird forgot what the world was like, assumed that all existence was encompassed within the limits of the bag. Its beauty was beyond its comprehension.

The stories we tell ourselves are a way of seeing through the bag, a way of making the Chinese boxes transparent, so that we can see through our own lives into the infinite heart of the puzzle. The stories help us comprehend whatever beauty our lives accidentally make as we blindly move through time.

I returned to the bar. The man with the girl draped over him was still sipping his drink. He muttered, "Unreal, unreal, unreal." ■

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A CHECK ON TH

A micro view of a m

This is the paycheck stub of Yitzhak Modai, Israeli finance minister (government pay level: 110). Modai heads the Liberal party allied in the Likud bloc with the much larger Herut, led by Vice Premier Yitzhak Shamir. The Liberals favor increasing market incentives in Israel's government-suffused economy. Modai's ability to instigate long-term structural changes—lower taxes, the redistribution of manpower from services to manufacturing—depends on whether in the short term he can get the cabinet to slice spending. His unrelenting pressure for austerity is being resisted from the left by Shimon Peres's Labor party, from the right by Herut populists, from below by party rivals.

This paycheck stub is dated November 1984, the month wage-price controls were instituted. Prices climbed a monthly record of 24.3 percent in October 1984; since wage-price controls were put into effect, prices (in shekels) have been allowed to rise a total of only about 60 percent. (Important to note: consumer prices have actually remained stable in the currency in which all Israelis now think: dollars.) Snapshots of the economic crisis: cost of the 1973 war, \$12 billion; cost of the occupation of Lebanon, roughly \$1 billion; annual oil bill after two OPEC price shocks and loss of the Sinai wells to Egypt, nearly \$2 billion; growth rate of GNP in 1984, zero; foreign debt, \$23 billion; 1984 inflation rate, 444.9 percent. Main mechanism of Israeli superinflation isn't monetary infusion but high velocity of monetary circulation. Velocity can't be slowed directly; government must calm inflationary *expectations* that have made the shekel a hot potato.

[illegible]

The minister's base pay for November: 697,430 shekels (\$1,323.39). His take-home pay: 450,224 shekels (\$854.31). His take-home four years before, while energy minister: 5,263 shekels (\$825.26!). Modai works a six-day week, the Israeli norm. The highest paid government employee is the commander of the Knesset's security guards (\$2,207 a month). Average textile worker's monthly pay after taxes: \$500. Price of a movie ticket: \$2.40; of a loaf of bread: seventeen cents.

Tax rate on Modai's pay: 60 percent. Sixty one percent bracket—the maximum—start at \$3,450 a month. Few Israelis would believe anyone in Israel actually makes that much.

Craig S. Karpel is a contributing editor of Harper's. He has reported on Lebanon for the Village Voice, and on Israel for the Wall Street Journal.

blem, by Craig S. Karpel

[illegible]

Modai's "appreciation supplement." As prices went up before stabilization agreement, wages, by law, did likewise—in turn driving prices yet higher. This situation was triggered in 1974, when the government implemented what internal documents called "functional inflation." Rather than raise already onerous taxes to defray the cost of rearming after the 1973 war, the government chose to dilute the currency—thereby siphoning purchasing power from the public to the Treasury. Authorities believed they could devalue the shekel so gradually that slippage of real wages would remain beneath the public's awareness threshold. But Israelis refused to accept any erosion of their real income. Result: indexation of prices, wages, interest, savings balances—thereby institutionalizing and accelerating inflation.

A thin plume of blue smoke coils from the computer: 1,033,304 shekels is Modai's total earnings before taxes. Ten years before this would have been worth \$2.46 million. Last November it was worth \$1,960.73. Asterisked footnote: "Due to lack of space, printed temporarily in whole shekels without agorot." This is just as well. With a shekel not worth two cents, an agora (one-hundredth of a shekel) is a nuisance. Scrap-metal dealers buy ten-agorot coins by the kilo for more than their face value.

Modai's expense reimbursement. He laid out 56,521 shekels in March 1984, at which time, at 146 to the dollar, he was out-of-pocket \$387.13. By the time he received his November paycheck, with shekel at 527, he got back only \$107.25.

SHE'S GOT HER MOTHER'S EYES, HER FATHER'S NOSE AND HER UNCLE'S DEFICIT.

It's quite a legacy her uncle has handed her. (Her favorite uncle, at that.) Annual federal deficits approaching \$200 billion. A current national debt of \$1.6 trillion. Potentially, \$13 trillion by the year 2000.

When the numbers get this big, they tend to get meaningless. Until you look at it this way. If federal deficits continue at their current rate, it's as if every baby born in 1985 will have a \$50,000 debt strapped to its back.

The great debate over deficits, of course, no longer centers on whether or not they should be reduced, but how.

One side favors raising taxes. But whose? 90% of all personal taxable income already comes from tax brackets of \$35,000 and below. Does anyone seriously suggest increasing the tax burden of lower and middle income families?

Well then, the argument follows, tax the rich. But, if the federal government took every penny of every dollar over the \$75,000 tax bracket that isn't already taxed—not



a surcharge, mind you, but took it all—it would only collect enough to run the country for a week. Besides, there's no guarantee that Congress would spend less money if we all gave them more.

The alternative seems clear. Cut spending. But, again, the question is how.

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Our children and grandchildren don't deserve to pay for our mistakes. We should be passing on to them a healthy economy and a high standard of living. That should be their inheritance. That should be their birthright.

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LO, HEAR THE GENTLE PIT BULL!

Real love has teeth

By Vicki Hearne

Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

A disproportionately large number of pit bulls are able to climb trees.

—Richard Stratton

A few years back, when I was living in California, I happened to be looking for a working dog, by which I mean a dog bred to think and to do a job, not just to look pretty while the cameras snap. So I put the word out among the dog people I know. Poodles, bouviers des Flandres, and the like were pretty low on my list, since I am not fond of grooming (though I should say that Airedales, which need a lot of grooming, are always high on my list). Doberman pinschers and boxers were pretty high on the list, as were English bull terriers. I was really just waiting for a dog with genuine class to show up. I would have looked at a cocker spaniel if someone reliable had told me of a good one.

I heard, eventually, of a litter of puppies in which there was a promising little bitch. They were pit bulls, or what are commonly called pit bulls, though pit bulls are often called by other names, and other breeds are often misidentified as pit bulls—all this a result of newspaper and television and word-of-mouth horror stories about pit bulls, which is what *this* story is about. Anyway, fighting breeds, of which the pit bull is one, were also high on my list, and the pups were within my price range. So I went to take a look. The bitch puppy looked as good in the flesh as she had been made to look in the story I had heard about her. I bought her and named her Belle, a name that may sound fancy to Yankee ears, but a good old down-home name for a nice bitch. In Belle's eyes there was (and is) a certain quiet gleam of mischief and joy; more than that, she had a general air that made it clear that I was going to be dealing with her on *her* terms—and that one of these might be an impulse to make a fool of me.

Belle is mostly white, with some reddish brindle here and there, including, over one eye, a patch that sometimes gives her a raffish air but at other times, when she has her dignity about her (which is about 99 percent of the

Vicki Hearne is a contributing editor of Harper's. She has trained dogs and horses professionally, and now teaches writing at Yale. She is at work on a book about the nature of animals and language.

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time), makes her look like the queen of an exotic and powerful nation. Except for that gleam in her eye, she is fairly typical of her breed in that she is very serious about whatever she happens to be doing. I've had her going on three years now, and the most violent thing she has done is this: one day, when her pillows were in the wash, she went about the house appropriating everyone else's pillows. Not *all* of the pillows; only the newer, plumper, more expensive ones. She was quite young when she did this. Maturity has brought with it a sense of the importance of respecting the property rights of others.

In James Thurber's day there were a lot of horror stories around about bloodhounds, and he was exercised enough by these stories to write at least two pieces (including "Lo, Hear the Gentle Bloodhound!") defending these creatures. Of course no one these days believes bloodhounds eat up old ladies and nubile maidens. This, or something like it, is what people have come to believe about pit bulls, largely because of horror stories like the ones repeated on ABC's 20/20 one night last winter: "February 1984, Cleveland, Ohio. Police capture a pit bull terrier who attacked a two-year-old child at a bus stop. December 1984, Davie, Florida. This dog attacked a seven-week-old boy in his crib. The child later died. January 1985, Phoenix, Arizona. A fifty-year-old woman was attacked by her son's dogs when she tried to get into her own house."

These stories have a deceptively straightforward look about them; here, at least, it seems that we know what we're talking about. But it isn't at all clear what the stories are about (or *who* they are about), and I am exercised about this, and want to talk about the stories and about pit bulls.

A word about names. The French philosopher Jacques Derrida once remarked in a lecture about memory and mourning that we never know—that we die without being quite sure—what our proper names are. This is not always obvious to us, except perhaps in the case of some newlyweds. We do not generally feel puzzled or at a loss for an answer when someone asks, "What's your name?" The uncertainty Derrida spoke of is obvious, though, when we turn to the pit bull. There are a number of breeds that are related to the pit bull and are often confused with it. Among these are:

American pit bull dogs
English bull terriers
French bulldogs
English bulldogs

Jack Russell terriers
Staffordshire bull terriers
Colored bull terriers

Often, in the horror stories published and broadcast and passed along in conversation, other breeds wholly unrelated to the pit bull are accused of being pit bulls. These include:

Doberman pinschers
Boxers
Airedales

Rottweilers
Collies

I actually read a story about a "pit bull" who turned out to be a collie. The dog was supposed to have hurt a baby; he had not, though he did snap at the infant. When I protested to the newspaper editor that the dog was plainly a collie, the reply was: "But it could have been a pit bull."

The dog I left off the list of genuine relatives of the pit bull is the American Staffordshire terrier, which some American Staffordshire fanciers say is the same breed as the pit bull, as do some serious pit bull people; other members of both groups argue that the breeds are separate. If you own a pit bull, or something like a pit bull, and are tired (as I am) of people clutching their purses and babies and shying away from you whenever they see your dog, just tell them that what you have is an American Staffordshire terrier. Almost no one, so far as I know, is afraid of American Staffordshire terriers.



As for the names of the actual dog under discussion, the possibilities include:

Pit bull	American (pit) bull terrier
Pit bull terrier	American pit bull terrier
Bull terrier	American bulldog
American bull terrier	Bulldog

As to the history of the pit bull, it seems clear that at some point an Englishman bred a terrier with what is often referred to as an English bulldog. Involved in this history are bear baiting and bull baiting—especially the latter, as bulls were often baited with dogs before being killed as a way of tenderizing the meat for human consumption. Dog fighting, to the death in the pit, also figures in this history. If you were to try to write an actual history of the breed, you would have to find out which if any of the following names is a past name for the pit bull or an ancestor of the pit bull. Some of these are now the names of definite breeds; others are *probably* names for the pit bull that have passed out of use. Among these names are:

Irish pit terrier	Bandog
Catch dog	Hog dog
Bear biter	Southern hound
Boar hound	Neopolitan mastiff
Bull biter	Dogue de Bordeaux
Mastiff	Olde bulldogge
Bull mastiff	Argentine dogo
Molossian	Tosa-inu
Bear dog	Colored bull terrier

The United Kennel Club in Kalamazoo, Michigan, after much debating and many divorces, officially named the breed the American (pit) bull terrier. Affectionate owners call the dog simply pit. What pit bulls actually are, by the way, are bulldogs, though that is not the real name of the breed. And those dogs that *are* called bulldogs (including Handsome Dan, the mascot of the Yale football team) are not in fact bulldogs at all. They couldn't get a bull to behave if heaven depended on it for supper. (Still, I should say that Yale, in welcoming my pit bull, has warmed my heart.)

It was in the early 1970s that the first of the horror stories about pit bulls appeared. I didn't see the original one—a product of the inflamed mind of a Chicago journalist, I am told—but as the story was passed along and picked up and reprinted, polished, and “improved” by every paper in the country, as far as I could tell (I was doing some traveling then), I got to read it often. In its various versions, the tale tended to tell of what natural people-haters pit bulls are—preferring the flesh of elderly women and infants—and of what dog-haters “pit men” are, pit men being those who breed and handle dogs for organized pit fighting. (Staged dogfights are illegal in all fifty states, and moving dogs across state lines for the purpose of fighting is a federal offense. Fights are organized clandestinely throughout the country.)

At first, I was mildly amused and not especially worried by these stories; I have trained dogs professionally, I know many dog people, and at the time my life was in this world, in which there are no horror stories about pit bulls. Indeed, in this world, pit bulls are generally recognized as an amiable, easygoing lot. If pit bulls have a flaw in their relationship to people it is that they sometimes show a tendency toward reserve, a kind of aloofness that is a consequence of their being prone to love above all else reflection and meditation. Pit bulls—not all of them, but some—often hang back in social situations they don't understand.

Pit men, who breed and train their dogs to kill others for sport—the fighting-dog men who know what they are about, anyway—will tell you that a pit bull fighter is not a man-hating animal; in fact, a man-hating animal is not likely to survive in the pit, is apt to be a coward, a fear-

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reserve*

An admirer of good
fighting dogs would
find training them by
starting them off on
declawed kittens an
insult to the dogs

biter rather than a tough, gamely fighter. In truth, there are very few biters among pit bulls.

You have to know this about fighting dogs, or hunting dogs who take on opponents like mountain lions—any dog in whom the quality called game-ness matters: in a true fighting dog there is no ill temper, no petty resentment. I once had an Airedale who was a visionary fighter, a veritable incarnation of the holy Law of the Jaw. (Never let go.) You could tell that Gunner was going into his fight mode by a certain precise and friendly wagging of the tail, a happy pricking of the ears, and a cheerful sparkle in the eye that quickly progressed to an expression of high trance. He was, when he wasn't fighting or thinking about fighting (he didn't think about it all of the time, only when it was appropriate), a dog of enormous charm and wit who never minded playing the fool.

One of the things he liked to do was to climb up the ladders of playground slides and then slide down, with a goofy, droll look in his eyes and his ears flying out. (He looked like a child playing at being an airplane.) His charm was often an annoyance: he always insisted on making an entrance and looking around happily for the cheering section. The only time I knew him to menace a human being happened when he was about a year old. It was late at night, and a man attacked me with a knife, a rather puny sort of knife. That man lost part of his nose and cheek and I don't know what else (it was dark).

Richard Stratton, in *The World of the American Pit Bull Terrier* and elsewhere, writes about the development of the horror stories and their consequences, one of which has been the impounding and in some cases the destruction of pit bulls and other dogs. In San Diego not long ago the good citizens saw to it that an entire line of dogs, on whose development the owner had spent decades, was killed. Later, a court ruled that the killing of the dogs had been illegal, but the corpses of the dogs appear not to have been impressed by this development. Stratton writes of how this peculiar form of "humania" has caught on around the country:

In each case the approach was the same: the same stories as before were told, to which was added that certain states have very effective laws. Each state was assured that it was the center of dog fighting in America, and wasn't that a shameful "honor"? A news-media blitz characteristically preceded attempts at putting through legislation. In some states, penalties as high as ten years in prison were specified.

One of the standard elements in the horror stories is a gleeful account of how pit bull puppies are trained to be killers by starting them off on declawed kittens. The interesting thing here is that an authentic and intelligent admirer of good fighting dogs would find this an insult to the dogs and to the men who train them to fight—partly because most lovers of pit bulls are saps about animals of all sorts (often they hate hunting), and partly because they have a kind of Nietzschean sense of what counts as a worthy opponent (and kittens, declawed or otherwise, clearly are not). Someone like Richard Stratton would have deep contempt for anyone who would set a pit bull against a *dog* who was not a match. What Stratton and those like him say is roughly this: Look. We're talking about a dog who can stay the round with a porcupine. This dog doesn't need to practice on kittens.

Which is to say, the charge of cruelty to kittens is secondary to a more serious charge: the insult to the nobility and courage of a breed.

It wasn't long after I got Belle, my pit bull, that she began to take an interest in the welfare and development of James, my year-old nephew. James would throw a plaything out of reach, and Belle would bring it back to him. James was entranced by this; soon he was spending most of his time throwing playthings out of reach. Belle, with a worried look about her, continued patiently to fetch them.

I must remind you of the seriousness of mind of this breed. It became clear after a short while that Belle was not just "playing fetch." Pit bulls are never just doing *anything*. Belle began bringing James her dumbbell, which I use in training her, and which is not a plaything in her mind; more than that, she began attempting to get him to handle it correctly. This was only natural: Belle's mother had been extremely devoted to the education of Belle and her litter-mates, and Belle takes her responsibilities seriously. She seems to feel that a necessary condition of fully developed humanhood is good dog-training skills; as I watched her trying to get James to hold the dumbbell properly, it dawned on me that she was trying to teach him to train *her*!

Belle's behavior with James is related to a standard pit bull trait—a trait, for that matter, standard to all gamely dogs. If purity of heart is to will one thing, as Kierkegaard said it was, then these dogs have purity of heart. A less generous way of putting it is to say that they have one-track minds. Bill Koehler, the father of my friend Dick Koehler and one of the grandest animal trainers the world will ever know, warns owners of such dogs not to play ball with them in the house except on the ground floor, because if the ball goes out the window, so does the dog.

I was talking to Dick Koehler one day about how nice it is to have Belle around, but how hard it is to explain *why*. Dick, a dog trainer like his father, said, "Yeah, it's hard to explain. They are so *aware*." And that's it, that's the quality Belle radiates quietly but unmistakably: awareness of all the shifting gestalts of the spiritual and emotional life around her. She spends a lot of her time just sitting and contemplating people and situations (which is one reason some people are afraid of her). Since in her case this awareness is coupled with a deep gentleness—no bull-in-the-china-shop routines once puppyhood was over—Dick has urged me not to have her spayed, for a while at least.

Dick thinks Belle might be a good "foundation dam" for a line of dogs bred to work with the handicapped. Which brings up another aspect of the horror stories: they tend to be told about just those breeds that are the best prospects for work with, say, the old, or those in wheelchairs. Some readers may remember the stories about German shepherds "turning on their masters"—dogs with whom the safety of the blind can be trusted! I think that the same qualities that make these breeds reliable companions for the more difficult-to-care-for members of our species inspire the horror stories. Belle's refusal to play with strangers who coo at her, which sometimes causes the strangers to fear her, is the quality that would make her reliable in a distracting situation if her quadriplegic master really needed her attentiveness.

Most dogs have an unusual amount of emotional courage in relationship to humans: they are willing and able to keep coming back; they have the heart to turn our emotional static back to us as clarity. But dogs who work with people with various disabilities, including the sort not always regarded as pathologies, such as an addiction to typewriters, need much more of this quality in order to do a proper job of being a dog. Someone who is, or who perceives himself to be, powerless will be querulous from time to time in his handling of a dog, and may occasionally be downright loony. The dog who can keep her cool and continue to do her job under such circumstances has to be more than just cuddly and agreeable, and certainly mustn't have any heart-tugging spookiness in her makeup; such a dog must be prepared to *think* and act in the absence of proper guidance from the master and (as in the case of guide dogs) even in the face of wrong guidance. For such a dog, love doesn't make a whole lot of sense outside the context of a discipline, a discipline in the older, fuller sense of that word, in which the context is the cosmos and not the classroom. What I am trying to say is, Real love has teeth. A dog with such a capacity to love is able to give the moral law to herself when her master (who, of course, runs the universe from the dog's point of view) fails to act on the law of being.

A dog with a capacity to love is able to give herself the moral law when her master fails to do so



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Pit bulls will often give themselves the moral law. One afternoon, while I was abstractedly working on something, I was startled into consciousness by Belle suddenly giving out, in place of the wimpy puppy-bark I had so far heard (she was about five months old at the time), a full-fledged, grown-up, I've-got-duties-around-here bark.

Investigation showed that the meter reader was going into the backyard by the side gate *without asking permission*. So I said, "What's up, Pup?" and put her on her leash and followed her outside to check the situation out. (This is part of the handling of a dog like Belle, a procedure designed to show respect for and encourage the dog's instinct to protect while making it clear that she must think and exercise judgment.) When we got outside I said, "Oh. That's just the meter reader, and you don't have to worry about him." Then, putting Belle on a "stand-for-examination"—an exercise in which the dog is not allowed to move toward or away from anyone or anything—I asked the meter reader to pet her.

He refused, saying that he was afraid of her. This worried me a bit, since Belle was only a puppy, and while it wasn't too early in her career for her to be barking at strangers who enter the premises without asking permission, she was too young to be seriously menacing anyone. So I asked if she had ever tried to bite him, or whatever.

He said that Belle had never bothered him, but that he carried liver treats with him on his rounds in order to "make friends" with the dogs, and the only dog who had refused his liver treats had been Belle. No, ma'am, she didn't growl or anything, just turned her head away.

I refrained from telling him how rapidly anyone who offers a bribe to a pit bull sinks in the dog's estimation, really plummets; I simply suggested that in the future he knock on the front door when he came to read the meter and I would make sure the dog was in the house. After that Belle, understanding the situation, announced his arrival with two precise barks and otherwise seemed content to let him do his job—though she did keep an eye on him.

The meter reader incident filled me with dog-owner pride; but it also made me aware of the responsibility I had assumed in taking on a dog who needed no training to know a bribe when she saw one. I don't mean that I am afraid she is going to bite me, but that any unfairness or sloppiness in the way I handle her will be made known to me.

What Belle has is an ability to act with moral clarity, and this is a result of having qualities that have to do with real love, love with teeth. Do we tell horror stories about dogs because it is love that horrifies us?

Training Belle often seems astonishingly easy. This is not unusual with these dogs; I have friends with pit bulls who speak of having the sensation that they aren't so much training the dogs as reminding them of something. And yet there are people in other dog circles who wonder whether it is possible to train pit bulls (and dogs like them) at all. This is because these dogs are unresponsive to anything short of genuine training. Belle is as honest as daylight about her work, and because of that my training technique has had to improve a lot: she does not respond if I do something wrong. She is committed to her training, and she expects me to be; it is easy to mess these dogs up precisely because they know so much about how their training ought to go. Once I picked up Belle's leash and some other equipment, preparing to take her outside. But before I could get out the door, I got involved in a conversation—I got distracted. Belle barked three times, sharply, to remind me of my duties. It was a trivial conversation; she doesn't interrupt me when I'm giving my attention to something important.

When Belle was only a few months old I taught her that before she goes through any door to go outside, she must sit and wait for the release command. This was easy to do, as Belle takes to domestic order. Then I went



out of town for a week, leaving Belle—with her new sit-and-wait discipline—in the care of a friend. My friend is a splendid woman, no two ways about it, but she never has seen the point of training the poor dogs (as she puts it), who would rather be left alone. When I got back I was told that Belle, no matter how full her bladder was, resisted going through the door. My friend would swing open the door and expect Belle to skip through—despite the fact that I had told her about Belle's command. My friend tried coaxing and cooing her through the door. Belle would lie down flat, ears and tail low and immobile—a melancholy imitation of the Rock of Gibraltar being her usual response to coaxing, flattery, and insults.

I didn't travel again until I felt Belle had a little more experience under her belt; maturity makes all of us less vulnerable to the various inconsistencies life brings. While she was still young, it was possible to break her heart—and a broken-hearted pit bull was not something I wanted to have around. My decision to stay home with Belle, by the way, was less a comment on my temperament than on hers—and on the way pit bulls inspire devotion. And this is why the ladies and gentlemen who want to exterminate pit bulls may win some battles but will never win the war.

Belle was still a puppy, and not a very big one—three months old, maybe fifteen pounds—the first time I took her to the campus of the University of California at Riverside, where I was teaching. I went into the department office with Belle at heel, and one of the secretaries was so struck with terror that she couldn't speak. It was the horror stories, of course. A friend came in, assessed the situation, and asked the secretary, "What's wrong, Frieda?"

"Tha . . . tha . . . that . . . dog!"

"But it's only a puppy."

"That doesn't matter with these dogs. They're born killers."

Belle was by now looking at the secretary in uneasy puzzlement; just a puppy, she didn't know anything about the horror stories. But now she had had her first lesson. I suspect that some pit bulls, once they come to grips with the horror stories, do start biting people who send out the wrong signals. Belle, as it happens, didn't start biting, and very few pit bulls do, but I wouldn't have blamed her if she had.

Anyway, for months, whenever Frieda's path and mine crossed on campus she would sidle along a wall, as far from Belle as she could get, or duck into the nearest doorway until we were safely past. Frieda would behave, in short, like a guilty woman; and dogs, like people, figure that behavior of this sort is suspicious. So Belle, because of the damned horror stories, is more wary than she would otherwise have been.

Then there are the horror stories about me: Belle is plainly the outward sign of my inner viciousness. Some of the expressions of this get back to me: "Oh, yes. Vicki Hearne. She has a very repressive ideology. She keeps a pit bull, you know." Also: "Vicki is a threat to the collegiate atmosphere, with that dog of hers." This may be true, since I don't know what a collegiate atmosphere is. And of course there is: "She *delights* in harboring vicious animals."

In time, though, Belle herself began effecting changes in these stories. The serenity and sweetness she radiates is so strong that it can't help but be felt by all but the most distant of the tale-tellers. So recently what I have started hearing is, "Vicki, I don't know where you get off thinking that's a vicious dog. That dog wouldn't hurt a butterfly; a real patsy if I ever saw one!" Or: "Vicki likes to think she's tough, but I'll bet she can't bring herself to give a grade lower than B+, and just look at that mushy dog of hers!"

It is this, the way the horror stories can so easily flip over, that suggests that we are on to something. "That dog wouldn't hurt a butterfly" and "born killer" are part of the same logical structure, the same story—an

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insight I owe largely to Stanley Cavell's *The Claim of Reason*, in which he writes:

The role of Outsider might be played, say in a horror movie, by a dog, mankind's best friend. Then the dog allegorizes the escape from human nature (required in order to know of the existence of others) in such a way that we see the requirement is not necessarily for greater (super-human) intelligence. The dog sniffs something, a difference, something in the air. And it is important that we do not regard the dog as honest; merely as without decision in the matter. He is obeying his nature, as he always does, must.

It is important to tellers of dog horror stories that "we do not regard the dog as honest; merely as without decision in the matter." The dog has no moral dimension: *that* is the hidden and stinging part of the logic of these stories.

Consider the falseness of "wouldn't hurt a butterfly." As it happens, Belle would nail anyone who threatened me seriously, and right now. Notice that I said *seriously*—she wouldn't do anything to a guy who just grabbed my arm and wanted to talk. What I have been saying about this dog is that she has extraordinarily good judgment, which means that I do "regard the dog as honest," and not as "without decision in the matter." So, she is not obeying her nature in the way, say, that a falling stone is obeying its nature. She is not morally inert.

I would like to talk briefly about a painting titled *I'm Neutral, But Not Afraid of Any of Them*, dated 1914 and signed by Wallace Robinson. It depicts the heads of five dogs. From left to right are: English bulldog, German dachshund, American pit bull terrier, French bulldog, Russian wolfhound. Each dog is wearing the uniform of his country, and the pit bull, which not only is in the center but is also larger than the others, has an American flag tied sportively around his neck. It is the pit bull who is saying, "I'm neutral, but not afraid of any of them." This is plainly part of a story America was telling itself about the war in Europe. It was a story *about* Americans. In a tight spot, it was not such a bad story to be telling. The pit bull here, as in many other places (Thurber's tales and drawings, or Pete the Pup of Our Gang), is an emblem of what it used to be possible to think of as American virtues: independence, ingenuity, cooperation, a certain rakish humor, the refusal of the aristocratic pseudo-virtues of Europe.

These values and visions have failed; the new stories about pit bulls are also stories about Americans, about an America that seems to have gone out of its mind—about how skittish, and dangerously so, we have become. And it is not only in the "text" of the pit bull that this can be read. I am addicted to dog stories of all sorts—the most awful, sentimental children's tale will do. These stories have changed as radically as the stories about pit bulls. Most of the older dog stories were not written with Thurber's canny intelligence and humor, but in them there were generally children, and a dog, and the children learned from the dog's courage, loyalty, or wit how to clarify their own stances in the world. In the new sort of story, the initial situation is the same—the dog remains for the child the only point of emotional clarity in a shifting world. But today there is the possibility that halfway through the book the dog will be poisoned.

Dick Koehler and his father and hosts of other trainers, including the monks of New Skete, a Franciscan order (see their book, *How to Be Your Dog's Best Friend*), speak contemptuously of the "humaniacs" who babble about "affection training" and the dog "who only needs understanding." These trainers' contempt for kindness is a Nietzschean maneuver; it is not kindness itself that is being refused, but rather the word "kind," because the word has become contaminated.

But "kind" is a good word, and I find myself wanting it back. I don't have room here to do a full job of reclaiming it, but I can at least recall that

the word has a history. C.S. Lewis has more than once discussed the history of "kind"; this is from *The Discarded Image*:

In medieval science the fundamental concept was that of certain sympathies, antipathies, and strivings inherent in matter itself. Everything has its right place, its home, the region that suits it, and, if not forcibly restrained, moves thither by a sort of homing instinct:

*Every kindly thing that is
Hath a kindly stede there he
may best in hit conserved be
Unto which place everything
Through his kindly enclyning
Moveth for to come to.*

(Chaucer, *Hous of Fame*, II, 730 sq.)

Thus, while every falling body for us illustrates the "law" of gravitation, for them it illustrated the "kindly enclyning" of terrestrial bodies to their "kindly stede" the Earth, the center of the Mundus. . . .

What I would like to say is this: to be kind to a creature may mean being what we call harsh (though not cruel), but it always means respecting the *kind* of being the creature is, and the deepest kindness is the natural kind, in which your being is matched to the creature's, perhaps by a kindly inclining.

Understanding kindness in this way leads to an understanding that it is about as cruel to match pit bulls against each other in properly regulated matches as it is to take healthy greyhounds out for runs. In making that remark I do not imagine that I have settled the issue, only gestured at what a complicated matter it would be to raise it properly. And I don't intend to fight Belle, even though I understand that a breeding program managed by knowledgeable people who breed their fighters only from dogs showing gameness and stamina in properly managed pit fights can be as fine a thing as human beings are capable of.

Perhaps it is time for me to say emphatically that my praise of pit bulls should not be construed as advice that anyone should rush out and get one. They do like to fight other dogs, and they are, as you must realize by now, a tremendous spiritual responsibility. For example, once it turned out that I hadn't worked with Belle on retrieving for three days. I was lazing about, reading in bed, on the left side of the bed. Belle brought me her dumbbell and stared at me loudly. (Pit bulls can stare loudly without making a sound.) I said, "Oh, not now Belle. In a few minutes." She dumped the dumbbell on top of the book I was reading, put her paws up on the edge of the bed, and bit my hand, very precisely. She took the trouble to bite my *right* hand, even though my left one hung within easy reach. She bit, that is, the hand with which I throw the dumbbell when we are working. A gentle bite, I should say, but also just. An inherently excellent moment of exactitude: love with teeth.

Pit bulls give you the opportunity to know, should you want so terrible a knowledge, whether your relationships are coherent; whether your notion of love is a truncated, distorted, and free-floating bit of the debris of Romanticism or a discipline that can renew the resources of consciousness.

If you're ready for it, and can find a *real* dog trainer to help you figure out what you're doing, then go to. But be prepared. When these dogs are in motion, they are awesome. Still, for most people, this awesomeness is not the most hazardous trait. There is something more subtle. If, for example, your boss comes over for dinner and coos at your dog or perhaps offers her an hors d'oeuvre, and the dog regards him impassively or turns away, the boss's feelings will be hurt, and your job may be in jeopardy. Moreover, if the boss later gets tipsy and tries to insult your dog, he will get the same treatment. And, be sure your spouse or lover is not the sort of person whose feelings will be so hurt. The dog, remember, has the power to compel your loyalty. ■

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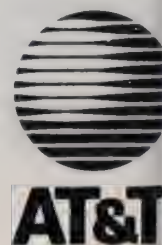
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WHY JOHNNY CAN'T THINK

The politics of bad schooling

By Walter Karp

The following books are discussed in this essay:

A Place Called School, by John I. Goodlad. 396 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$9.95

The Good High School, by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot. 399 pages. Basic Books. \$19.95.

Horace's Compromise: The Dilemma of the American High School, by Theodore R.Sizer. 241 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$16.95.

High School: A Report on Secondary Education in America, by Ernest L. Boyer and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. 363 pages. Harper & Row. \$16.95.

A Nation at Risk: The Imperative for Educational Reform, by the National Commission on Excellence in Education. 65 pages. U.S. Government Printing Office. \$4.50.

The Great School Debate: Which Way for American Education?, edited by Beatrice and Ronald Gross. 481 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$17.45.

The Challenge to American Schools, edited by John Bunzel. 256 pages. Oxford University Press. \$19.95.

The Troubled Crusade: American Education 1945-1980, by Diane Ravitch. 384 pages. Basic Books. \$19.95.

Until very recently, remarkably little was known about what actually goes on in America's public schools. There were no reliable answers to even the most obvious questions. How many children are taught to read in overcrowded classrooms? How prevalent is rote learning and how common are classroom discussions? Do most schools set off gongs to mark the change of "periods"? Is it a common practice to bark commands over public address systems in the manner of army camps, prisons, and banana republics? Public schooling provides the only intense experience of a public realm that most Americans will ever know. Are school buildings designed with the dignity appropriate to a great republican institution, or are most of them as crummy looking as one's own?

The darkness enveloping America's public schools is truly extraordinary considering that 38.9 million students attend them, that we spend nearly \$134 billion a year on them, and that foundations ladle out generous sums for the study of everything about schooling—except

what really occurs in the schools. John I. Goodlad's eight-year investigation of a mere thirty-eight of America's 80,000 public schools—the result of which, *A Place Called School*, was published last year—is the most comprehensive such study ever undertaken. Hailed as a "landmark in American educational research," it was financed with great difficulty. The darkness, it seems, has its guardians.

Happily, the example of Goodlad, a former dean of UCLA's Graduate School of Education, has proven contagious. A flurry of new books sheds considerable light on the practice of public education in America. In *The Good High School*, Sara Lawrence Lightfoot offers vivid "portraits" of six distinctive American secondary schools. In *Horace's Compromise*, Theodore R.Sizer, a former dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education, reports on his two-year odyssey through public high schools around the country. Even *High School*, a white paper issued by Ernest L. Boyer and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, is supported by a close investigation of the institutional life of a number of schools. Of the books under review, only *A Nation at Risk*, the

Walter Karp is a contributing editor of Harper's and the author of *The Politics of War*. He is at work on a book about the Korean War, *The Empire and the Mob*.

Overcrowded
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report of the Reagan Administration's National Commission on Excellence in Education, adheres to the established practice of crass special pleading in the dark.

Thanks to Goodlad et al., it is now clear what the great educational darkness has so long concealed: the depth and pervasiveness of political hypocrisy in the common schools of the country. The great ambition professed by public school managers is, of course, education for citizenship and self-government, which harks back to Jefferson's historic call for "general education to enable every man to judge for himself what will secure or endanger his freedom." What the public schools practice with remorseless proficiency, however, is the prevention of citizenship and the stifling of self-government. When 58 percent of the thirteen-year-olds tested by the National Assessment for Educational Progress think it is against the law to start a third party in America, we are dealing not with a sad educational failure but with a remarkably subtle success.

Consider how effectively America's future citizens are trained *not* to judge for themselves about anything. From the first grade to the twelfth, from one coast to the other, instruction in America's classrooms is almost entirely dogmatic. Answers are "right" and answers are "wrong," but mostly answers are short. "At all levels, [teacher-made] tests called almost exclusively for short answers and recall of information," reports Goodlad. In more than 1,000 classrooms visited by his researchers, "only rarely" was there "evidence to suggest instruction likely to go much beyond mere possession of information to a level of understanding its implications." Goodlad goes on to note that "the intellectual terrain is laid out by the teacher. The paths for walking through it are largely predetermined by the teacher." The give-and-take of genuine discussion is conspicuously absent. "Not even 1%" of instructional time, he found, was devoted to discussions that "required some kind of open response involving reasoning or perhaps an opinion from students. . . . The extraordinary degree of student passivity stands out."

Sizer's research substantiates Goodlad's. "No more important finding has emerged from the inquiries of our study than that the American high school student, *as student*, is all too often docile, compliant, and without initiative." There is good reason for this. On the one hand, notes Sizer, "there are too few rewards for being inquisitive." On the other, the heavy emphasis on "the right answer . . . smothers the student's efforts to become an effective intuitive thinker."

Yet smothered minds are looked on with the utmost complacency by the educational establishment—by the Reagan Department of Education, state boards of regents, university education departments, local administrators, and even many so-called educational reformers. Teachers are neither urged to combat the tyranny of the short right answer nor trained to do so. "Most teachers simply do not know how to teach for higher levels of thinking," says Goodlad. Indeed, they are actively discouraged from trying to do so.

The discouragement can be quite subtle. In their orientation talks to new, inexperienced teachers, for example, school administrators often indicate that they do not much care what happens in class so long as no noise can be heard in the hallway. This thinly veiled threat virtually ensures the prevalence of short-answer drills, workbook exercises, and the copying of long extracts from the blackboard. These may smother young minds, but they keep the classroom quiet.

Discouragement even calls itself reform. Consider the current cry for greater use of standardized student tests to judge the "merit" of teachers and raise "academic standards." If this fake reform is foisted on the schools, dogma and docility will become even more prevalent. This point is well made by Linda Darling-Hammond of the Rand Corporation in an essay in *The Great School Debate*. Where "important decisions are based on test scores," she notes, "teachers are more likely to teach to the tests" and less likely to bother with "nontested activities, such as writing, speaking, problem-solving or real reading of real books." The most influential promoter of standardized tests is the "excellence" brigade in the Department of Education; so clearly one important meaning of "educational excellence" is greater proficiency in smothering students' efforts to think for themselves.

Probably the greatest single discouragement to better instruction is the overcrowded classroom. The Carnegie report points out that English teachers cannot teach their students how to write when they must read and criticize the papers of as many as 175 students. As Sizer observes, genuine discussion is possible only in small seminars. In crowded classrooms, teachers have difficulty imparting even the most basic intellectual skills, since they have no time to give students personal attention. The overcrowded classroom inevitably debases instruction, yet it is the rule in America's public schools. In the first three grades of elementary school, Goodlad notes, the average class has twenty-seven students. High school classes range from twenty-five to forty students, according to the Carnegie report.

What makes these conditions appalling is



I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives."

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."

"The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

"Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."

"There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the white male problem..."

"When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the 'white male problem'--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election."

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that they are quite unnecessary. The public schools are top-heavy with administrators and rife with sinecures. Large numbers of teachers scarcely ever set foot in a classroom, being occupied instead as grade advisers, career counselors, "coordinators," and supervisors. "Schools, if simply organized,"Sizer writes, "can have well-paid faculty and fewer than eighty students per teacher [16 students per class] without increasing current per-pupil expenditure." Yet no serious effort is being made to reduce class size. As Sizer notes, "Reducing teacher load is, when all the negotiating is over, a low agenda item for the unions and school boards." Overcrowded classrooms virtually guarantee smothered minds, yet the subject is not even mentioned in *A Nation at Risk*, for all its well-publicized braying about a "rising tide of mediocrity."

Do the nation's educators really want to teach almost 40 million students how to "think critically," in the Carnegie report's phrase, and "how to judge for themselves," in Jefferson's? The answer is, if you can believe that you will believe anything. The educational establishment is not even content to produce passive minds. It seeks passive spirits as well. One effective agency for producing these is the overly populous school. The larger schools are, the more prison-like they tend to be. In such schools, guards man the stairwells and exits. ID cards and "passes" are examined at checkpoints. Bells set off spasms of anarchy and bells quell the student mob. PA systems interrupt regularly with trivial fiats and frivolous announcements. This "malevolent intruder," in Sizer's apt phrase, is truly ill willed, for the PA system is actually an educational tool. It teaches the huge student mass to respect the authority of disembodied voices and the rule of remote and invisible agencies. Sixty-three percent of all high school students in America attend schools with enrollments of 5,000 or more. The common excuse for these mobbed schools is economy, but in fact they cannot be shown to save taxpayers a penny. Large schools "tend to create passive and compliant students," notes Robert B. Hawkins Jr. in an essay in *The Challenge to American Schools*. That is their chief reason for being.

"How can the relatively passive and docile roles of students prepare them to participate as informed, active and questioning citizens?" asks the Carnegie report, in discussing the "hidden curriculum" of passivity in the schools. The answer is, they were not meant to. Public schools introduce future citizens to the public world, but no introduction could be more disheartening. Architecturally, public school buildings range from drab to repellent. They are often disfigured by demoralizing neglect—"cracked sidewalks, a

shabby lawn, and peeling paint on every window sash," to quote the Carnegie report. Many big-city elementary schools have numbers instead of names, making them as coldly dispiriting as possible.

Public schools stamp out republican sentiment by habituating their students to unfairness, inequality, and special privilege. These arise inevitably from the educational establishment's longstanding policy (well described by Diane Ravitch in *The Troubled Crusade*) of maintaining "the correlation between social class and educational achievement." In order to preserve that factitious "correlation," public schooling is rigged to favor middle-class students and to ensure that working-class students do poorly enough to convince them that they fully merit the lowly station that will one day be theirs. "Our goal is to get these kids to be like their parents," one teacher, more candid than most, remarked to a Carnegie researcher.

For more than three decades, elementary schools across the country practiced a "progressive," non-phonetic method of teaching reading that had nothing much to recommend it save its inherent social bias. According to Ravitch, this method favored "children who were already motivated and prepared to begin reading" before entering school, while making learning to read more difficult for precisely those children whose parents were ill read or ignorant. The advantages enjoyed by the well-bred were thus artificially multiplied tenfold, and 23 million adult Americans are today "functional illiterates." America's educators, notes Ravitch, have "never actually accepted full responsibility for making all children literate."

That describes a malicious intent a trifle too mildly. Reading is the key to everything else in school. Children who struggle with it in the first grade will be "grouped" with the slow readers in the second grade and will fall hopelessly behind in all subjects by the sixth. The schools hasten this process of falling behind, report Goodlad and others, by giving the best students the best teachers and struggling students the worst ones. "It is ironic," observes the Carnegie report, "that those who need the most help get the least." Such students are commonly diagnosed as "culturally deprived" and so are blamed for the failures inflicted on them. Thus, they are taught to despise themselves even as they are inured to their inferior station.

The whole system of unfairness, inequality, and privilege comes to fruition in high school. There, some 15.7 million youngsters are formally divided into the favored few and the ill-favored many by the practice of "tracking."

About 35 percent of America's public secondary-school students are enrolled in academic programs (often subdivided into "gifted" and "non-gifted" tracks); the rest are relegated to some variety of non-academic schooling. Thus the tracking system, as intended, reproduces the divisions of the class system. "The honors programs," notesSizer, "serve the wealthier youngsters, and the general tracks (whatever their titles) serve the working class. Vocational programs are often a cruel social dumping ground." The bottom-dogs are trained for jobs as auto mechanics, cosmeticians, and institutional cooks, but they rarely get the jobs they are trained for. Pumping gasoline, according to the Carnegie report, is as close as an auto-mechanics major is likely to get to repairing a car. "Vocational education in the schools is virtually irrelevant to job fate," asserts Goodlad. It is merely the final hoax that the school bureaucracy plays on the neediest, one that the federal government has been promoting for seventy years.

The tracking system makes privilege and inequality blatantly visible to everyone. It creates under one roof "two worlds of schooling," to quote Goodlad. Students in academic programs read Shakespeare's plays. The commonality, notes the Carnegie report, are allowed virtually no contact with serious literature. In their English classes they practice filling out job applications. "Gifted" students alone are encouraged to think for themselves. The rest are subjected to sanctimonious wind, chiefly about "work habits" and "career opportunities."

"If you are the child of low-income parents," reportsSizer, "the chances are good that you will receive limited and often careless attention from adults in your high school. If you are the child of upper-middle-income parents, the chances are good that you will receive substantial and careful attention." In Brookline High School in Massachusetts, one of Lightfoot's "good" schools, a few fortunate students enjoy special treatment in their Advanced Placement classes. Meanwhile, students tracked into "career education" learn about "institutional cooking and clean-up" in a four-term Food Service course that requires them to mop up after their betters in the school cafeteria.

This wretched arrangement expresses the true spirit of public education in America and discloses the real aim of its hidden curriculum. A favored few, pampered and smiled upon, are taught to cherish privilege and despise the disfavored. The favorless many, who have majored in failure for years, are taught to think ill of themselves. Youthful spirits are broken to the world and every impulse of citizenship is effectively stifled. John Goodlad's judgment is se-

vere but just: "There is in the gap between our highly idealistic goals for schooling in our society and the differentiated opportunities condoned and supported in schools a monstrous hypocrisy."

The public schools of America have not been corrupted for trivial reasons. Much would be different in a republic composed of citizens who could judge for themselves what secured or endangered their freedom. Every wielder of illicit or undemocratic power, every possessor of undue influence, every beneficiary of corrupt special privilege would find his position and tenure at hazard. Republican education is a menace to powerful, privileged, and influential people, and they in turn are a menace to republican education. That is why the generation that founded the public schools took care to place them under the suffrage of local communities, and that is why the corrupters of public education have virtually destroyed that suffrage. In 1932 there were 127,531 school districts in America. Today there are approximately 15,840 and they are virtually impotent, their proper role having been usurped by state and federal authorities. Curriculum and textbooks, methods of instruction, the procedures of the classroom, the organization of the school day, the cant, the pettifogging, and the corruption are almost uniform from coast to coast. To put down the menace of republican education its shield of local self-government had to be smashed, and smashed it was.

The public schools we have today are what the powerful and the considerable have made of them. They will not be redeemed by trifling reforms. Merit pay, a longer school year, more homework, special schools for "the gifted," and more standardized tests will not even begin to turn our public schools into nurseries of "informed, active and questioning citizens." They are not meant to. When the authors of *A Nation at Risk* call upon the schools to create an "educated work force," they are merely sanctioning the prevailing corruption, which consists precisely in the reduction of citizens to credulous workers. The education of a free people will not come from federal bureaucrats crying up "excellence" for "economic growth," any more than it came from their predecessors who cried up schooling as a means to "get a better job."

Only ordinary citizens can rescue the schools from their stifling corruption, for nobody else wants ordinary children to become questioning citizens at all. If we wait for the mighty to teach America's youth what secures or endangers their freedom, we will wait until the crack of doom. ■

The education of a free people will not come from federal bureaucrats crying up 'excellence' for 'economic growth'

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LETTERS

Continued from page 7

constructively by walking down the hill to Providence's working-class neighborhoods in search of converts for a nuclear-free world." The fact is, we have been doing just that. More than fifty students and faculty members have launched a project called Brown Community Outreach. We plan to speak to a wide variety of community groups about nuclear war issues, emphasizing the effect military spending has on social programs.

Jason Salzman
Providence, R.I.

Jason Salzman is the author of the Brown University suicide-pill referendum.

Robert Coles tells us of a working-class man who attended his son's graduation at Salem State College and was angry at the presence there of Helen Caldicott. He responded with "outrage" to her charge that the world is on the verge of nuclear war, and that he and others like him are "psychically numb" to that fact.

Coles gives sufficient evidence that the man knows what is happening in the world: he reads the newspaper every day and watches the CBS *Evening News*. The man went to see his son receive his college degree—"the first person in the family to get

one"—and he did not wish this experience to be marred by Caldicott's message that planet Earth is in imminent danger.

One must conclude from Coles's account that this working-class man's aspirations for his son are more important than his son's life. Where is the awareness that his son may not live to fulfill those aspirations? This man's "outrage" is, I think, an excellent example of what Caldicott means by "psychic numbing." How can anyone, working class or otherwise, justify maintaining a "way of life" over life itself?

Coles attempts to show that class conflict exists in the freeze movement. Of course it does; class conflict exists everywhere. But the issue of nuclear war should not be narrowed to a class battle. The life of this planet is of global concern.

Coles tries to reassure us—and perhaps himself—that after Ronald Reagan completes his second term, the "mathematical certainty" of nuclear war will not be so certain. Yet the Senate has approved funding for more MX missiles, and Reagan is dead serious about his Star Wars program. I don't feel reassured.

Wanda Salyard
Eugene, Ore.

I am a blue-collar working stiff. I build tooling for nuclear weapons de-

June Index Sources

1 U.S. Department of Commerce; 2 U.S. Agency for International Development; 3 Council on Economic Priorities (New York City); 4 Center for Defense Information (Washington, D.C.); 5, 6 *Wall Street Journal*; 7, 8, 9 National Pasta Association (Arlington, Va.); 10 Coca-Cola U.S.A. (Atlanta); 11, 12 International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers (Washington, D.C.); 13 Town and County Catering (London); 14 Oxtoby-Smith (New York City); 15 Road Information Program (Washington, D.C.); 16 *Asahi Shimbun* (Tokyo); 17 Steve's Detailing (New York City); 18, 19 Needham, Harper & Steers (Chicago); 20, 21 R. H. Bruskin (New Brunswick, N.J.); 22 *Bride's Magazine* (New York City); 23, 24 U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics; 25 Adam Robinson (New York City); 26, 27, 28 "Annual Report of the Department of National Education" (Pretoria); 29, 30 Union of Councils for Soviet Jews (Washington, D.C.); 31 Population Reference Bureau (Washington, D.C.); 32 "The Changing Face of Poverty," by Dr. Emanuel Tobier of New York University, for the Community Service Society of New York; 33 *Growth at Adolescence*, by Dr. J. M. Tanner (Charles Thomas, Springfield, Ill.); 34 Timex Corporation (Waterbury, Conn.); 35 National Centers for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 36 American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists (Washington, D.C.); 37 National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (Atlanta); 38 Trans Time (Emeryville, Calif.); 39 Pan Am (New York City).

livery systems. I do the dull, tedious machine work that guys with engineering degrees are too important to bother with. I know as much as (and probably more than) the next guy about the physics and the effects of nuclear explosions.

I have no doubt that the object of my labors is either stupid or insane or both.

It would probably be very fashionable in some circles if I quit my job and threw myself on my own lonely little economic pyre in a fit of moral revolt over my work. I could probably do it too—and come out with a rose in my teeth. I'm a reasonably bright guy. I could do something else.

But I'm not going to. I'll just wait for a pyre that is big enough to consume all of us, thank you.

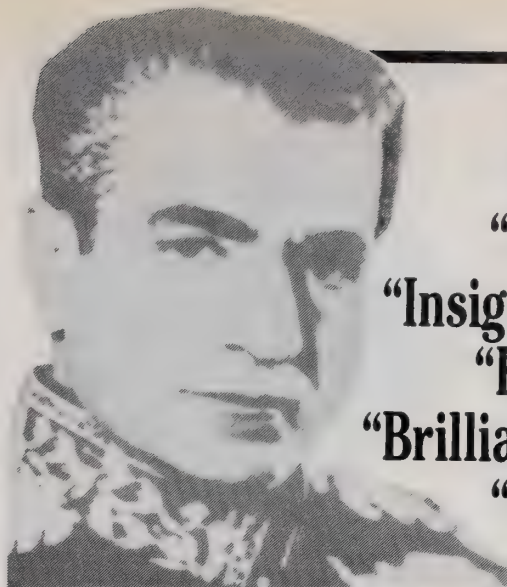
If Robert Coles really wants to enlist the working class into the ranks of the enlightened, he better be sure there is enough Brie to go around.

Steve Meiss
Santa Ana, Calif.

Flawed

E. M. Cioran's second note in "Flaws" [*Harper's*, April] utterly misrepresents the Confucian text (*Analects* VII, 36) to which he alludes. "Lowly man" is a misleading translation of the Chinese *xiao ren* (literally "small man"), because it suggests inferior social status—the little guy, the underdog, the socially oppressed; the Confucian term has a strictly moral connotation. Various passages in the *Analects* portray the *xiao ren* as someone who prefers profit to justice, mocks knowledge and learning, brags, flatters, is prejudiced, and ignores his own faults.

His antithesis is the *jun zi*, the Confucian paragon of virtue, for whom no satisfactory English expression has been found. "Superior man" is simply traditional jargon for an eely phrase. *Jun* literally means "prince," while *zi* ranges from "child" to "disciple," "master," and "sage." "Prince-sage" is conceptually accurate, albeit awkward, and hints at a similarity to Plato's philosopher-king; the difference is that Confucius (teaching in a feudal monarchy) idealizes the individual, while Plato (writing in a de-



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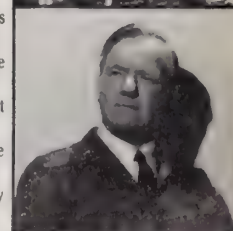
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mocracy) idealizes the monarch. In *Analects* V,15, Confucius characterizes the *jun zi* as modest in conduct, respectful toward superiors, kind in (physically and spiritually) nourishing people, and just in governing them. These virtues are wholly independent of the *jun zi*'s social status, and Confucius clearly expects him to bear poverty and anonymity with as much equanimity as fortune and fame.

The passage Cioran finds "shattering" literally runs: "*Jun zi* easy vast vast; *xiao ren* extend sorrow sorrow." Basically, it contrasts the *jun zi*'s expansive moral force with the *xiao ren*'s propensity (by virtue of his flawed character) to promulgate misery. Were the *jun zi* "always happy" (a dubious translation), how could he ever, as Confucius insists, sincerely grieve at a death in his family or feel shame at his failings? Rather, the text affirms the social power of individual virtue; it points out that the *jun zi*'s personal moral fiber easily pervades and strengthens the entire social fabric. Confucius echoes this idea in *Analects* XIV,13, where he says he wants to live among nine barbarian tribes. Asked why he would do such a thing ("They're so vile!"), Confucius replies, "If a *jun zi* lives with them, what vileness would there be?" Conversely, the *xiao ren*'s vices compound the world's woes. Or, to cite a Sanskrit proverb, "When an elephant's sunk in mud, a frog'll hop on his head."

There are many excellent reasons for preferring Lao-tse (or the mystic butterfly-dreamer, Chuang-tzu) to Confucius, but Cioran's is, well, flawed.

Henry Sobotka
Montreal West, Quebec

An Award

V. S. Naipaul has received the 1984 Hallie & Whit Burnett Award from the Overseas Press Club of America. The award is given each year for the best magazine story on foreign affairs. The awards committee cited "An Island Betrayed," which was based on Naipaul's trip to Grenada following the American invasion. It appeared in the March 1984 *Harper's*.

the Thistle & Shamrock

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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 30

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

CLUES

A. A Merry Man
(2 wds.)

WORDS

98 30 52 37 137
168 208 76 57 164

B. Witchery

64 17 142 38 26 44 69 73
172 110 100

C. Just begun; rudimentary

120 188 127 8 74 209 56 140

D. Joust

45 80 195 147

E. Fresh, sassy

10 101 112 71 211 123

F. Knot used for fastening a line to a rail, e.g. (2 wds.)

152 134 18 68 148 190 186 124
53

G. Large and brilliant assemblage

95 213 122 48 89 103

H. Harburg-Arlen song from *The Wizard of Oz* (3 wds.)

62 156 54 42 4 108 201 145
185 12 33 194 203 162

I. Naps

175 146 81 21 202

J. Opposite of hooks

6 150 199 116 163 35

K. River flowing on the Scottish-English border

176 151 171 102 94

L. Distance upward

109 121 23 125 84 161 83 50

M. Cooper's Deerslayer, Hawkeye, etc. (2 wds.)

75 32 217 132 59 178 2 55
182 192 19

N. Savory

65 157 79 115 31 130 143 193
3

O. Unclaimed; available (3 wds.)

128 40 67 181 154 111 97 92
144 141

P. Literary or musical composition

114 90 155 180 43

Q. Introduce surreptitiously or fraudulently

138 160 216 91 7

R. Part of grammar dealing with letters and spelling

36 126 166 24 177 189 139 205
77 104 159

S. Philip Marlowe's creator (full name)

212 118 207 27 66 131 14 107
167 41 135 51 184 149 158

T. Assailed, harassed

215 28 99 58 87

U. Small, herringlike marine fish

136 191 117 47 78 20 169

V. Throws with a quick, sudden movement

129 70 187 16 170

W. "— of darkness do devour it up" (2 wds., *Midsummer Night's Dream*)

49 11 179 1 105 63 218

X. Gr. mathematician, physicist, and inventor (287?-212 B.C.)

5 15 210 61 96 204 86 106
174 34

Y. Meadow where King John is reputed to have accepted the Magna Carta

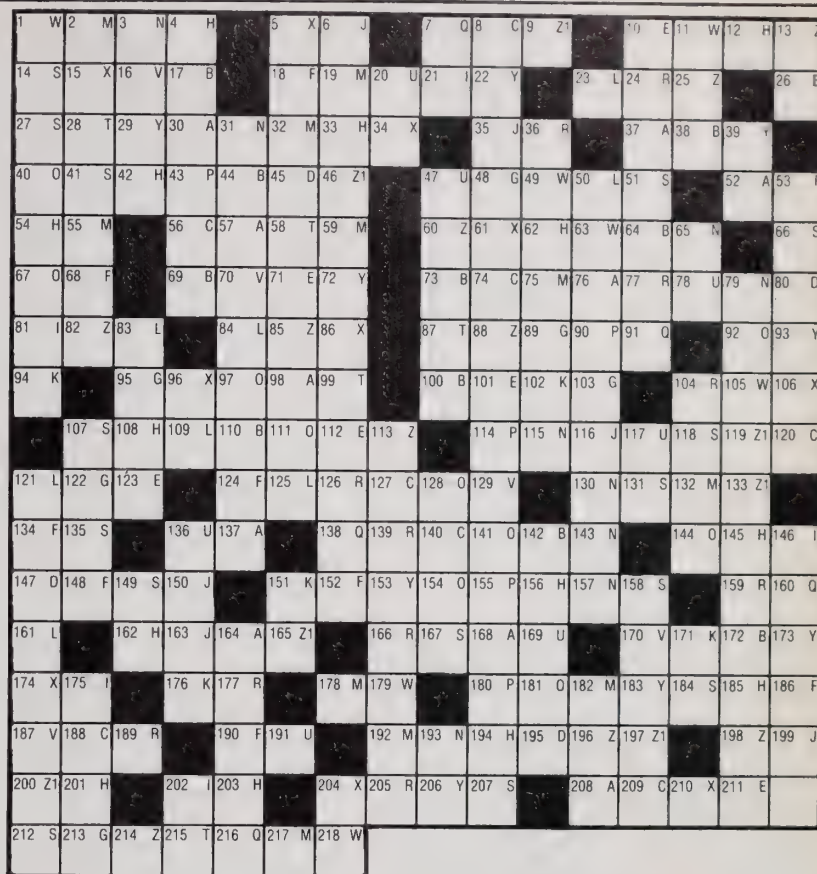
29 183 206 93 72 173 153 22
39

Z. Disorderly style or manner; negligee

113 82 60 85 88 214 196 13
198 25

Z1. Laid up in store; furnished with supplies

46 165 133 197 200 9 119



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NOTES FOR "NORTHERN LIGHTS"

Note: The northern lights were formed by adding an N or two to their respective clue answers. 1. MAS(T...); 2. AL(O)E; 3. M...AILMEN(t); 4. (t)APE-X; 5. PEACE, homophone; 6. (s)AMPLE; 7. PIED, foot in French; 8. LORIS, hidden; 9. ABN(E)R, anagram; 10. RIF(I...); 11. MINE-ST(R)ONES; 12. FORINT, hidden; 13. HUM-ID; 14. M-I-XES, reversal; 15. FI(R)N; 16. ENCLOSE, hidden; 17. (I)UMBER; 18. CEDE, homophone; 19. ODE, homophone; 20. S(teak)-EVEN; 21. HO(C)KEY; 22. KEPI, hidden; 23. HE(ADE)R; 24. THROE, homophone; 25. ETON-ED., reversed; 26. TH(row)-IN; 27. O-N-E, last letters (20 refers to clue twenty's answer); 28. END(P)APER, anagram; 29. DO-OM; 30. RAISI(anagram)-N; 31. CA-L...M; 31. COVE-T; 32. SPOOFED, anagram; 32. (and) SO ON; 33. DE(A)N; 34. ERIE, reversal; 35. LO-WERE-D; 36. WADE, hidden; 37. DIRTY LIE, anagram.

SOLUTION TO MAY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 29): Mythology suggested the name Achilles tendon to the Dutch anatomist Verheyden... as he dissected his own amputated leg. (Achilles was held by the heel by... his mother as he was dipped into the river Styx to render him impervious to harm. The heel... became his only vulnerable spot.)—Stephen (E.) Hirschberg (M.D.): Diagnosis: (Chronic Progressive Abstrusity). *Verbatim*, Winter 1985.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 30, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 28 (April) are Adrienne Cadik, South Orange, New Jersey; Margaux McMillan, Orinda, California; and Edmond Ramage, New York, New York.

SOLUTION TO THE MAY PUZZLE

E	M	L	I	A	M	A	P	E	X	N
R	A	M	P	L	E	D	A	B	N	E
E	S	T	R	O	N	E	S	M	I	N
D	T	N	I	R	O	F	H	U	M	I
O	S	E	F	I	R	N	E	N	C	L
N	E	V	E	S	H	O	C	K	E	Y
H	I	N	D	E	T	O	N	E	D	T
E	N	O	E	N	D	P	A	P	E	R
A	R	C	N	O	O	S	N	I	S	I
D	E	A	N	L	O	W	E	R	E	D

PUZZLE

Spiral Nebulas

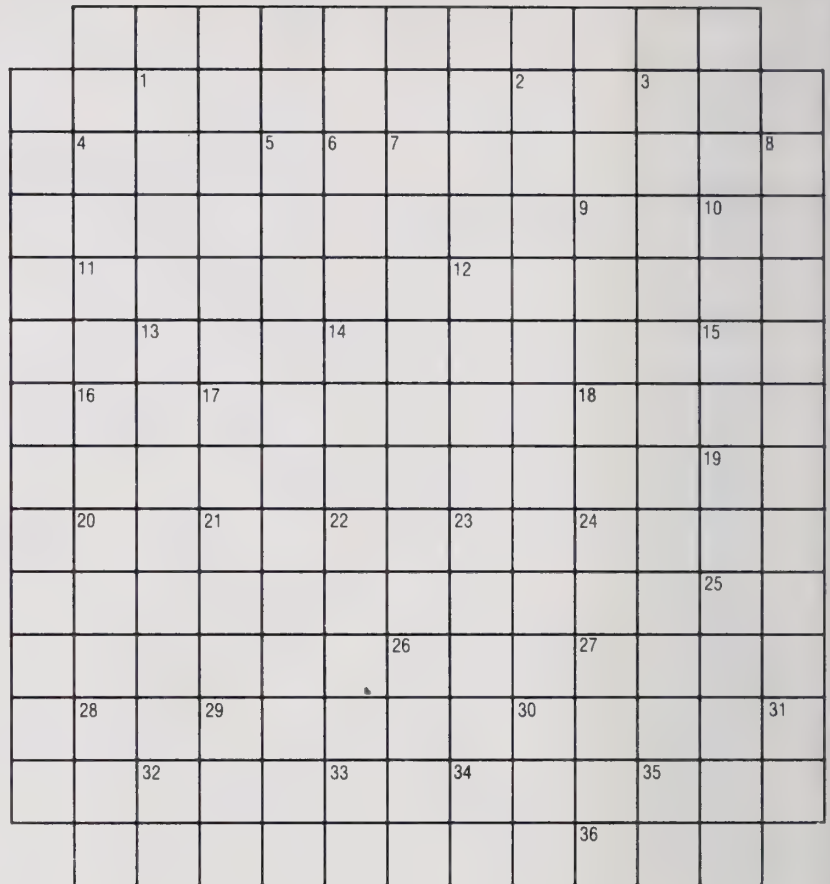
by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Since the grid has a high percentage of longer than usual words, it has been necessary to wind them around their numbered starting places, as in the example here, showing one possible placement of the title. The light may spiral in either direction.

			S
A	R	I	A
L	S	P	L
N	E	B	U

There is one proper name among the answers, and several are less than common (11, 14, 24, 33, 35), but only 35 is not in all dictionaries. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



CLUES

- Had an accident—parts rubbed off (10)
- Mother, boy, and I got into rubbish, bungling (9)
- Part wire-haired, alert kind of terrier (8)
- Salome's new dances for female drummers? (10)
- He figures the odds to present price changes around A&P (11)
- Pastor primarily about a church to do this! (6)
- Left behind Garner, one by one, Democrat is gerrymandered (13)
- Avoid risqué opening during burlesque number (5)
- For the doctor, losing \$100 is average (6)
- Clothing that's worn with wholly colorful pattern (10)
- Niche refurbished in coal dye (9)
- Place for football, riding, or swimming (8)
- Tall drink with mints—Latin swallowed double (7)
- Roll, then let in, twisted rope for furling sail (8)
- Provides battlements, and fabricates with northern extension inside (11)
- Put up supports and stopped the flow without one running (11)
- Exercise gear for the Bombay Y? (6,4)
- Quiet: Safire, e.g., is confused about bit of linguistic banter (10)
- Female hormone could make gent sore (8)
- Dissent: heartless, biased, and cleared of confusion (12)
- Kind of pasta in Italy, the one with gas coming back (7)
- Sack arranged in row is burden for burro (10)
- Look in, doctor, and associate "With a Song in My Heart"? (11)
- Party with beer, after stocking punch (11)
- Go back to record tee shot (9)
- Ran slowly, happy about race beginning (8)
- Kind of road that's said to get you to a university (6)
- Little credit surrounds Baroque composer that is getting illumination from above (10)
- Rubber tire lines in accident (9)
- Thread for doctor's tailored large suit (9)
- Hit forehead after he's dropped hat (6)
- Rice scattered around back of kitchen and the lady's larders? (9)
- Coats once worn when riding wild steer, capturing wild dog (10)
- Benching converts, I signed about fifty in (11)
- Condition of married women: got man, are giddy (9)
- Imagine not starting unravelling puzzle (6)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Spiral Nebulas," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "The Djintecs II," are Kingsley Gallup, Niantic, Connecticut; Jesse Green, New York, New York; and Elizabeth Morris, Toronto, Ontario.







